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Modern Screen

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THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

GARBO FINDS LOVE!

GRETA GARBO
and
LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI

Earl Christy



Men pursue you

WHEN YOU'RE SWEET AS A FLOWER

You'll be pursued . . . admired . . . adored, if you have the exciting, tempting fragrance of Nature's own flowers!

Just as the perfume of flowers calls to the bee . . . so does the perfume of Lander's Blended-Flower Talcs whisper a love call that awakens masculine hearts . . . and makes you utterly seductive and desirable.

Try the exquisite Lilacs and Roses Blend. Every morning dust your whole body with this lovely powder . . . smell sweet all over! Instantly, you feel flower-fresh, glorified, inspired . . . you *know* that you *can* win love!

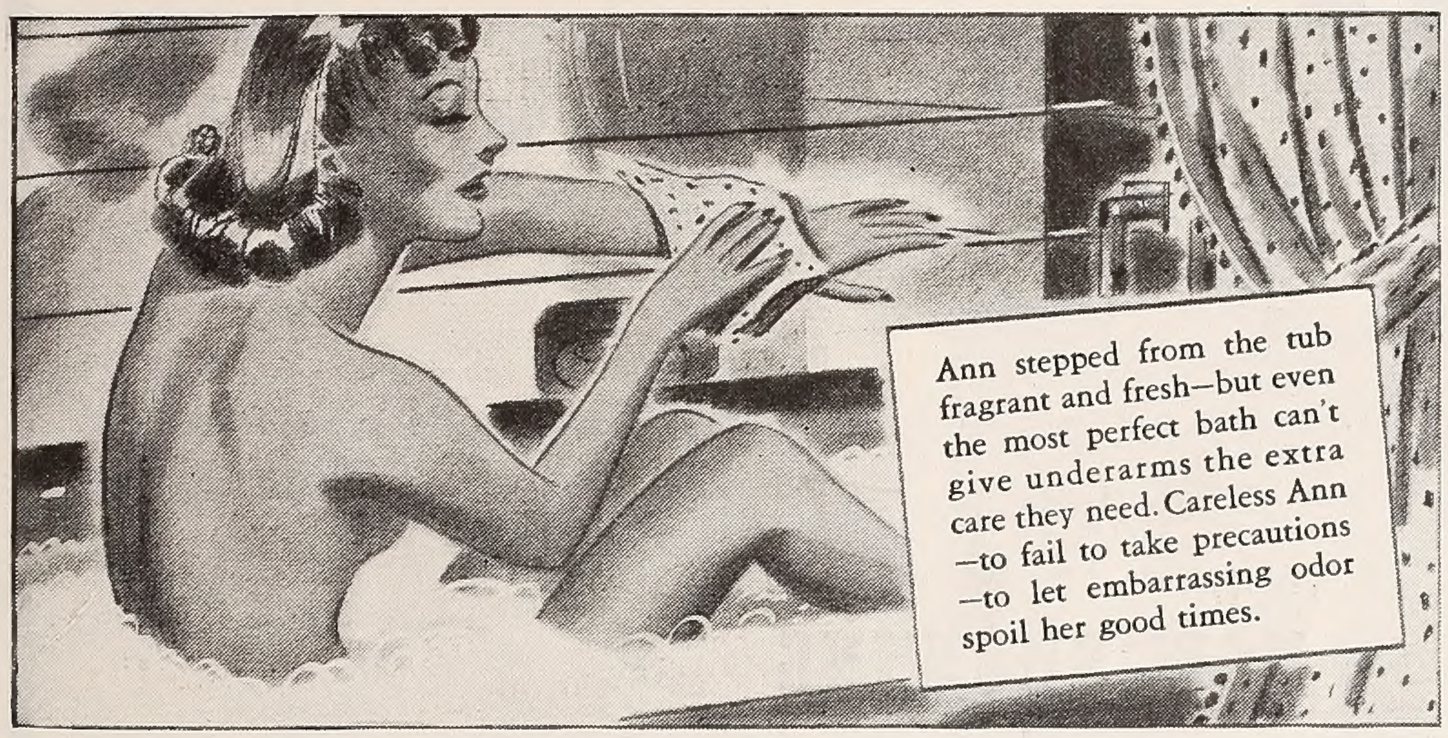
And Lander's Blended-Flower Talc does more—it guards your refinement . . . makes a man long to protect you because you're sweet as a flower. He *knows* you're refined. His love for you is sacred and he dreams of you as his wife to adore forever! Get Lander's Blended-Flower Talc today. Perfumed with a blend of true flowers. The large can only 10¢ each at your 10¢ store.

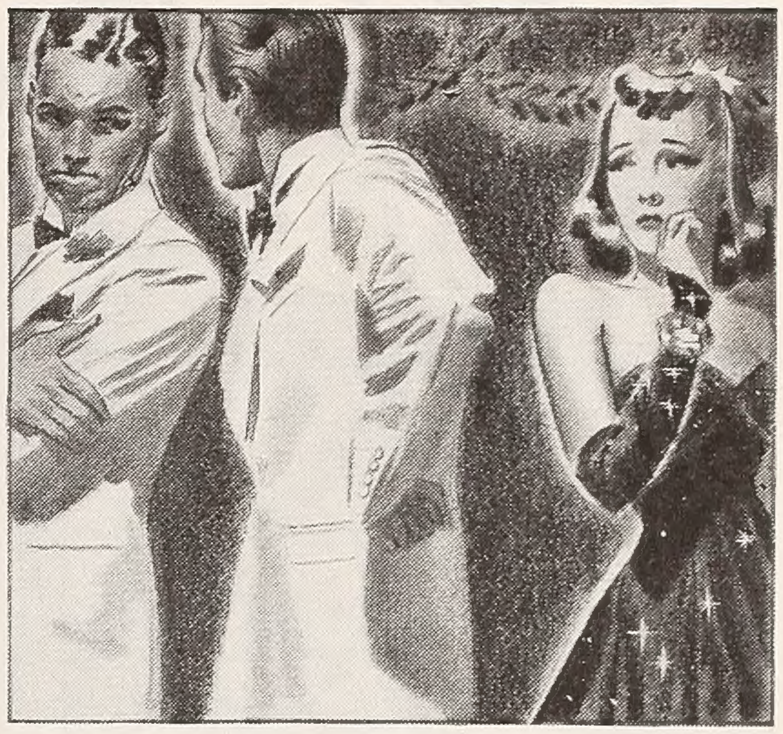
LANDER'S BLENDED FLOWER TALCS

LILACS AND ROSES • GARDENIA AND SWEET PEA • CARNATION AND LILY OF THE VALLEY • LAVENDER AND PINE • ORCHID AND ORANGE BLOSSOM

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JOAN PLAYED SAFE WITH A BATH PLUS MUM



Underarms need special care that a bath alone can't give!

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For she never takes chances with underarm odor—the one fault above all others men can't stand. She realizes that a bath takes care only of *past* perspiration—that it can't prevent odor *to come.* So Joan never trusts her bath *alone.*

She follows her bath with Mum—to be *sure* she's safe from underarm odor. Mum makes the freshness of your bath last all evening long. Don't risk the loss of daintiness, don't spoil your charm for others. Always use Mum, every single day and after every bath!

MUM IS QUICK! Just one-half minute is all Mum takes to apply.

MUM IS SAFE! Even the most delicate skin finds Mum soothing. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or evening.

ANOTHER USE FOR MUM—Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.



So easy to use Mum! As simple as applying a touch of face cream. And—proof of Mum's gentleness—more nurses use Mum than any other deodorant. They know underarms need special care!

MUM

takes the odor out of perspiration

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THE FIRST THOUGHT IN...



Unguentine is the first thought in first aid ...it doesn't *hurt* a hurt, but *soothes* it and *relieves* the pain. There's no hurt either, when the Unguentine bandage comes off, for it doesn't dry and stick to the wound.

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Just put on some Unguentine

Norwich

MODERN SCREEN

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. . . Torn from a million souls!





Out of the inferno of war came three men and a woman—to live their lives, to strive for happiness, to seek love . . . The most heart-touching romance of our time, brilliantly re-created upon the screen, from the world-renowned novel by the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front".

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TAYLOR

MARGARET
SULLAVAN

FRANCHOT
TONE

ROBERT
YOUNG

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Vivid Drama of Today

Three Comrades

with **GUY KIBBEE · LIONEL ATWILL · HENRY HULL**

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Color-

with

ERROL FLYNN

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND · BASIL RATHBONE · CLAUDE RAINS

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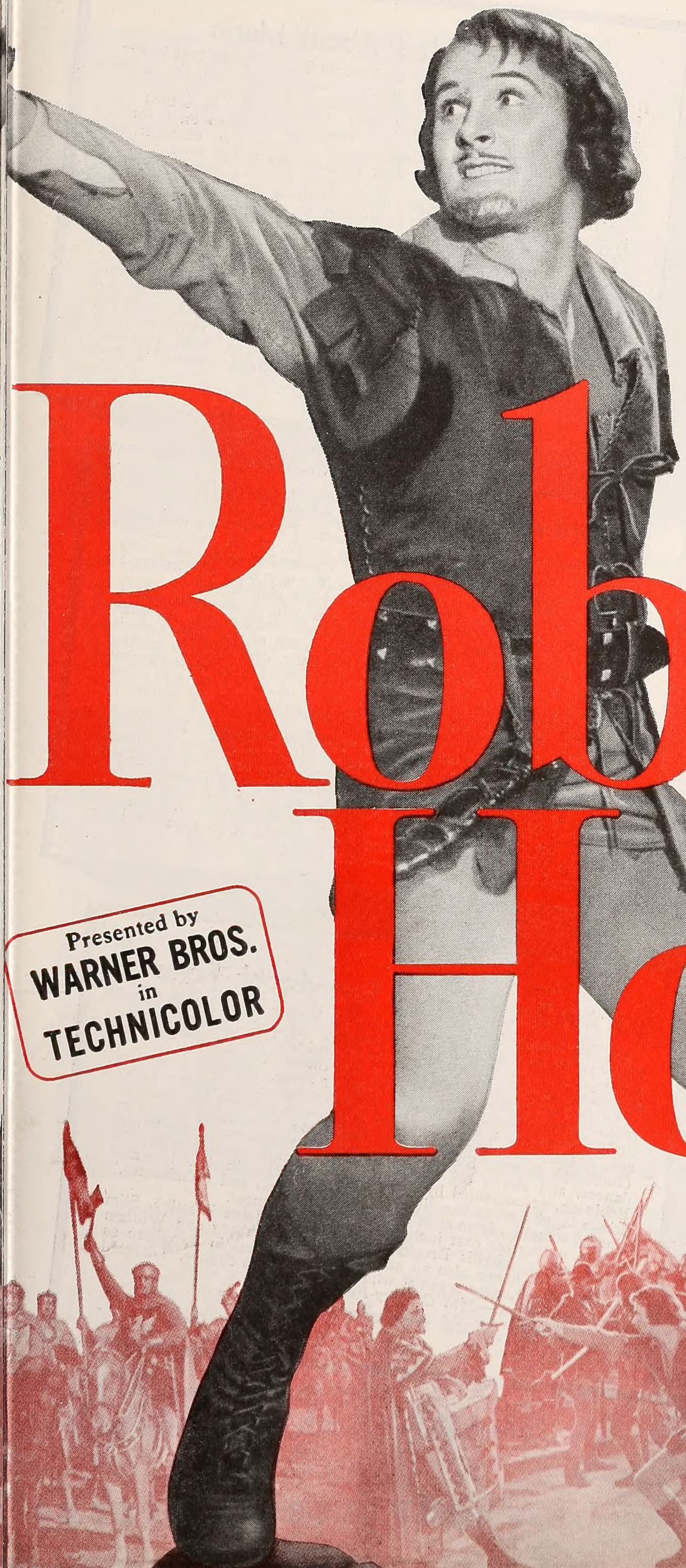
IAN HUNTER · UNA O'CONNOR

Directed by Michael Curtiz and William Keighley

Original Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine and Seton I. Miller • Based Upon Ancient Robin Hood Legends • Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold • A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

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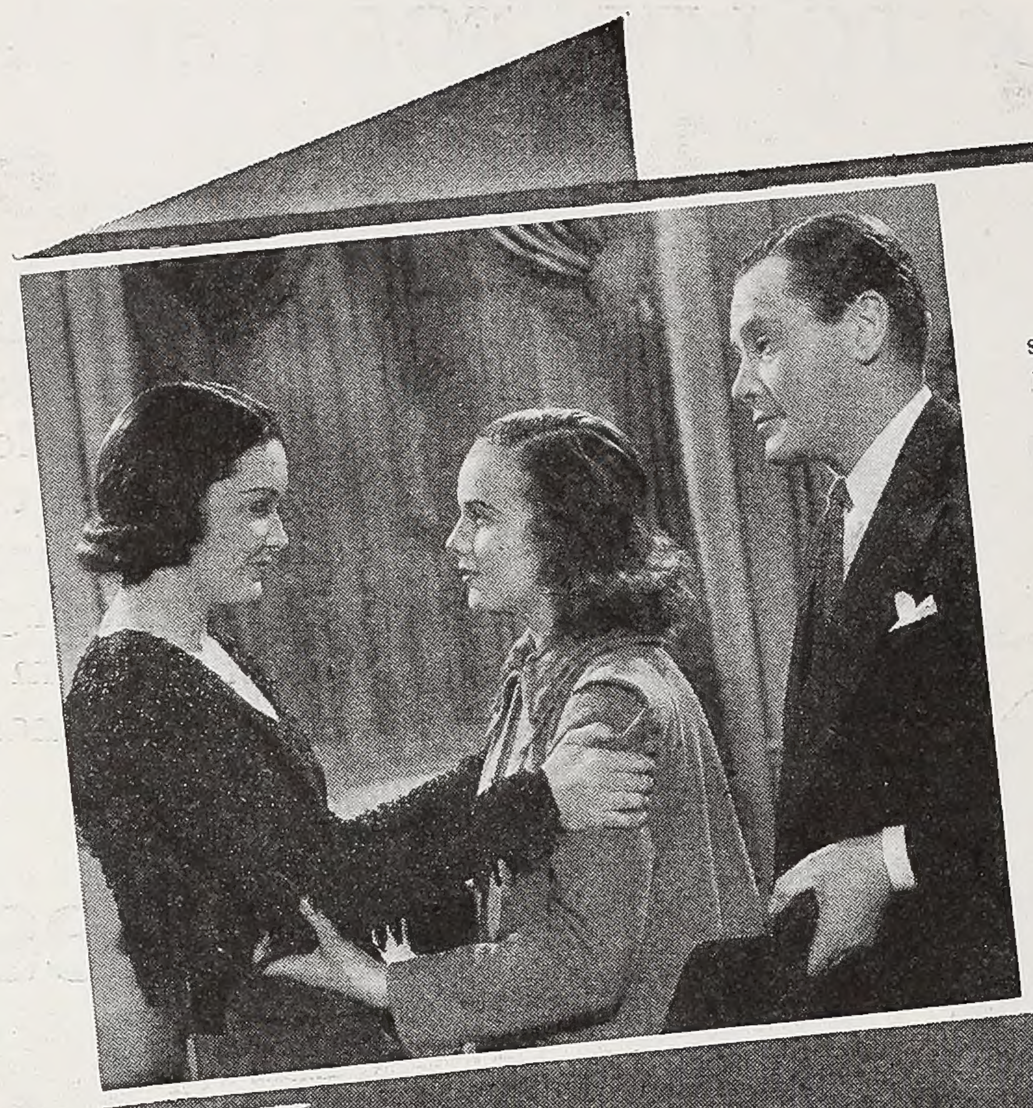


Loving, roistering, battling . . . blazing their deeds of daring into the legends of the world! History's most beloved rogue and all his merry men come fighting again for Richard, King of the Lion's Heart! Come galloping out of their outlaws' forest to storm and take forever the castle of romance!

The Adventures of Robin Hood

Presented by
WARNER BROS.
in
TECHNICOLOR

MOVIE REVIEWS



★★★★ Mad About Music

Deanna Durbin's new film "Mad About Music" is the best in her series, heart-warming and completely captivating, and the most pleasant hour and a half Hollywood has devised so far this season.

Deanna plays the daughter of a movie queen, in school in Switzerland because movie queens aren't supposed to have four-teen-year-old daughters. Embarrassed because her schoolmates constantly get letters from their parents, she makes up a father and writes lengthy epistles to herself telling of his exploits in far-off places. Herbert Marshall happens along about this time and is surprised to find himself nominated a father. After many de-lightful sequences, situations adjust themselves and all is well.

Most impressive of the songs is Deanna's rendition of Gounod's "Ave Maria." Of the popular numbers, "I Love to Whistle" is the catchiest. Herbert Marshall is suave and charming as the make-believe father, and Gail Patrick lends sympathy to the role of the movie star mother. Marcia Mae Jones is splendid as one of Deanna's classmates, as is Helen Parrish as the villainess of the school, and Jackie Moran in what must be the romantic lead. Arthur Treacher, William Frawley, Christian Rub, Elizabeth Risdon and Nana Bryant head an excellent supporting cast. Directed by Norman Taurog.—*Universal.*



★★★★ Bluebeard's Eighth Wife

This one amounts to a triple triumph. For Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert, it presents them in a pair of the finest screen roles they've ever had, and for Ernst Lubitsch, the film marks a return to his old mastery of witty and sophisticated comedy. All in all, it's entertainment of the highest order.

The story, concerning a brusque American millionaire and a slightly impoverished daughter of French aristocracy, manages always to be light in mood and tempo while at the same time it supplies a strong foundation for the antic carryings on of the cast. Mr. Lubitsch, wiser than the directors of most of the recent "mad" films, sees to it that all the insane interludes fit neatly into the plot. There is no reaching out for gags—they all belong to the story.

With the possible exception of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," this is Gary Cooper's best screen work. Claudette Colbert is charm-ing and beautiful as the French gal, and there are swell supporting roles by Edward Everett Horton, David Niven, Elizabeth Patter-son and Warren Hymer. In addition, as in all Lubitsch pictures, every bit player turns in a perfect performance. "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" will rank among the very best of its type for 1938. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch.—*Paramount.*



★★★ Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm

Shirley Temple has been credited with having started 20th Cen-tury-Fox on its road to financial security. Now nine years old and a cinema veteran, she continues to bring happiness to the paying customers as well as to her studio's accounting department.

You'll hardly recognize Mrs. Wiggin's story. Rebecca is now a radio star who lends her voice to the advancement of Crackly Grim Flakes when she's not furthering a romance between her country cousin (Gloria Stuart) and the handsome advertising executive (Randolph Scott). Shirley offers quite a repertory of songs and dances, and shows off to best advantage tap dancing with Bill Robinson, accompanied by the Raymond Scott quintette. She also brings laughs when she sits down at the piano and "reminisces," singing song hits from most of her previous pictures.

The supporting cast includes Jack Haley, Helen Westley, Slim Summerville, Phyllis Brooks, J. Edward Bromberg and William Demarest. There's also an amusing bit by Franklin Pangborn as an emergency radio organist who finally gets his chance. Directed by Allan Dwan.—*20th Century-Fox.*

More Reviews on Page 80

BY LEO TOWNSEND

Life as a model taught me...



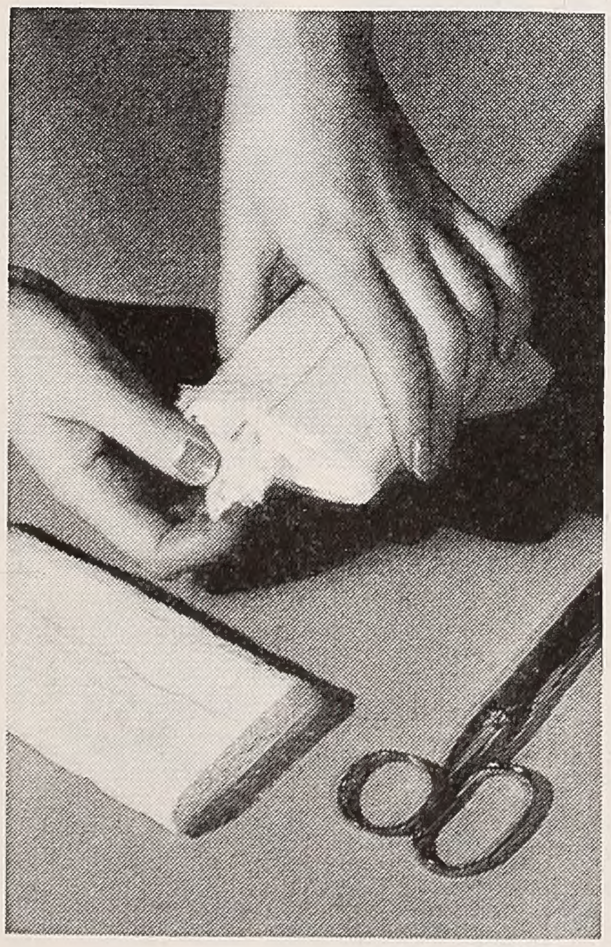
"Once I was a lady of leisure—with nothing to do but go to parties if I felt like it . . . take it easy if I didn't. But those days are gone forever! It was in the cards, I guess. You know the saying—'Friday's child is loving and giving . . . Saturday's child works hard for a living.' That's me!"



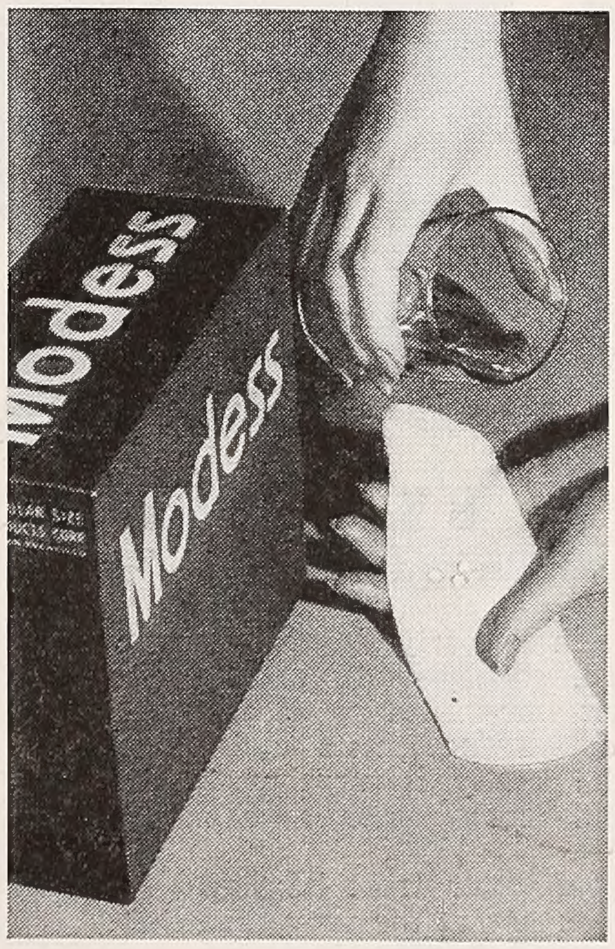
"Now I model clothes—at a shop where I used to buy them! And whew! —the weary miles we models trudge! Up and down . . . back and forth . . . shoulders back, 'tummy' in, head high!"



"Naturally 'certain days' are worse than others. But I soon learned from the other models how to make those days a lot easier! They introduced me to Modess—and, believe me, when you're on your feet all day, a napkin that doesn't chafe makes a world of difference!"



"If you'd like to know why Modess is more comfortable . . . just cut a pad in two. Feel that filler! It's like the down on a duck! So soft and fluffy—entirely different from napkins made of crêpey, close-packed layers."



"And—how much safer! Prove it for yourself. Take the moisture-proof backing from inside a Modess pad and drop water on it! That will show you why you need never worry again about ruining a dress . . . or being embarrassed."



"Then—if you're earning your own living and have to count the pennies, as I do . . . here's some more good news. Modess is easy on the pay envelope! Honestly—for all its greater comfort and security—Modess costs no more than any other nationally known napkin! So—take a tip from *me* and buy yourself a box of Modess *today*."

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"



"Stu" Erwin's whole family prefers pie. Look. No wonder.



MALE ORDER DESSERTS

BY MARJORIE DEEN

WELL gals, gather 'round, for I've just collected recipes for three of Stuart Erwin's favorite desserts, along with further proof —if proof were necessary—that if you leave the choosing of the meal's last course to the man of the family the "male order" for dessert will be *pie* nine times out of ten! Yes, at home or in a restaurant, leave the choice up to him and he'll specify some form of tempting filling encased in rich, flaky pastry.

Stuart Erwin is no exception in this respect, according to his lovely wife, who is still remembered by all of us as "the charming June Collyer." But June is more than content these days to be known just as "Stu's" wife and the mother of his two fine children, Bill and Judy. In fact the joy of her life lies in catering to their every wish.

That being the case you can be sure that the Erwin cook is instructed by June to prepare pies at most frequent intervals for the all-important sweet course of the day's most important meal. This is a year 'round standing order. However, when the warmer days set in, the only pies that make their appearance at the festive board in the Erwin's attractive dining room are of the lighter textured one-crust variety such as ever popular "cream" pies.

"This type of dessert is especially good when there are small children in the family," June informed me as together we searched through the family recipe file for the pies that had won the family's highest praises.

"You see," she continued, "even a toddler like Judy can eat the creamy filling that goes into making the Butterscotch Pie that I'm giving you, even though she isn't supposed to have the crust. But whether served as a pie or as a pudding I can certainly say that this particular dessert is a great favorite with the entire Erwin family.

"My pet pie in its early stages is just a smooth custard, such as any small child can enjoy. But when fixed up with strawberries and cream for guests and older members of the family, it turns out to be the richest and most beautiful of pastry desserts."

Since this particular treat happened to be in the refrigerator at the very time that Mrs. Erwin was describing it to me, we made a point of photographing June's pie before we took the picture of the entire Erwin family caught in the act of enjoying its Spring-like, delicious flavor. So here you will find photographs and recipes, as well; given with a special thought to increasing the "male order" business of appreciation for *your* knowledge of cooking and catering.

Incidentally, to make an attractive pie shell, try shaping and baking it over the back of a straight-sided cake pan. (June's pie shell, you'll notice from its shape in the picture on this page, is made in this way.)

JUNE PIE

- ⅔ cup granulated sugar
- ½ cup sifted flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 2 cups scalded milk
- ¼ cup unwhipped cream
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1½ cups sliced strawberries
- ⅓ cup powdered sugar
- 1 baked (or graham cracker) pie shell
- ¾ cup cream, whipped and slightly sweetened
- 2 tablespoons fine graham cracker crumbs
- 1 teaspoon granulated sugar
- 2 teaspoons melted butter
- 1 dozen whole, perfect berries, for garnishing

Combine granulated sugar, flour and salt. Beat in egg yolks. Slowly add scalded milk. Turn into top of double boiler and cook over boiling water for 10 minutes, stirring constantly for the first 5 minutes, frequently during the last 5

"Stu" Erwin's favorite pies would win a heart of stone. Don't say we didn't





minutes. Remove from heat. Add vanilla and ¼ cup cream. Strain into bowl, cover and chill. Clean berries, slice thin and combine with powdered sugar, allowing them to stand for at least ½ hour. Shortly before serving time spread chilled custard filling in baked (or cracker) pie shell. Cover filling with the sliced, sweetened berries. Spread slightly sweetened whipped cream over the berries. Combine cracker crumbs with teaspoon of sugar; mix in melted butter with a fork. Sprinkle crumbs over pie. Garnish with whole berries. (See illustration.)

BUTTERSCOTCH CREAM PIE

2 cups scalded milk
4 tablespoons cornstarch
3 tablespoons flour
⅓ teaspoon salt
1¾ cups brown sugar, firmly packed
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
¼ cup cold milk
2 tablespoons butter
1½ teaspoons vanilla
4 tablespoons cream
1 baked pie shell
¾ cup cream, whipped

Scald the 2 cups of milk in top of double boiler. Mix cornstarch, flour, salt and brown sugar. Beat in the egg yolks. Gradually add the cold milk. Add this mixture slowly to scalded milk, stirring vigorously. Add butter. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened (about 5 minutes). Cover and continue cooking over boiling water 10 minutes longer, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, add vanilla and 4 tablespoons cream. Blend well. Place in a tightly covered bowl in refrigerator and chill thoroughly. Just before serving spread this filling in cooked pie shell. Top with whipped cream, very slightly sweetened.

Don't spread a cream filling in your pie shell any longer ahead of time than is absolutely necessary, by the way.

warn you about these

Two Little Play Suits Climbed the Hill...

Two little play suits climbed the hill—
One on Jack, and one on Jill.
Look at Jill's—so bright and gay!
But Jack's is full of tattle-tale gray.

For Jill's mom knows what Jack's does not—
That lazy soap just hasn't got
The pep to wash clothes really clean.
And that's why Jack's things look so mean.

If Jack's mom were as wise as Jill's,
She'd quickly cure her washday ills.
She'd get the *golden* bar today
That chases pesky tattle-tale gray.

Fels-Naptha Soap is what she'd buy—
So full of naptha, dirt *must* fly!
Then white as Jill's, Jack's clothes would be,
And as for mom, she'd shout with glee.

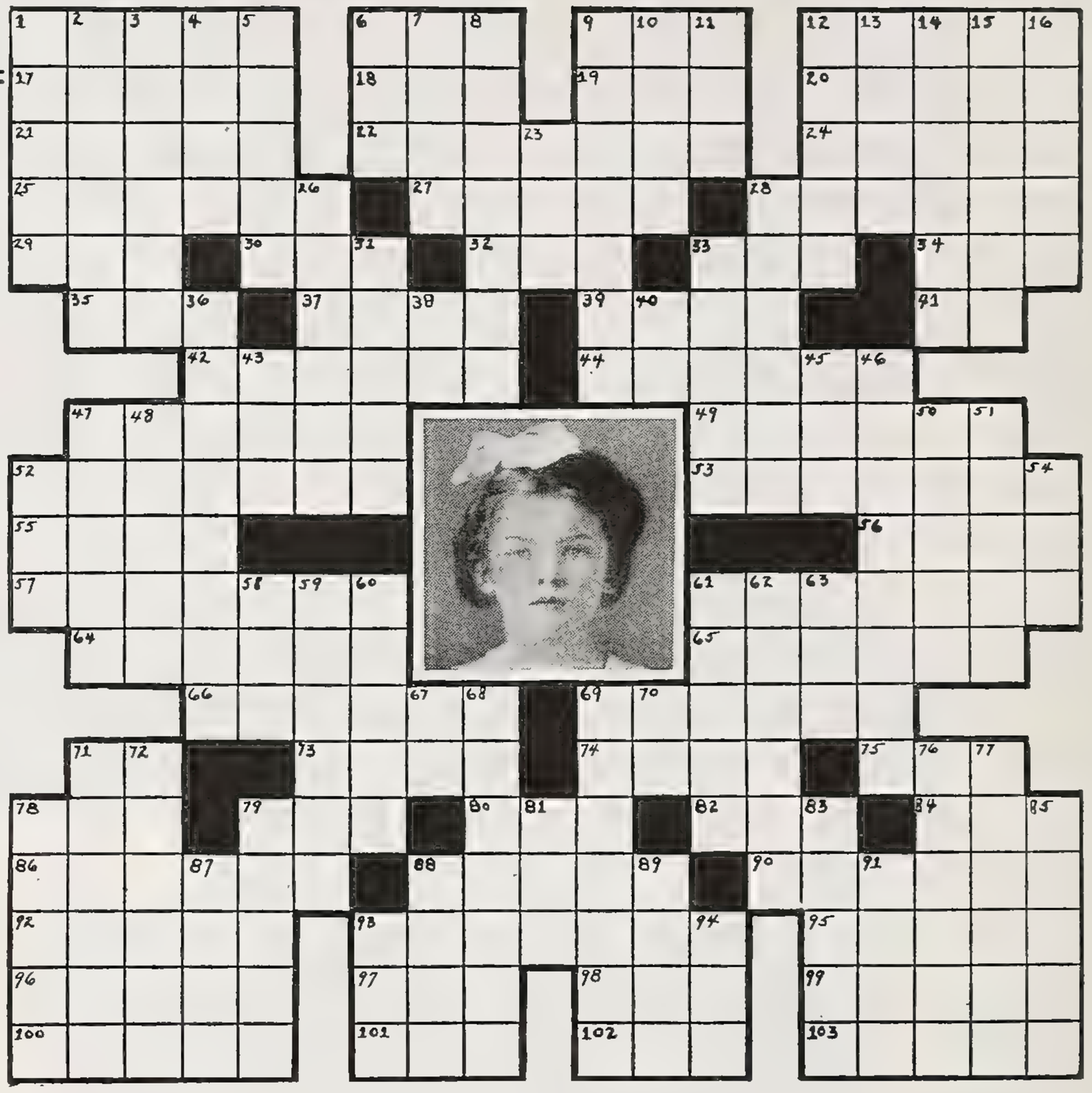
BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

(NEW! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!)

COPR. 1938, FELS & CO.



OUR PUZZLE



Puzzle Solution on Page 86

ACROSS

1. First name of star pictured
6. "--- American Chump"
9. Last name of star pictured
12. "I Met Him in -----"
17. The Barrymores' sister
18. King: Fr.
19. Female sheep
20. ----- Massey of "Rosalie"
21. One indifferent to pain
22. Birth state of star pictured
24. Her first name's Elissa
25. Stella ------, newcomer
27. Female servants
28. Hero of "Night Spot"
29. Jes--- Matthews
30. Turf
32. Ruby ---ler
33. Male lead in "Women Are Like That"
34. H--- Gibson
35. Shade tree
37. Part of a skeleton
39. Spool on which film is wound
41. Cleo Fielding in "Big Broadcast of 1938"
42. Instrument used on cans
44. Sickly color
47. Dawn
49. Smaller
52. Femme star of "Merrily We Live"
53. Small surgical knife
55. Inhabitant of Arabia
56. Wife of Errol Flynn
57. Without a cover
61. Song-and-dance movie
64. Sandra ------, model
65. Restless
66. Author
69. Star of "Wise Girl"
71. Exclamation
73. Rosemary, Priscilla and Lola
74. Javanese weight
75. Drink in small quantities
78. "Over --- Wall"
79. Mrs. Bing Crosby
80. ---ry Crabbe
82. Comedian who died recently
84. Witness a movie
86. Trusts
88. Leases
90. Walt Disney's duck
92. Rugged crest of a mountain range
93. Vic LeRoy in "Dr. Rhythm"
95. Orchestra leader on Burns' and Allen's airshow
96. Interior
97. Ands: Fr.
98. No: Scot.
99. Mary -----
100. Screen pairs
101. Born
102. ---r Gorin
103. Seasons

PAGE

DOWN

1. Plateaus with steep sides
2. Yttrium sesquioxide
3. Erik ------
4. ---- Hamilton
5. Genus including the moose
6. Robert --- strong
7. Weaving frame
8. Kay -------
9. Guides
10. Possesses
11. Affirmative vote
12. "Test -----"
13. Winged
14. Cheerful musical compositions
15. Pertaining to a building's interior
16. Godly person
23. Knot
26. The "Yank at Oxford"
28. French
31. Star of "Knight Without Armor"
33. Animal skins
36. Our star's husband
38. Star of "Girl of the Golden West": init.
40. Each: abbr.
43. Author of "The Raven"
45. Indian of Tierra del Fuego
46. Real name of our star
47. Airships: coll.
48. Not likely
50. Colossal historical films
51. Supply arranged beforehand for successive relief
52. A player of small roles
54. Mae West wrote "Diamond ---"
58. Go astray
59. Cheerful expressions
60. Bristles
61. Annabella's husband
62. Combined
63. "Souls At ---"
67. Printer's measure
68. Show a film
69. Star of "I'll Take Romance"
70. "-'- No Angel"
71. Male star of "Merrily We Live"
72. Town of our star's birth
76. ------ Jewell
77. Small ball of food
78. "The ----- or"
79. Sinister looks
81. Small insect
83. Do nots: contr.
85. Paradises
87. Short article
88. Network of nerves
89. Protuberance
91. Our star's "Thin Man" name
93. Comedian in "You're A Sweetheart"
94. Gladys ---rge



ROCHELLE HUDSON
20th Century-Fox Star
Half and Half
The smooth fitting half-skirt of this Lastex Wisp-o-weight suit gives maillot-slimness to the hips. Jantzen-spun wool and Lastex yarn . . . *$5.95*
Other Jantzen Creations
$4.95 to $12.95

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Send me style folder in color featuring new 1938 models. Women's ☐ Men's ☐
Name
Street City



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Rinse It Off This Quick, Easy Way!

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NEET Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair



Boost your favorite player by sending in the coupon



ROBERT MONTGOMERY: "So the poor little rich boy had to go to work, and years later he became a famous movie star." Yes, Robert Montgomery (and that is his real name) was born in Beacon, New York, the son of Henry Montgomery, vice-president of the N. Y. Rubber Co. When he was a youngster there were tutors and exclusive schools—his prep-school days were spent at the fashionable Pauling School in New York, and he later studied in England, France, Switzerland, and Germany. When Bob was sixteen his father died and young Bob suddenly found it necessary to go to work. His first job was as a mechanic's helper on a railroad. His next one was as a deck hand on an oil tanker, and the third was doing "bits" in a Faversham show in New York. Then there was work with a stock company in Rochester, N. Y., and after that Broadway for five years. Meantime Bob was offered a contract in silent pictures and refused, but was finally won over by the "Talkies." He did one picture after another in quick succession until he was made a star in "Man in Possession." Then followed a long list of starring and co-starring pictures in which Bob's brisk, breezy, sophisticated charm skyrocketed him into the first ranks of popularity where he has stayed ever since. His most recent picture is "The First Hundred Years." His next will be "Yellowjack." Bob is just as popular off screen as on. He shoots a good game of golf, and is one of the best tennis players in the film colony. He also plays a mean piano, and sings a nifty tenor. He likes music by Ravel and Irving Berlin, is an incessant reader, and has written and published many short stories. He likes Scottie dogs, and has several of them. Bob's big ambition is to write and direct pictures. He is happily married, and has two charming small daughters. His birthday is May 21st. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. He takes his work seriously, is president of the Screen Actor's Guild, and is an all 'round grand person to know.



ANITA LOUISE: This lovely blonde starlet first saw the sun in the sky in New York City on January 9th, 1917. She is descended from mingled French, German, and English ancestry, and her real name is Anita Louise Fremalt. Both of her parents were born in Alsace Lorraine. Anita was educated at the Professional School in New York, and the Greenwood School for Girls in Hollywood. Her first ambitions were to be an actress and to write music. She is beautifully accomplished at both the harp and the piano, has a fine singing voice, and is a talented dancer. She also is adept at several foreign languages. The tender age of seven found Anita on the New York stage where she appeared in a number of successful plays. She was under contract to a major studio for a whole year before a suitable role came along. Then she went to work on the "Du Barry" set. Anita is fond of all outdoor sports, especially riding, swimming and fencing. She doesn't know what it is to have to diet, and she loves thick steaks and roast turkey. She knows how to cook them too. She follows her mother's recipes. Soap and water are Anita's only beauty secrets. Pretty clothes naturally appeal to her, and she knows how to wear them. Hollywood and New York fashions interest her much more than those from Paris. Anita's home is full of needlework that she herself made. Flowers are a hobby with her too. She will save diligently by doing her own hair and nails, and then go on a cut flower spree, filling the house with Briarcliff roses and lillies-of-the-valley. Her lone pet is a Scottie named "Wee Thistle." Anita col-

HAVE YOU SENT FOR YOUR LIST OF ADDRESSES?

Want to know your favorite player's address? In fact, would you like to have a complete list of all the Hollywood stars' mailing addresses? It's yours for the asking! So many of you have written to this department wanting to know where to write this one or that one for an autographed picture, or perhaps you just want to write a fan letter, that we've compiled a complete list for you, listing the players alphabetically, according to their studio, and giving their complete mailing address. They are all there, even the featured players, printed in such a compact form that you'll be able to keep the list in your movie scrap book for reference whenever you want it.

To receive one of these lists, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a *large* self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with unless we receive your stamped and addressed envelope. Send your requests to the Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

lects rare coins and good luck charms. She also prizes a very old piano and a two hundred year old violin. This radiant young star is five feet three inches tall, weighs one hundred and six pounds, has light blue eyes and very blonde hair. Her most recent pictures include "Green Light," "The Go-Getter," "That Certain Woman," "First Lady," "Tovarich," and "Marie Antoinette." Her next picture will be "Sister Act."



RAY CORRIGAN: No mere accident catapulted Ray Corrigan into the movies, and into the hearts of a growing Corrigan-conscious public. True, when he was still a handsome young student at the North Denver High School out in Colorado he thought some of becoming the world's greatest electrical engineer. And the devious ways of fate and stern necessity did lead him through several subsequent years of business in oil, radio, electricity, and even physical education. But Ray had seen Douglas Fairbanks père do his dashing athletic stunts on the screen, and right then and there he had determined to perform a few movie stunts of his own. He had the makings, for he is six feet two inches tall, weighs two hundred pounds, has laughing gray eyes, dark brown hair, and he inherits plenty of courage and brawn from a fine mixture of French and German ancestry. In fact his mother is descended from the royal family of Hohenzollern. Ray studied dramatics, did a series of six plays for the Hollywood Community Theatre, playing heavies. Then in 1932 his movie chance came. They needed someone of Johnny Weismuller's physical appearance, and Cedric Gibbons got Ray his first opportunity. His first talking picture came in 1934 when he played Apollo in "Night Life of the Gods." Then followed the "Darkest Africa" and "Under Sea Kingdom" serials and later the "Three Mesquiteers" pictures in which he co-stars with Robert Livingston. Some of his latest pictures have been "Heart of the Rockies," "Trigger Trio," "Wild Horse Rodeo," "The Purple Vigilantes," and his new one "Outlaws of Sonora." Ray Corrigan was born February 14, 1907 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. His family name is Benard. He likes to swim, plays hand ball, and prefers to act in Western pictures. He has twenty-one patents to his credit, of which he is very proud. He is thirty-one years old—and, girls, he isn't married!

Helen Walden, Los Angeles, Cal. Jon Hall was born in Fresno, Cal. February 26, 1913. His real name is Charles Hall Locker. Yes, he does all his own swimming, and did all the diving in "Hurricane" except the dive from the cliff, for which a double was used. You can reach him at United Artists Studios. His next picture is to be "The Cowboy and the Lady."

Blanche Kelly, Cincinnati, O. Griffith Jones played Paul Beaumont, Maureen O'Sullivan's brother in "A Yank at Oxford." He is English, over six feet tall, has a fine physique, and is an all-'round athlete, tennis and riding being among his favorites. He started out to study law, but switched to the stage and later the movies.

(*Continued on page* 17)

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print, in this department, a brief life story of:

.....

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State .....

If you would like our chart with weights, heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

AN EXPERIENCED WOMAN
could have told her!



Neglect of intimate cleanliness may rob the loveliest woman of her charm... Use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene

ONE lesson life teaches a woman is the need for complete *intimate* daintiness.

A man wants to think of the woman whose love and companionship he seeks as his dream of feminine loveliness . . . fresh and exquisite at all times. But, without realizing it, there are times when even perfumes, baths and beauty aids may fail to make you attractive—if you neglect the practice of feminine hygiene. Many experienced family doctors know that this neglect has wrecked the happiness of countless marriages.

Don't risk offending in this most personal way. Be *sure* of complete exquisiteness. Follow the "Lysol" method of efficient feminine hygiene.

Ask your own doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. He will tell you "Lysol" has been used in many hospitals and clinics for years as an effective antiseptic douche. Directions for use are on each bottle.

Six reasons for using "Lysol" for feminine hygiene—

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*

4—Economy . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.



Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK Products Corp.,
Dept. 6-M. S., Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "*Lysol vs. Germs*" which tells the many uses of "Lysol."

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LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT—and Romeo couldn't forget the pulse-stirring fragrance that Juliet wore.



TODAY'S ROMEO CAN'T RESIST the magic lure of Djer-Kiss—the exquisite fragrance that becomes *yours* when you wear Djer-Kiss Talc.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day. . . . Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable . . . Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"



—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. Z, New York.

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NECESSARY KNITS



BM 3703—The Brooks cardigan, below, perfect for sports wear.

BM 3701—A tricky new stitch makes your extra suit blouse.



IT'S A simple matter to knit yourself a smart Brooks cardigan, and once you've started wearing it, you'll see why this classic sweater is the perennial pet of college girls and debbies. Straight stockinette stitch and soft saxony yarn make the perfect combination of smart simplicity.

Or, if you prefer a dressier design and a more elaborate stitch, then try your hand at BM 3701. Two shades of yarn are used to produce the novel pattern of this dressmaker blouse, fascinating to follow as you knit it up. An unusual detail is seen in the slide fastener pull, which is finished off by two little Darby and Joan figures, made of the yarn.

Free directions for both these designs are ready and waiting for you to make your selection. Clip the coupon and send in your stamped (3c) envelope.

ANN WILLS, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me:
Knitting directions for BM 3703.....
Knitting directions for BM 3701.....

I am enclosing a stamped, addressed (large) envelope.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....
(Check one or both designs and please print name and address)

INFORMATION DESK

(*Continued from page 15*)

Phyllis White, New York. Stories about James Stewart appeared in MODERN SCREEN in August 1936, November 1936, November 1937 and April 1938. Yes, many scenes of "Navy Blue and Gold" were shot at Annapolis.

Shirley Woodin, West Haven, Conn. Annabella was born in Paris, France, and appeared in many European movies before coming to America. She is with 20th Century-Fox Studios. Madeleine Carroll was born in England, February 26, 1906. She is with United Artists.

Martha W. R., Monroe, La. Mickey Rooney was born September 23rd, 1921. His real name is Joe Yule, Jr. His height and weight being in constant process of change it is impossible to give accurate figures.

Dolores Krajeski, Chicago, Ill. Here are the ages you asked for: Deanna Durbin is fifteen years old, Bonita Granville is fifteen, Mickey Rooney is seventeen, Jackie Cooper is fifteen, Freddie Bartholomew is fourteen, and George Ernest is sixteen.

Go Sam Suan, Cebu, Philippine Islands. Dick Powell is six feet tall, has blue eyes and red hair, weighs one hundred seventy-two pounds. His last picture was "Hollywood Hotel," next will be "Brooklyn Cowboy."

Marjory Adamson, Salt Lake City, Utah. William Gargon is his real name. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. July 17, 1905. He is married. His first picture was "Rain," his most recent, "You're a Sweetheart."

Enid Finn, Vancouver, B. C. Ronald Colman is with United Artists Studios. He has been married and separated from his wife. He was born February 9, 1891 in England.

Robert Bremlett, Monroe, La. Ray Milland's next picture will be "Tropic Holiday." John Carradine was born in New York City, February 6th, 1906.

Yvonne Ribet, Medford, L. I., N. Y. Robert Taylor's real name is Arlington Brugh. He was born August 5th, 1911. He is six feet tall, has brown hair and blue eyes. "A Yank at Oxford" is his most recent picture. You can get his picture by sending twenty-five cents in stamps to M-G-M studios in Hollywood.

Mary Putt, Fort Wayne, Ind. Anthony Quinn was born in Mexico. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred eighty-five pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Three of his recent pictures are "The Plainsman," "Swing High, Swing Low," and "Waikiki Wedding."

Rietta Hertwig, Brooklyn, N. Y. Victor McLaglen was born December 11, 1886. His hair and eyes are brown. He is six feet three inches tall, weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds. James Stewart is six feet two inches tall, has brown hair and gray eyes. He was born May 20th, 1908. He can be reached at M-G-M studios.

Doris Hill, Savannah, Ga. Robert Livingston is twenty-nine years old, and is married. Stories about Jean Harlow appeared in MODERN SCREEN in March 1935, April 1936, September 1936, and February 1937. If you will send ten cents a copy to our subscription department we will be glad to mail back issues. A story about Gene Autry was published in the October 1937 MODERN SCREEN. An Information Desk sketch appeared in July 1937. He was born September 29, 1907. The Lone Ranger's identity is still a secret.

Helen Kratzner, Linden, N. J. Spencer Tracy is thirty-seven years old, weighs one hundred sixty-five pounds, and is five feet ten and one-half inches tall. Wayne Morris is twenty-four years old. His last picture was "The Kid Comes Back." His next will be "Glitter." Eleanor Powell is five feet six and a half inches tall.

Adele Watson, Birmingham, Ala. Nelson Eddy is thirty-seven years old, weighs one hundred seventy-three pounds, and is six feet tall.

They give you *FRESH* Faces



They Keep Stars Fresh!

Who keeps your favorite movie star looking so FRESH? Why, it's those geniuses of make-up! They give you FRESH FACES on the screen, as Old Gold gives you FRESHNESS in cigarettes.

OLD GOLD gives you *FRESH CIGARETTES*

HOURS waiting "on the lot". Dust and dirt. The heat of Kleig lights. Yet a screen star . . . to retain her charm and appeal . . . must be *utterly fresh* the instant she steps before the camera.

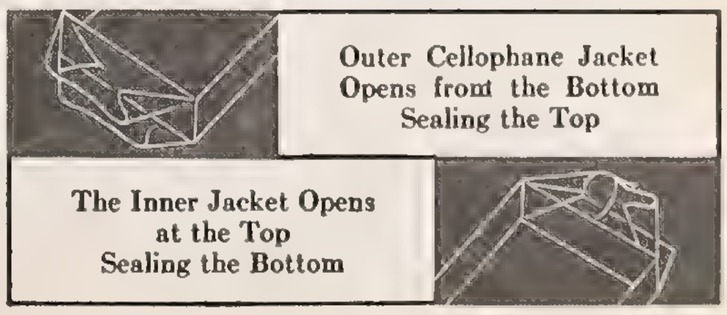
Cigarettes face that freshness problem, too. They travel far to reach you; and along the way they're beset by dryness, dampness, dust. Yet a cigarette . . . to retain its charm and appeal . . . must be *utterly fresh* the instant you put a match to it.

Hollywood spends a fortune to guard the freshness of its stars. We spend a fortune to guard the freshness of our star . . . Double-Mellow Old Gold.

We put an *extra* jacket of costly moisture-proof Cellophane around every Old Gold package. Thus, double-wrapped and double-sealed, Old Gold's mellow prize crop tobaccos are protected from staleness. Every Old Gold reaches you exactly as we make it . . . and that's as fine as a cigarette can be made.



Here's why the O.G. package keeps 'em *fresh*



TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

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IT'S FUN O'CLOCK, MOUNTAIN TIME!
. . . and how the fun keeps mountin' up!

Jeepers Creepers! Wait'll you see those Ritzes as imitation hillbillies on a rampage in the corn likker country! They've cooked up the con-sarndest mess of fun since Grampaw shot the galluses off'n that revenooer! "Life Begins In College" was just a warm-up for Public Maniacs No.'s 1, 2 and 3!



...and there's romance in them thar hills!

Tony Martin as the singing radio talent scout "discovers" cute little Marjorie Weaver in Coma, Ky....and they've been in a coma of love ever since!

The
RITZ BROTHERS
in
KENTUCKY MOONSHINE

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

TONY MARTIN • MARJORIE WEAVER

Slim Summerville • John Carradine • Wally Vernon

Berton Churchill • Eddie Collins

Directed by David Butler

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Art Arthur and M. M. Musselman • Original story by M. M. Musselman and Jack Lait, Jr.
Additional Dialogue and Comedy Songs by Sid Kuller and Ray Golden

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

Songs!

Pollack and Mitchell's tunefullest, swingin'-est, best!



Margaret Sullavan



Ray Willand



Simone Simon



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.



Olivia de Havilland



Though Leopold Stokowski is twenty years her senior, Garbo finds supreme happiness in his companionship.

Has Greta Garbo a chance at happiness? Here is the true story of her big romance

GARBO FINDS LOVE

GRETA GARBO has found love at last. The First Lady of Filmdom, who knew unfaltering devotion through her affection for the late Mauritz Stiller, and who learned of the gayness of light romance from the impetuous John Gilbert, now realizes, for the first time, the true meaning of love.

Garbo herself has said, "Love is not really dramatic. It is what is behind love and romance that gives us the greatest emotion. I don't know what the greatest emotion really is. Perhaps it is sacrifice. That is, of course, a big part of love."

And if sacrifice is needed as proof of her present deep affection, it is evident. For, she has tossed aside her most important personal possession—her dearly valued privacy—in defense of her feeling for the famed musician, Leopold Stokowski.

Yes, Greta Garbo faced a battery of inquisitive reporters in Ravello, recently, and confided that her famous companion in their Italian retreat had offered to show her some of the beauty of the world. The fact that the woman more men have dreamed of knowing than any other accepted the offer seems proof enough of her great love for the man whose association she has secretly enjoyed these many months.

Garbo's very few intimates have actually thrilled to her newfound peace and contentment, for her life has been punctuated with unhappiness and disaster. She has known frustration and loneliness such as has been the lot of few people. She has met disillusionment through trust, and loss through death. She has felt the cutting pain of broken confidences, and the deep, dull ache at the removal of those few who have been near and dear to her.

No, Greta Garbo's personal life has not been an enviable one. But she has hidden the wounds from the eyes of the world just as she has sought to keep her personal activities to herself. And so, it is only just and right that she should at last find her measure of contentment and happiness.

The first inkling that her close friends had that her attachment for Stokowski was a real and important one was when he brought Deanna Durbin, in whose picture he was appearing, to see Garbo. He had talked often of this amazing child and Garbo soon expressed a desire to meet her and hear her sing. Word of the visit leaked out somehow and accounted for Stokowski's absence from musical and the more exclusive social circles of filmdom. He was spending his free time in the company of Greta Garbo.

The musician's recent divorce from his second wife only served to add fuel to the flame of speculation and tended to prove that he and Garbo had plans for a permanent companionship. The fact that Stokowski has been accused of being a publicity-seeker and that, in this particular instance, no one could pry from him a word as to the progress of his friendship with the most famous of movie stars, served again to give credence to his sincerity toward their romance.

AT ANY rate, when all the speculation is over and done with, one salient fact remains and that is that Garbo and Stokowski have an "understanding," that he has brought her happiness and love and that she would rather be in his company than in anyone's else in the world. Yes, while Garbo's cry has hitherto been that she wanted to be alone, it is now that she wants to be alone with the one man in the world who really matters to her.

Independence has somehow always been forced upon this great actress; that is, with the exception of her association with the late Mauritz Stiller. She learned to depend upon his affection, rely upon his judgment. His devotion was the nearest approach to security she has ever known—until now. No, Greta Garbo has not *wanted* to be "master of her fate and captain of her soul," although circumstances have often seemed to tend to make her self-sufficient. Indeed, she is fundamentally the "clinging vine," the woman who prefers seclusion and the devotion of a man whom she can love and respect.

It seems as if, at last, this man has arrived and Greta Garbo has taken, and plans to hold, the joy that she has long been (*Continued on page 109*)



BY

MARTHA KERR

Garbo feels that there is a law that governs all her actions. Is it the marriage law this time?



WHY

Even with strong competition from younger, handsomer men, Gable's still the tops—and here is the reason

BY

GLADYS HALL

The artist's dream of King Gable in his crown — purely imaginary, for he-man Clark won't wear it.

GABLE IS KING



One horse who likes his work. If equines could cast a vote, it's plain Clark would have been king by one more ballot.



Lombard and Gable can smile when they sign those autographs. It's "the common touch" which keeps the crown firmly atop the head.

YOU HAVE elected Gable King of the Movies.

In a nationwide newspaper poll, twenty million votes came in and—Gable wears the crown.

Just why?

The better part of twenty million people can't be wrong. But it seems to us that they may be interested in knowing, specifically, why they are right.

It's one thing to elect a man king from distances which may lend enchantment. It's another thing to find that your votes are ratified by the men and women who work for and with your screen sovereign, who know him as he is, not as he seems to be.

There is no better way of taking the measure of a man than by talking about him with the people who work with him: prop boys, assistant directors, his stand-in, the gang with whom it is not necessary to "put on a show" but to whose measuring, experienced eyes a man does show what manner of man he is. No better way than talking with his fellow actors who are also, remember, his keen competitors.

And if you think that Hollywood doesn't dare to say what it really thinks about one of its members you should have heard what *I* heard when I collected opinions of a certain famed woman star. They positively *blistered*. I had, finally, to go to the star herself in order to hear something pleasant about her! In Gable's case the reverse was true. I had to go to him and say "F'r crying out loud, say something disagreeable about yourself, will ya?"

Yes, Hollywood crowns with laurels but it also crowns with thorns when unpleasing is the head that wears a crown.

On the M-G-M lot the other day, on the set of "Test Pilot" in which Clark, Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy are co-starred, in triplicate, Spence came by as I was standing around waiting for a word with Gable.

"Come over to see the King today, huh?" he grinned. He sat down on a camera case only to rise at once, sweep an imaginary hat to the floor, bow low and declaim, "The Queen!" as Myrna came, all quietly, to join us. Instantly every voice on the set took up the cry, "The Queen! The Queen!" and knees were bent, heads lowered, one felt that plumes went down before royalty.

Myrna pushed Spence back on the camera case, sat down beside him and said, "This king and queen business, we'll never live it down, it's terrific."

Spencer said, "Well, speaking of the King, saving your presence, Ma'am, *he* is terrific. You can't defeat him. Because he has a swell sense of humor, a *great* sense of humor."

"A lovely thing, in kings," murmured Myrna.

"So great," went on Spencer, ignoring the royal interruption, "that you couldn't kill it, not by flattery, nor by success, nor even by failure."

Said Myrna, "Spence is right, it's the spirit of the man, the high, healthy spirit of him that buoys everyone up and himself along with the rest of us. I would feel lost and low if Clark didn't have a new story for me every morning when we meet on the set. He's sort of like a little boy, you know, an awful tease. But he's also a kind-hearted little boy who never goes too far. For if the Ki—if Clark thinks his cracks are going to upset you he'll stop."

(*Continued on page 74*)



Charm of a child—art of a veteran.

Come on now, everybody, sing!

Can't you just hear that sweet voice?

Do I have to sing it that way?

NEARLY NATURAL

BY NANETTE KUTNER

SOMEBODY MUST have told Deanna Durbin not to talk. Somebody must have cautioned her about interviews, must have said, "Be careful to act natural."

This advice has left Deanna, innately a wholesome unaffected girl, so puzzled and terrified, lest she utter the wrong words, that whenever I asked her a question, her blue eyes widened, her brown head lowered, and the forefinger of her right hand automatically stroked her tiny nose, while that strong voice of hers lost its amazing grown-up quality, becoming childlike in its bewildered helplessness, as she bemoaned, much in the manner of Alice's white rabbit, "Oh, dear, oh, dear."

Such was her answer to all questions. There was only one thing to do. Stop asking. I did.

For the Deanna that her friends know is a live little person with a quick and ready sense of humor. Eddie Cantor, whose own humor is not so bad, testifies to this.

There was the blustering spring day that Cantor and his radio troupe arrived in New York, directly from the sunny warmth of California. The change in temperature was a violent one, and before they could get themselves acclimated, in fact, on their very first afternoon in Manhattan, a magazine suggested that they journey to the zoo and have their pictures snapped feeding the animals. So up to Bronx Park they went, the thermometer registering near the zero point, and their teeth chattering, their knees quaking with the cold.

For one half hour, patiently holding peanuts in their frozen fingers, Eddie and Deanna stood outside the iron fence that skirts the quarters belonging to the bears.

But there was not a bear in sight.

Deanna did catch a glimpse of one warming himself behind some rocks.

"He's white," she said. "All white."

"A real polar bear," said Eddie. "But why doesn't he come out? Here, bear, bear," he called. "Here, pretty bear, eatee nicee peanuts, get your picture took."

The polar bear never deigned to look. Instead, he turned his back and disappeared, joining his family in their comfortable cave.

Then up spoke Deanna, suddenly, decisively. "I know why they won't come out."

"Why?" asked Eddie Cantor.

"Why?" echoed the equally frozen cameramen.

"Because," said Deanna, shivering there in the cold, "*we're* the only fools."

THERE IS the matter of temperament. Although Deanna confides that her ambition is to be like Lily Pons or Grace Moore and sing at the Metropolitan and on the screen and radio, up to date she has evinced but one temperamental display. However, it showed her possibilities. It was quite an effective exhibition. It held up a picture. This is the story.

They were shooting "One Hundred Men and a Girl," and Deanna was chewing a licorice drop.

"In the first place, I had no business to be chewing it," she admitted, wagging that forefinger at me.

But chewing it she was, and presently came time for her scene, and director Henry Koster, noting Deanna's industrious jaws, cried, "Spit it out!"

Shocked, Deanna stared at him.

"Mr. Koster is really a darling," she told me. "But he is a foreigner and I guess he doesn't know how American girls feel about spitting."

"What did you do?"

"At first I stood there and refused. Then the assistant director took up the order, 'Hurry up, spit it out,' he yelled.

"But I couldn't, I just couldn't! I stamped my foot, and cried, and," she added shamefacedly, "I guess I made a dreadful scene. However, I finally won out."

Deanna's proud mother arranges her schedule.

Young, beautiful, talented and radiantly happy.

"How?" I queried, amused at her serious expression.

"I swallowed it," Deanna said, grinning an infectious little girl grin.

Meeting her, one can readily understand just why it was that she found it impossible to spit out that licorice drop. For Deanna is essentially a neat person. Her bureau drawers are a joy to behold.

"Mother keeps them for me," she says. "I haven't the time."

But if she were not a star and her mother did not tidy those bureau drawers, they would still be immaculate. Deanna is that kind of a girl.

ON HER hair she wore two perky blue bows.

"Do you buy them that way?" I asked.

"No, I make them myself. I have a knack." Then shyly, "Shall I make you some?"

She wears flat heeled sandals, although on special dressed-up occasions, "I wear high."

Her clothes are designed by the studio wardrobe expert and are of the Eton jacket variety. She mostly wears blue.

"And I'm growing taller all the time," she said. "I'm now over five feet four. It's good they make my clothes to order, because I'd be awfully hard to fit. I swim in a twelve."

At present she is supremely happy. (*Continued on page 82*)

Jackie Moran capitulated to Deanna's charm.

Fred calls Barnard off, but Mrs. MacMurray isn't fooled.



Tennis is his great hobby.

WHEN A writer's assigned to do a story on Fred MacMurray both writer and MacMurray groan.

"He won't talk," wails the writer.

"What's all the talking for?" MacMurray mutters.

No one has ever accused him of temperament in its Hollywood sense. He doesn't deny himself to interviewers. His trouble is that he can't talk about himself. At least, with any comfort. He can face you as he might face a firing squad, wincing and desperate-eyed. But at such cost to you both that you think twice before subjecting him or yourself to the ordeal.

"They ask me these questions," he says, "and I jump like a rabbit, because I don't know the answers. I don't know what I like except coffee and doughnuts and hamburgers, and who the deuce cares? Another one that gets me is, how does it feel to be a movie actor? It feels the same as not being a movie actor, except you can buy more suits and pay for 'em sooner. It feels swell to have more money and more security, but it feels jittery, too. How long can it last? How soon before you get conked on the head and wake up? The less you think about that, the better you sleep. As for anything else, you're the same guy you'd be if you weren't a movie actor. So what's all the shouting for?"

A record speech for MacMurray—a speech to end all speeches. He touched the core when he said, "You're the same guy you'd be if you weren't an actor." Some are, some aren't. MacMurray is.

He was born in a small town, an only child. His mother had planned on a girl, whose name was to be Rose. When Fred appeared, she consoled herself by calling him Bud.

WHAT'S ALL THE SHOUTING FOR?

BY IDA ZEITLIN

Want to know Fred MacMurray's secret? He'll never tell, but we're not so cagey

He glowers mildly at that memory.

He was bred to what's come to be known as the old-fashioned qualities —hard work, decent living and loyalty to one woman. His parents separated soon after his birth. His mother, not at all sorry for herself, earned a living for them both. They moved to California to join Fred's grandmother and aunts. Fred earned his school tuition by way of the saxophone and any other jobs he could find. Then his mother fell, injured her hip, and was bedridden for fourteen months, so Fred quit school, and gave his tuition money to pay the first month's hospital bills. When they offered to let the debt ride, he shook his head. From the little he earned, he paid the entire bill. That, according to Fred's light, was nothing to make speeches about. His mother told the story.

(*Continued on page 84*)



Fred consoles Billy Lee in "Cocoanut Grove."

Marjorie's a "Looahvul" lady—lovely and lazy, but she gets there!

Judi has the ambition and Marjorie the ability in the Parks-Weaver firm.

BY JAMES REID

If Marjorie Weaver had never met Judi Parks, you never would have known Marjorie

HER STAND-



Marjorie and Eddie Collins provide the sunshine in "Kentucky Moonshine."

HERE IS an amazing, and amusing, story. Hollywood has never had a story like it, and—it hasn't been told until now.

Perhaps you noticed Marjorie Weaver before "Second Honeymoon." She played enough "bits" for somebody, somewhere, to begin noticing her. But you never met her, close up, until then.

In "Second Honeymoon," you couldn't miss her. She was Loretta Young's rival, Tyrone Power's other interest. A brown-eyed, very young, very pert and very naïve charmer with a soft southern accent. A new and interesting screen face, a "natural," non-theatrical face.

You wondered who she was, where she had come from. You learned that she was a beauty contest winner, one of the very few who had ever given Hollywood the impression of having ability to match appearance. You learned that she was from Louisville—pronounced "*Loo*ahvul." You learned amusedly before the movies would give her a real break, she had had to lose her southern accent, and then, in her first important role, the movies had asked her to have just that—a southern accent.

Among other things, you read that she and her stand-in, Judi Parks, went to the University of Indiana together. That didn't sound like news. Marjorie wasn't the first to have a former college chum for a stand-in. Robert Taylor and his stand-in, Redmond Doms, were pals at Pomona.

But Marjorie and Judi weren't the same physical types —as stars and stand-ins are supposed to be. Judi's face was more angular. Her eyes and hair were of a darker brown. She didn't have the same kind of figure. She didn't present the same lighting problems, and she was two inches shorter than Marjorie and had to carry around a lacquered two-inch block of wood to stand on.

In view of all that, it was a bit unusual that Marjorie insisted on having Judi, and no one else, for a stand-in. It looked like a sentimental gesture on Marjorie's part. She was simply befriending a friend. But was that the only explanation?

Recently, I walked on the set to ask Marjorie and Judi. I found Marjorie present, but not Judi. At the moment, Marjorie was standing in for her stand-in.

That is one thing that stars aren't supposed to do. Studios discourage it violently. "Standing in" is exhausting work. Studios want stars to save their energies for actual acting. If stand-ins are absent, studios find substitutes—pronto. If a star refuses a substitute, there can be only one reason: she is making sure that the job is being saved for her regular stand-in.

I asked Marjorie where Judi and her wooden block were.

"There's the block," said Marjorie, smiling, "but Judi's out house-hunting. Our rent's due tomorrow and if we're going to move, we have to find a house today. She'll join us at lunch if she's had any luck." In the commissary it looked as if luck hadn't been with the house-hunter. There was no sign of Judi.

"But she'll be here," Marjorie was positive. "I've got a hunch that she's found something. And you'd be surprised about my hunches."

MARJORIE, WHO was disconcertingly bright-eyed and excited over the prospect of an interview, asked what we were going to talk about. I told her that I had a purely personal hunch that her stand-in had made her a stand-out.

Her eyes became still brighter. Her smile widened. "You've hit on something there. If I *am* a stand-out. You know, they say that your (*Continued on page 70*)

IN MADE HER A STAND-OUT



Crooners have their serious moments too.

DICK POWELL TAKES THE STAND

BY GLADYS HALL

IN THE commissary on the studio lot one recent day, Dick Powell chanced to overhear a conversation—and saw red. And when Dick sees red, it is good and red. The smiling crooner of love songs has plenty of capacity for righteous resentment; has, too, the courage of his convictions.

This conversation being carried on very audibly at the next table had to do with an article printed in a national magazine under the by-line of a famous star. Said one of the speakers, "D'you believe he really wrote it?" Said the other, with a contemptuous shrug and a laugh, "Of course not. He had a ghost writer. Actors can't write."

It was at this point that Richard E. Powell of Arkansas rose in his wrath and took the stand for the defense of actors. He informed the benighted one that the star did indeed write that article—all by himself—and further, that if at any time this actor should decide to stop being a darned swell actor he could unquestionably become a darned swell writer or darned swell almost anything he might choose.

There does seem to be a curious misconception about members of the acting guild. If it has been printed once that Joan Crawford READS it has been printed a dozen times, always with a believe-it-or-not Ripley implication, much as it would be noised about that a man walks on his head or a babe in arms spouts Arabic. Nevertheless, Jean Hersholt is a bibliophile, Harold Lloyd has done some excellent paintings, Carole Lombard has proven that she could make a tasty fortune at interior decorating if she should ever elect to cease decorating the screen. Ask Clark Gable. She's just done over his ranch house so successfully you wouldn't know the old place. Bing Crosby could give any business tycoon a run for his money—and come in first. Jean Harlow wrote a book. All these are established facts, yet our reaction to them is too often one of supercilious incredulity.

Dick Powell took the stand for the defense that day in the commissary with an applauding audience including Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, Pat O'Brien, Mayor Hugh Herbert, Humphrey Bogart and a bevy of admiring extras and bit players. Always popular on the lot, Dick has since become the tow-headed White Hope of all the misunderstood.

Later in his dressing room at the studio Dick again took the stand for the defense. As he paced up and down the floor, thumbs thrust in coat lapels, hair ruffled, blue eyes hot, he repeated, "I'm tired of hearing this nonsense about actors. I'm tired of having to say, 'Listen, World, we can both read *and* write.' I'm tired of saying 'I don't know what my I. Q. would be today but I'd like to lay a wager that the I. Q.s of such men as Fredric March, Leslie Howard, Paul Muni, Ronald Colman and some others I could mention would stack up right along with the cream of the intelligentsia.

"I don't wonder, gents of the jury," grinned Dick, his stern judicial frown relaxing a degree, "I don't wonder that there is such a crack-brained misconception abroad about actors in general. I'm tired of the fluff and stuff I read about us—such choice bits as this one to the effect that I call Joan every morning at eleven and every afternoon at three. It's preposterous to begin with. When I'm on the set I don't *know* what time it is until my director or my stomach tells me. I don't work that way. Furthermore, this little piece went on to relate that one day I was unavoidably (though forcibly) detained on the set with the result that I didn't make my three o'clock call until, think of it, 3:20. Whereupon Joan burst into tears, asked me if I didn't love her any more, and only by the powers of plushy persuasion on my part did this little scene fade out to the strains of Hearts and Flowers.



NOW, GENTLEMEN, if I read that about anybody (and I, like millions of others, know only what I read in the papers) if I read that, I say—and believed it—I would certainly conclude that the parties concerned couldn't even be taught to read and write.

"On another occasion I was again impressed to hear that Joan Blondell, whom I have the honor to call my wife, has installed at her front door (which also happens to be mine) a trick camera which instantaneously photographs anyone who rings our bell. Whereupon Joan, having apparently nothing better (*Continued on page 68*)

Dick may lose his job but he has a surprise solution for even such a problem



Dick's had no vacation for thirteen years but Mrs. Powell—Joan Blondell to you—would make up for a lot of vacations, we'd think.

Two and a half year old, little Norman Scott Powell is already the image of his beautiful mother. Adorable, isn't he?


Has romance passed you by? Your sense of humor may be to blame! Fanny claims they don't mix
Don't let the fan and fur wear deceive you. Fanny is *not* a ballet dancer!
FANNY'S FOLLIES



That incorrigible, incomparable, incredible Baby Snooks at play (?).

"You appil to me," Fanny says to Monty Woolly in "Everybody Sing."

EVERY WOMAN is a comedienne," said Fanny Brice, "by the time a beauty parlor finishes with her. If she doesn't look funny when she goes in, she will when she comes out."

She glanced again at her dressing-room mirror, warily, out of the corner of her eye. The mirror revealed a brand-new fugitive from a permanent-wave machine. Her hair, still damp, clung to her head as if glued there, in a carefully constructed cascade of flat ringlets.

"The only reason *I* go," she explained, "is to catch up on the gossip."

The coiffure fascinated me. It was that unexpected on Baby Snooks. So unexpected that the general impression it created was that Baby Snooks had met not only a hairdresser, but an accident.

"I'm always meeting with accidents," commented Fanny. "That's half the fun of life. It's the reason I'm what I am. You just can't be funny by formula. The biggest laughs are always accidents. The minute I become conscious that a certain gag is funny, done a certain way, it isn't funny any more. I have to drop it, wait for something else to hit me —bang!—like that."

She raised her pale gray-green eyes to mine, pursed her expressive lips, shrugged her eloquent shoulders. "That's life. The best things you do are never the things you plan. They're spontaneous."

Scratch a comic and, underneath, you'll find a philosopher every time. I asked Fanny if she would call her whole career—which begins to look more and more like a good thing—an accident.

"Give me time on that one," she answered, the corners of her mouth curving upward. "No one ever brought it up before."

She took time out to go rummaging in her handbag—a miniature brief case. My curiosity was aroused. I wondered if, perchance, she carried around a sawed-off shotgun to meet a situation like this. Instead, triumphantly, she brought forth a cigarette.

The cigarette lighted, she answered, "Sure, my career could be called an accident. 'Fanny's Folly,' could be called an accident. 'Fanny's Folly,'" She shook her head. "It started like a catastrophe. I was going to be a great dramatic actress."

Let Fanny's story be a warning to young, potential comediennes today who yearn to become Garbos and Shearers, to be held in the arms of tomorrow's Robert Taylors and Tyrone Powers.

Fanny was born in New York City's Ghetto. That was before anyone thought of slum clearance and Federal housing projects, or playgrounds for underprivileged children. It never entered Fanny's head, in those days, that she was one of the underprivileged. If she couldn't play in the street outside, for the pushcarts there, (*Continued on page 88*)

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

RUNNING AWAY FROM IT ALL



"S" is for Sylvia and "sulk," but it's also for "smart," so little Sidney soon "got over it!" She's as good as she looks now.

BY CAROLINE S. HOYT

When Katie Hepburn won the Academy Award, she didn't even bother to accept it. Good manners? What do *you* think?



Fred has definite notions as to what is right for Mr. Astaire. Sometimes he's wrong, however.



Polite people might call Miriam Hopkins an escapist. Well, anyway, she likes to run—and does!

WHETHER SOMEBODY reached for a copy of Doctor Freud's teachings on complexes, or whether the candid camera fiends have terrorized the town with their clicking shutters, or whether some of our movie stars have actually gone soft after all these years of keeping in condition, I wouldn't be knowing! *But*—there is an epidemic of "running away from it all" in Hollywood, particularly from cameras and reporters. The epidemic has reached such proportions that whenever a child of the studios reaches New York, the Big Town feels its effects, too.

Of course, the No. 1 Sissy is, and has been for years, our New England-bred Katie Hepburn. Katie has never been able to take it on the chin. If she sees anything coming her way that she doesn't like, she runs like mad.

When Katie first came to Hollywood, she gave every indication of being a girl with a sense of humor, one who knew what made the clock tick. Evidently determined to ridicule any "intimate" stories written about her, she told her first interviewers that she "couldn't remember" whether she was married or not, but that she "believed" she had two children. She also told them she didn't like publicity.

When interviewers kidded right back by printing these bald and undeniably ridiculous statements, and reported how Miss Hepburn was going Miss Dietrich one better by going around town in blue overalls, Katie got mad. She refused to see any more reporters. That was nearly six years ago and she hasn't relented since. She couldn't take it.

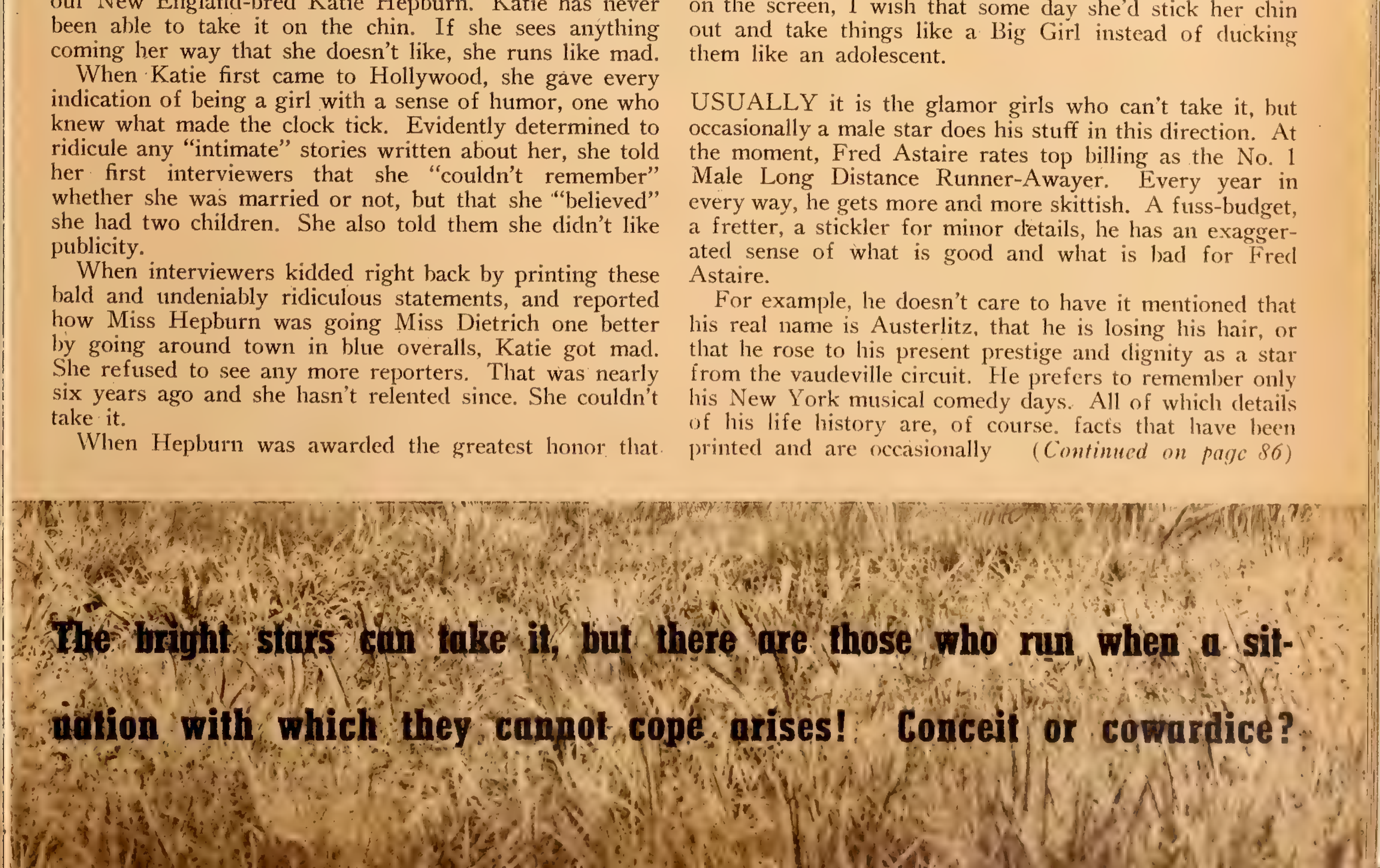
When Hepburn was awarded the greatest honor that Hollywood can bestow, the Academy gold statue, or "Oscar," for a best performance, she wasn't even grown up and gracious about that. For, even as the Academy banquet was being held in Hollywood, Katie was loping up the third class gangway of a Europe-bound steamer, trying not to see anybody or say anything. She didn't even acknowledge telegrams of congratulations from friends.

To escape whatever it is she tries to escape in her life, she went all the way to Merida, Yucatan, when she got her divorce. Which, after all, was tops in running away.

Somehow, admiring Hepburn's stubbornly brittle work on the screen, I wish that some day she'd stick her chin out and take things like a Big Girl instead of ducking them like an adolescent.

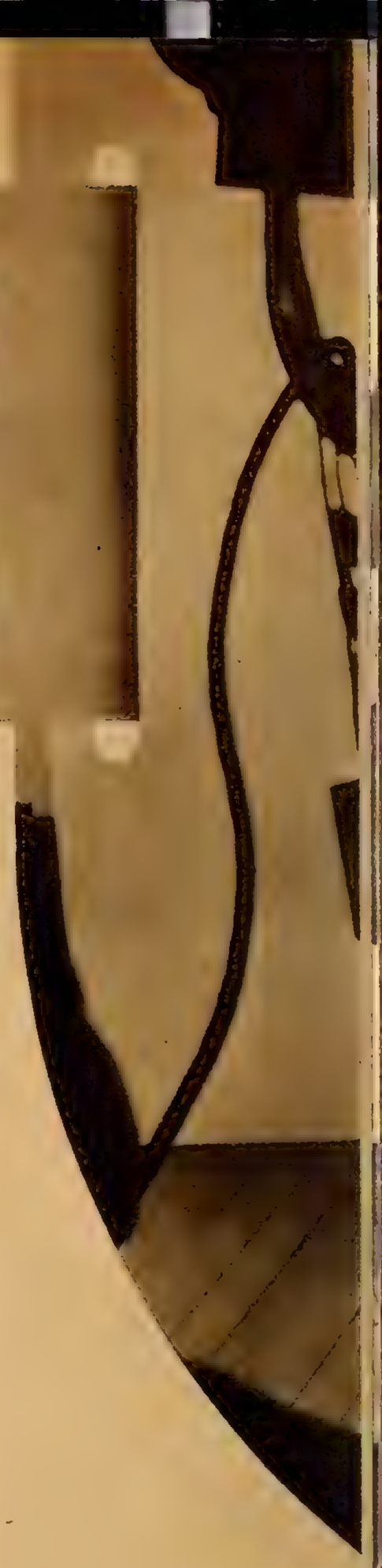
USUALLY it is the glamor girls who can't take it, but occasionally a male star does his stuff in this direction. At the moment, Fred Astaire rates top billing as the No. 1 Male Long Distance Runner-Awayer. Every year in every way, he gets more and more skittish. A fuss-budget, a fretter, a stickler for minor details, he has an exaggerated sense of what is good and what is bad for Fred Astaire.

For example, he doesn't care to have it mentioned that his real name is Austerlitz, that he is losing his hair, or that he rose to his present prestige and dignity as a star from the vaudeville circuit. He prefers to remember only his New York musical comedy days. All of which details of his life history are, of course, facts that have been printed and are occasionally *(Continued on page 86)*



The bright stars can take it, but there are those who run when a situation with which they cannot cope arises! Conceit or cowardice?

SLAVES TO HOLLYWOOD



IF I WERE to tell you my real name, you wouldn't believe me. I'm the young meteor who burst upon Hollywood a few years ago, spectacularly, the way they say it happens only in scenarios. I got here by way of a beauty contest which carried a free trip to the film capital and a screen test as a prize. I stayed because I could dance. It seemed unbelievable luck to me then!

Today I'm a big name. I'm hailed on billboards, in big electric signs. I'm "young as youth and twice as glamorous." I'm "The bright star of the twinkling toes and the dazzling smile." I'll call myself Linda Chalmers.

Each month, my face laughs up at you from magazine covers. I'm legend. To look at me is to love me, the studio's publicity blurbs say. Girls copy my hair-do and my clothes and my vivacious manner. Also they envy me.

All that would be funny if it weren't tragic. Because I'm paying a terrible price for success. I'm paying with my happiness, the right to be myself. Have you ever thought what happened to Cinderella after she went to live in the prince's palace? The fairy tale doesn't say. It ends with the words "and so they were happy forever after." But I don't believe that. Because the little scullery maid, with only her natural grace and charm to guide her, had to step into a queen's shoes, which are vastly different from glass slippers.

The little scullery maid had to find out all about precedent, and etiquette, and dignity, and learn how to talk to ambassadors and ministers, and how to head a banquet table under the critical supercilious eyes of courtiers and grand ladies. Sometimes I suspect she must have been snubbed by butlers. Why? Well, that's part of my story.

I wouldn't be telling this if it weren't for Joe Turner. Joe isn't the glamorous prince type at all. He is a nobody by Hollywood standards, only a second cameraman on our lot. But to me he's the most wonderful person in the world, and I live from day to day in fear that I'm going to lose him in the mad, crazy whirl of moviedom.

I shall never forget the day Joe and I met. We were starting to shoot the dance ensemble sequences for "Rhythm in Your Blood," the musical in which I'm co-starred with Tom Lane. It was a difficult, eccentric routine, and though the chorus had been rehearsing for weeks, we couldn't seem to get things perfect. We did the first number fourteen times before the disgruntled director bellowed that we could rest.

Well, everybody but me fell into chairs. I didn't feel like resting. I was having too much fun. Until suddenly Tom Lane said in a disgusted drawl, "For goodness' sake, Chalmers, stop that exhibition." (You wouldn't think, seeing us on the screen together, that he could ever be anything but charming to me!) "You make the rest of us feel tired. Think we can relax while you perform?"

There was a little silence in which the tap of my feet echoed too loudly. I missed a step, tripped over an electric cord, lost my balance, and fell to the floor. Joe Turner's strong, steady arms caught me. "Easy there," he whispered. "It isn't only women who are cats."

His voice was deep and warm. His sensitive face was unspectacular until you looked at it twice. Then you saw a dreamer's face, with eyes that looked into the future, but weren't content with just looking. The clean line of his jaw, the stubborn chin attested to that.

He said again, quietly, "Easy there." And suddenly our eyes met, and I knew, the way a woman knows these things, that it was a moment to remember. That the wild beating of my heart had nothing to do with the tempo of my dance, nor with tripping. And I felt Joe's heart hammer against mine.

IT ALL took less time than the telling. Then I was standing on my own two feet, saying shakily, "I'm all right. No damage."

"You might have wrenched an ankle."

I couldn't help a wry little smile. "And that would have been unforgivable, wouldn't it? A dancing star can't afford to delay production."

"You're not a star," he said with queer intensity. "You're just a kid! And when you act you're not playing any part. You're only being yourself!" All at once I wanted to cry. For the first time since I'd been launched in pictures someone saw me as I really was, not as the publicity office had said I was. And he actually seemed to like me.

But perhaps I'd better go back to when I first came to Hollywood. I was terribly young, terribly green, terribly in love with life and laughter. A dancing fool. I had a lithe body, large blue eyes in a small face and a shock of wheat-colored hair. In other words, I was a natural. And I hadn't an inhibition to my name.

Why would I have? In the little Ohio town where I was born life was not complicated. You started out with the assumption that the world was a gay place. I'd been

Love has come to a glittering young star, but she dares not accept it! You



I lost my balance and fell to the floor. Joe Turner's strong, steady arms caught me.

I wanted to make money and send my kid brother through engineering school. Do things for my big sister and her quiet bank-clerk husband. Make Dad retire from the hardware business which no longer gave him a living.

In those days I still believed that money could make people happy. So I said, "I'll be good. You tell me what to do and I'll do it." I thought, if I work hard at climbing the ladder, afterwards, when I'm tops, I'll live my life my own way.

My manager and the publicity boys went to work on me together. Maybe you remember the series of interviews that came out about the time I was picked as one of the Wampas babies? Linda Chalmers in severely tailored housecoat, curled up with a book. Linda Chalmers beside her radio, listening to Toscanini.

brought up to the idea that you choose your friends for what they are, not who they are. So my first months in Hollywood I went blithely along pulling what I've since learned are social boners.

At first no one said anything about it, because the studio had an idea I was just another contest winner doomed to failure. Until they saw the rushes of my first film. Then they got excited. They called me in and gave me a contract. They decided to spend some money and build me up. Star material, I was called. A diamond in the rough. "Very rough," they said, shaking their heads.

The trouble? Well, in the first place I had no mystery, no aura. So the first thing I knew, I was handed a brand-new personality on a silver platter. I was told how to dress, where to go, whom to see.

I said with all the naiveté of my eighteen years, "But what does it matter what I do in my free time so long as I'm okay at work?" They answered that stars were never free. They were public figures. They must behave accordingly.

Well, under my scatter-brain manner I'm plenty stubborn, and at that time I wanted passionately to succeed.

But it was my new social life that depressed me most. Oh, it was full enough! I got around to all the right places. The Brown Derby and the Trocadero. The races and the West Side Tennis Club.

My name began to appear in the gossip columns. There'd be a candid camera shot of me with my escort of the moment.

YOU'D THINK that a kid of eighteen, partying with men who only a few months earlier had seemed like story-book heroes, would love every minute of it. But I didn't. For the first time I was faced with the crushing knowledge that I was a failure. I wasn't popular. I couldn't make people *really* like me.

The reason? Because I was scared to death, self-conscious. All this talk about a new personality had given me an inferiority complex. (*Continued on page 98*)

will be amazed at this true story of the sacrifices Hollywood demands

BAD MAN OF BURBANK

No heart of gold nestles within the indignant chest of Humphrey Bogart! He's one villain who will never let you down

BY FAITH SERVICE



"HIST!" HISSES the Villain, with murder in his eye and a lollipop for the kiddies in his jeans. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughs the Menace, horribly, running off between menaces to send a Mothers' Day message to the dearest little mother in the world. Boris Karloff scrubs off the make-up of a Frankenstein and reveals an English gentleman who keeps canaries and is tender to his wife; Wally-Bad-Man-Of-Brimstone Beery has a little child to lead him; Peter Lorre cries into his pillow when one of his kittens is missing; Basil Rathbone carries baskets of goodies around with him and feeds stray dogs and homeless horses. They all have hearts of gold, these deceiving villains. And not even good, hard, cold metallic gold, either. No, squshy, melty gold that drips good deeds and loving kindness and makes you feel that you can't trust anybody. The Clown with the breaking heart, the Villain with the heart of gold —these are moulds which are never broken, characters who move, forever changeless, down the pages of fiction and fact.

And right along with these unversatile characters, says Humphrey Bogart, goes the Movie Actor, a composite of all the virtues, a cardboard cut-out presented to the world with slogans that seldom vary, not even from time to time. We read, says Humphrey, with a sardonic laugh and oh, the Saints be blessed, it is a sardonic laugh—we read that the movie actor is a "man's man," he is always a "man's man," why, if he weren't, what would people think? We read that he is always "thoughtful and considerate;" we read about his "dream woman;" we muse over the "forgotten loves" in his life, so faint, so sweet, so far away; we see pictures of him at the Babies' Hospital, distributing largess with loving smiles and such a loving heart; we read, eyes bulging, that he sleeps without the upper half of his pajamas—world-shaking news; we read about "The Influence That Changed My Life;" we read about his "favorite flower", "favorite color," "favorite hobby;" we read that "Money Doesn't Matter, says Matthew Manly." It was while Humphrey Bogart, bless his renegade heart, was in process of reading a little piece about the young and too-handsome star who sleeps without the upper half of his pajamas that I happened upon him, so happily for me in my diligent pursuit of Truth.

For I had given up hope until I met Humphrey. I was even sadly certain that the Killer in "Petrified Forest," the thoroughly unregenerate bad man of "Marked Woman," "Kid Galahad," and the others would turn out to be just another Fauntleroy, his heart soft as butter, his hands as white as the driven snow, his point of view a plasticine copy of the points of view publicized as being held by our Movie Models, God bless them, every one.

But no! No!

I CAME upon Mr. Bogart, on the set of "Crime School," where he had been slapping down the "Dead End" boys, who are still fresh from their New York triumph and in constant need of slapping down. They get it from Humphrey, and think he is a "keen guy' in spite of it, or perhaps because of it. I found him reading the little piece about the star who sleeps minus half his pajamas and muttering, "It's tripe." And when I gave a wild whoop of relief and surprise he took me to the Lakeside Country Club for lunch because he doesn't like to eat in the commissary, and so doesn't eat there. And over tomato juice, bacon and eggs, Mr. Bogart let fly.

He said, "My heart isn't even gold-plated. I haven't a dram of sentimentality in me, with or without make-up.

"I have no 'forgotten loves.' I remember 'em all; some of the memories bless, others burn. I don't remember my 'first kiss.' Maybe there were more than one on the day of initiation into the osculatory art. There has never been a 'great influence in my life' which changed everything for me, including my own black heart. I have no 'first childhood memory.' If I could dig one up, and I won't, I'm sure it would be too unpleasant to print. I have no 'dream woman'—prefer live ones.

"I've never been photographed, while conscious, with a pipe in my mouth, a book in my hand, a dog at my feet, or my shirt opened at the neck.

"I can't give a story elaborating on my preference for Stage versus Screen, because," said Mr. Bogart, indifferently, "acting is acting, no matter where you do it.

"I'm tired of reading about (*Continued on page 102*)

"Bogie" and Mayo Methot, soon to be the third Mrs. Bogart.

"I haven't a dram of sentimentality in me, with or without make-up," brags Mr. Bogart.

ONE VILLAIN COMIN' UP!



Romero as the gang leader in "Blonde Dynamite."

BY MARY PARKES

CESAR ROMERO is living for the day when he'll win the girl in the last reel, having wrested her from the ugly villain who doesn't mean right by our Nell. However, since he is destined to go through life with the same set of features with which he entered it, Romero has little hope of doing much hero-ing in celluloid, for casting directors seem to feel that he simply doesn't *look* as if he'd do a good deed a day, or even, for the matter of that, know one if he ran smack up against it.

"I appeared as a gigolo in the first movie I ever made," opined this Latin from Manhattan, "and I must have made good, for I've been cast as a gent of unsavory reputation ever since. Whenever they need someone to do the dirty work in a sleek way, they invariably call on Romero, probably figuring that if he can't act it, he sure can look it! It would all get me down, too, if I didn't like sunshine and sound tracks and swimming pools and salary checks, all of which can make any guy philosophical."

Romero has been cast as a gang leader, a wolf in Spaniard's clothing in "The Devil Is a Woman" and a Pathan Chief in "Wee Willie Winkie." Yep, he's a bad man in anybody's language or nationality. Then, of course, there was his role of the comedy cad in "Happy Landing," in which Cesar played a strictly "love 'em and leave 'em" lad. He didn't mind this so much, for Ethel Merman was always around, cinematically, to do him no good, which gave the audience a certain sympathy for one Romero.

From the tall tales that emanated from the Sonja Henie set, Ethel Merman was around, in spirit anyway, after hours. She played a few practical jokes on Cesar that left him dizzier than the Ritz Brothers. Ethel had a little trick of sending herself a corsage and the bill for it to Mr. R. It drove him a bit cuh-razy, too, when a gathering of gents, who looked like the laundrymen's convention in session, appeared for shirts and collars that weren't ready to be laundered a-tall! However, Romero retaliated, feebly and gentlemanly, and is waiting to properly "pay off" Miss Merman (*Continued on page 105*)



As the Spanish menace in "The Devil Is a Woman."



As the Pathan Chief in "Wee Willie Winkie."

Cesar Romero is fated to play the bad boy simply because he looks that way

FOREIGN FLAVOR

Those continental cocktails give a tempting tang to our movie menu, so they're always welcome!

BY ROBERT McILWAINE

MAYBE YOU'RE one who can take your eggs without salt, but to many of us they'd be darn tasteless that way. Personally, I go for the well seasoned stuff, even in my movies! Just think how dull our home-made films would be without a little "foreign" flavor!

And so, to offset possible monotony, our moom pitchers are well sprinkled with furriners. They sort of give zest and zip to the industry, not to mention that inspiring sense of competition to our own favorites.

Among the latest importations from across-the-sea are such notables as Danielle Darrieux, Annabella and Franciska Gaal.

Out in Hollywood, the captains of industry play a little game called "search for talent." Back home, youngsters play the same game, only they call it "follow the leader." Time has proven that, after the first foreign accent turned up at the Trocadero, each and every movie company quickly produced its own particular brand—occasionally with instructions as to how to pronounce her name. Simone Simon—remember?

One foreign player who has beauty and brains is Danielle Darrieux, (*Continued on page 101*)



Danielle Darrieux has everything—beauty, ability and a fascinating French accent.

Annabella, below, has Bill Powell as leading man in her first picture over here.



First, it's done with mirrors, but once you have beauty, let your mind start working



Virginia Bruce is thrilled over the fashionable new pallor.

HOW TO WIN

MEN ARE in the habit of doing what they want to do. One of the things they're not too, too eager to do these days is to fall seriously in love and get married. Sure and begorra, I can't altogether blame them. In Grandma's day, in return for making an honest woman out of a gal, a fellow got a fine housekeeper, a personal valet, good cook, a devoted mama for his all-too-populous family, and a twenty-four-hour-a-day nurse for himself if he should get sick. He did not, however, always get a gay companion and an intelligent pal, which is where we modern girls have the edge on grandma, if we'll play our cards right. Furthermore, Grandma's physical allure was apt to buckle under at thirty, and no wonder. Today, clever women stay slim, smart and pretty up to and past fifty.



Good skin and sparkling eyes are Eleanor Powell's claims to beauty.

MEN AND INFLUENCE BACHELORS

BY MARY MARSHALL

One of the things the modern young man does want to do is to collect as many feminine scalps as possible, and let the hearts break where they will. In this modern war between the sexes, I wish every maid would be as smart as every swain. Therefore this article. Some months ago, in these pages, I whipped up a little thesis entitled "What Do Men Fall For?" in which certain obvious and infallible tricks for tripping the male were discussed. Like neatness and daintiness, un-obvious make-up—but make-up, by all means!—a certain aloofness, and so on. Here are some further more recent observations on the subject—partly good old reliable hints about putting on the war paint and streamlining the figure, and partly a psychological pep talk on snaring the elusive male, whether for a date or for a march up the aisle to the strains of "Lohengrin."

Take a leaf from the masculine book in not being particularly eager yourself to get married. That's where lots of young girls make a big mistake. They get that matrimony look on their faces at about the third date or the first kiss. First place, this frightens a fancy-free gent worse than the plague. Second place, I think it really is a good idea to get married when one is a little older and a little wiser. Not only does it give you a chance to develop qualities of tolerance, clear-sightedness and so on, but you also have a chance to get some of the things you want for yourself.

Consider your man. Weed out undesirables from your list, even if it means (*Continued on page 95*)



In addition to her other charming attributes, Claudette Colbert has the allure of a beautiful figure.



Phyllis Brooks and Jack are in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

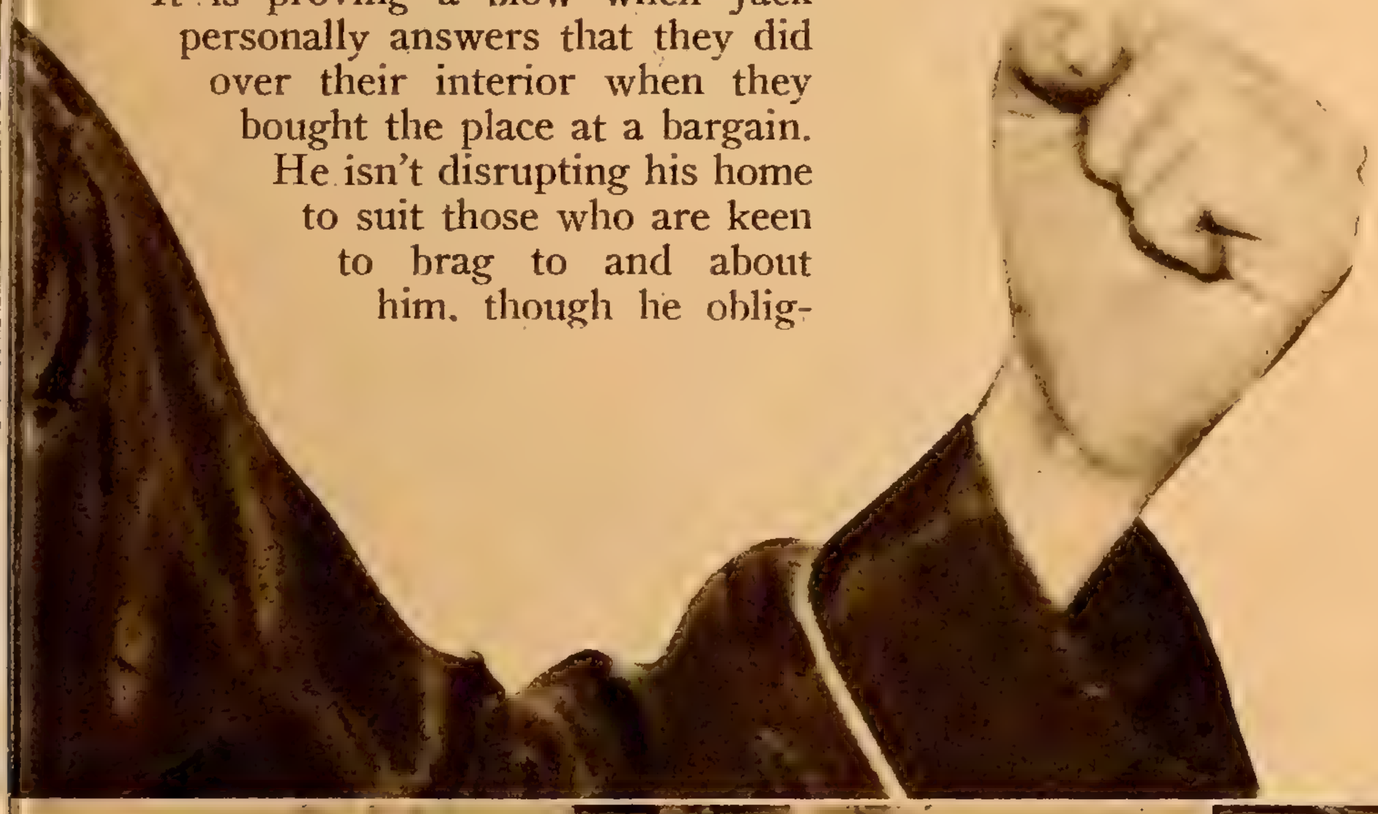
Love or success—which will you have? Would you work for them as Jack did?

ACTUALLY, he is shy yet shrewd. He's whimsical, but a bear for business when it comes to protecting his family. He is the type every girl should set her cap for, because he knows that love is worth fighting for. He's one go-getter who hasn't said goodby to his ideals in learning how to shuffle the cards of life so he draws the aces.

Unquestionably, Jack Haley is a unique man on the Hollywood horizon today. He's the town's best joke on itself. He has been discovered—after having been a vital cog in motion picture casts for all of six unsung years.

Since he quietly stole "Wake Up and Live," the telephone is on a constant rampage in Jack's Beverly Hills home. The studio is calling! Will he hurry right over for a conference with the powers-that-be? Can he tell his true life story to an important interviewer?

When it isn't the studio on the other end of the wire it's filmland society. Mr. and Mrs. Haley simply must come to dinner at nine a week from next Thursday. There will be only the inner circle, Jack old boy. Or if it isn't society, it's a super-salesman. The Haleys no doubt need a new limousine. Or surely they're re-doing their interior in tomorrow's mode? It is proving a blow when Jack personally answers that they did over their interior when they bought the place at a bargain. He isn't disrupting his home to suit those who are keen to brag to and about him, though he obligingly does pose for the photographs of his house that are now wanted. He isn't changing his friends because he can at last have his pick of celebrities as chums. His wife and his two children mean too much to Jack to be tampered with by any new, pretentious rules for the acknowledged famous.



I have no difficulty explaining why he can withstand this sudden transformation from expert performer to ballyhooed star and not be spoiled by it. Jack Haley is a person with character. He can distinguish between what's worth-while and what isn't, and he can then stick to his guns no matter what happens all around him.

What makes him so regular is that he has climbed the hard way. He has had to go out and learn how to progress, literally. In this process he has selected the kind of man he'd rather be. He isn't an extraordinary husband and father merely because he's a prig, or because he goes to church. He is human. Jack has been tempted. But he believes in the right way, wholeheartedly. He pays homage to all womankind through his devotion to his mother and to his wife. He discovered for himself that there is but one correct choice in every dilemma. Life taught him not only that persistence wins, but what a fool he was to nurture a half-baked philosophy. Fortunately he didn't have to be hit on the head for decades to absorb truths; he caught on quickly.

Jack has gone after romance just as he has gone after success. He tries to plan ahead, and then gambles on his hunches. In the beginning he liked girls a little too much. He pitied the saps who went soft. He wouldn't let any woman nail him down! At first, too, he thought money was merely something to throw around and heaven would rain more pennies somehow. Then he realized that it's the confirmed (*Continued on page 106*)



The fans keep Jack plenty busy these days, and no wonder.



A script, a pipe, a pillow—nice work if you can afford it!

Career for sale! Claire Trevor tells why she'll take love, a home and babies—and forego fame

KICKING OVER THE TRACES

THE ONLY fun I get out of life," said Claire Trevor, "is in doing the things I'm not supposed to do."

Most of us would subscribe to that, but it is a new high in frankness coming from the lips of a movie star. The average celluloid ingenue on vacation in New York concentrates her remarks on the weather, the shows, and the eternal verities. But when I visited Miss Trevor in her hotel apartment the fading twilight moved her to talk about things that are usually left unsaid.

"I've always been pretty sensible and economical," mused Claire. "I'm not so sure it's the right idea. I went to Hollywood to make money and I've made it. It's salted away in real estate and insurance, as it should be. I haven't a maid, a swimming pool, or a fleet of cars. I've lived quietly with my mother, almost frugally. During the past five years there's nothing that stands out in my memory except the single time I kicked over the traces and did exactly what I wanted to do.

"That was the time I took that never-to-be-forgotten Panama Canal trip to New York.

IN ITSELF that wasn't giddy. But when I arrived I took the swankiest tower suite at the Waldorf, paying twice what it could possibly be worth. Then I rented a long, luxurious Isotta, complete with chauffeur and footman. And did I do the town! Clothes from the smartest and most expensive shops. Hats designed for my particular head by Lily Daché and John-Frederics at fifty dollars a copy. A ducky little bangle from Cartier's and a love of a wrist-watch. A pencil from Dunhill's with a teeny watch inset—silly but slick.

"I lived that week-end as though it were to be my last. I crowded every extravagant whim into it, and had the time of my life. When it was all over I discovered that it had run into three thousand dollars—probably most of it spent foolishly. Or was it? I can remember every thrill I got out of that one colossal binge. I did what I wanted, bought what I liked, I let myself go. I'll never forget a moment of it. (*Continued on page 78*)



Dixie Dunbar, Jayne Regan and Claire Trevor in "Walking Down Broadway."

BY MALCOLM OETTINGER

"Live your own life," says Claire. And she knows what it means not to.

OFF THEIR GUARD

Lona Andre and her sister Betty go in for a little "ladylike" clowning after a hard day at the studio.



Lona Andre brings her night work—script to you—home to study.



Starlets have their clothes problems too. Nice work, Lona.



Le bain—a beauty treatment in any language be you glamor girl or office spinner.



Off with 'em early. Tomorrow's a big day at the studio.



A girl has to keep up appearances from tip to toe. Lona knows how.

AFTER THE DAY'S WORK





Best supporting actor, Joseph Schildkraut in "Life of Emile Zola."



Best performance, S. Tracy in "Captains Courageous."

Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power were there together.

ACADEMY AWARD NIGHT

Mrs. Spencer Tracy accepted for Spence who was ill.



Best performance, Luise Rainer in "Good Earth."



Best supporting actress, Alice Brady in "In Old Chicago."



Beauty, brains and talent had their night when the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Made Awards



Charlie McCarthy admires the special award Bergen won.



Louis B. Mayer escorted the lovely Norma Shearer.

Joan Bennett was with Walter Wanger, whom she'll soon marry.

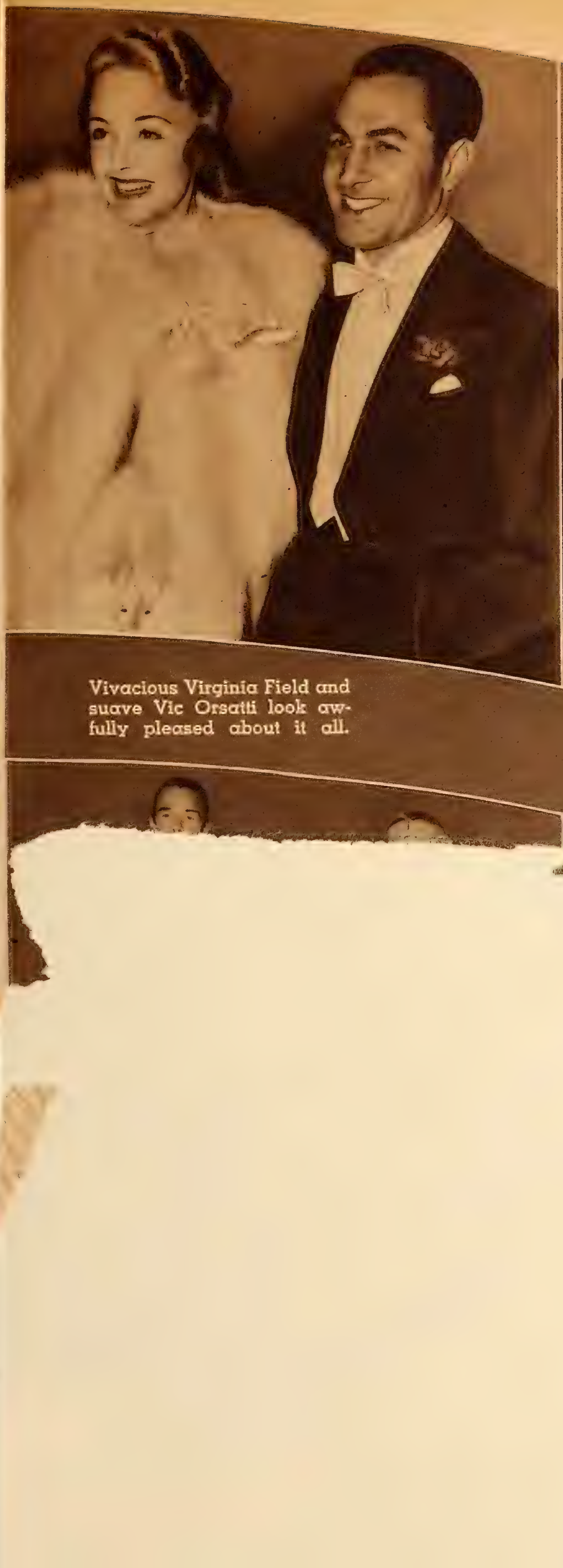




Joe Penner laughs as W. C. Fields tells his newest and funniest one.

Darryl Zanuck received the Thalberg Award from Doug Fairbanks.

Eddie Arnold joined Bob Montgomery and his lovely wife Betty.



Vivacious Virginia Field and suave Vic Orsatti look awfully pleased about it all.

Gregory LaCava and Loretta Young admire Leo McCarey's "Oscar."





Moviedom's most beautiful figure belongs to the dancing star, Zorina.

Marlene Dietrich continues to hold her title of Hollywood's most alluring legs.



PHYSICAL

Loretta Young, Hollywood's most beautiful girl, is perfect in no single feature.

The loveliest arms and shoulders belong to seductive Dorothy Lamour.

AWARD DAY

Dolores Del Rio has the most beautiful and expressive eyes in Hollywood.



Here are some of filmdom's famous with their stand-ins. A stand-in, in case you don't know, is someone with looks and ability, but little opportunity. Here is Ben Splane, who is "lighted" for George Brent.



Mary Lou Islieb is Shirley's chum and stand-in. Mary Lou got the job because her mother and Mrs. Temple are old friends. Everybody loves the star, but only her family and Shirley love her stand-in.

ME AND MY SHADOW



Helene Holmes is Alice Faye's "shadow." She is also her best friend and her personal wardrobe designer.



Sally Sage is prettier than Bette Davis, but she hasn't Bette's dramatic ability. That's why you've never heard of her while Bette ranks high among your favorites. So near and yet so far from fame and fortune!

Tyrone Power got his stand-in job for Tom Noonan, one of his most intimate personal friends. While they'd never be mistaken for each other, their build and coloring are the same. Stand-ins work hard, too.

Peter Lorre and Delmar Costello (left) are interchangeable on the set —as are Errol Flynn and Don Turner. When Turner is not serving as stand-in, he is the studio's chief stunt man.



SOFT BALL ADDICT

There's plenty of action in a game of soft ball when Wayne Morris goes to bat. What, a lady catcher?

Off with stiff mufties, on with the good old corduroys. Now for a walloping good game of soft ball. Some fun!

Let 'er fly! Wayne Morris is all set for anything. What a game for muscle control, agility and poise!

Frank McHugh and Hugh Herbert are veteran addicts. They're spectating today, but tomorrow, who knows?







STREAMLINED SILHOUETTE



Margot Grahame recommends swimming for a beautiful body.

Try the water. Slide in gradually. Don't dive first.



A good overhand stroke is fine for general exercise.



Climb out while you still feel exhilarated. Ten minutes may be long enough.

BY LEO TOWNSEND

You've heard the one about a gal being worth her weight in gold? Well, here's a new angle on that old story with a movie twist to boot! It may sound amusing enough to you, but its heroine somehow can't laugh it off so readily. Norma Shearer is worth her weight in clothes on the "Marie Antoinette" set. She only weighs one hundred and ten, but six of her costumes weigh between one hundred and five and one hundred and twelve pounds. Adrian's so disgusted that his beautiful costumes aren't going to be photographed in color that he's making a complete color version of the picture with his own miniature color camera.

Behind Scenes

It's fun to watch the extras on the "Marie Antoinette" scenes. The costumes are breathtakingly beautiful—really Adrian's masterpiece in costume production. After a scene of great elegance they stroll off the set and are themselves. One girl pulls up her exquisitely embroidered petticoats and hoops and displays bright red flannel slacks, from the pocket of which she extracts a pack of cigarettes. A man sheds his stiffly embroidered coat and walks around in a dirty sweat shirt above molded white satin pants. Another delicate beauty, in white wig, beauty patches and flowing taffeta skirts puffs away on a big black stogie. This, to our relief, turned out to be a stunt man.

■ ■ ■

Shirley Temple startled everyone when she came rushing on the "Little Miss Broadway" set the other morning and inquired, "Has Snow White had kittens yet?" It was finally all cleared up by a prop man, who owns the expectant cat.

To the Point

Best and briefest speech at the Academy banquet was supplied by Edgar Bergen's Charlie McCarthy. Bergen was awarded a miniature statuette for "creating a new comedy character." He accepted it, then turned to Charlie and asked him if he'd like to say a few words about it. "Yes," said Mr. McC.; "it's damn small."

■ ■ ■

It sounds silly, but if you knew Marie Wilson you'd know it could happen. At a dance, recently, she met a girl from her studio publicity department. The gal said "Hello," but Marie didn't recognize her. So the young lady introduced herself. "Oh, of course," said Marie. "But you look so different at night, like another woman. You really should change your name at night."

What's Left?

Dick Powell, a hard-working young man about town, doesn't believe all he reads in the papers about high-salaried movie stars. Salaries are fine, he thinks, if you could only get them. He says only five percent of his wages finds its way into his own pocket. Eighty-five percent goes for Federal and California taxes on income and property, ten percent goes to his agent, and—well, figure it out. Of course five percent of a lot of money still buys groceries, with enough left over to toss a little something to the wolf.

■ ■ ■

In "Three Comrades," Franchot Tone, Bob Taylor and Bob Young play three German youths during the pre-Hitler period. Of the three, only Franchot Tone wears a short, military haircut. Before the picture started, Metro ordered the three of them to visit the barber. Tone complied, but Taylor and Young refused. So Metro rescinded the order, but Tone was stuck with his short haircut. This picturization of Erich Maria Remarque's novel by the same name is powerfully dramatic, and should be worth seeing. Besides the stars mentioned, Margaret Sullavan has a leading role. This will be her first screen appearance since the birth of her daughter, Brooke.



Marlene Dietrich and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. make news anywhere, and they've been together a lot lately.

Joe Schenck says Mary Maguire makes a charming dinner companion. We're inclined to agree.

GOOD

Spring is here—with movie stars catching up with social activities and



NEWS

The devoted Arleen Whelan and Richard Greene didn't escape us at the "Rebecca" preview.

Edgar Bergen doesn't need a tall one with Dorothy Lamour around. But where is Charlie McCarthy?

Double Trouble

Rumors that Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres plan to take up their marriage from where they dropped it several years ago are now being denied by both Ginger and Lew, who ought to know. The thing started when Lew was reported seen at several night spots with Ginger. The reporters were only partly correct. His companion's name was Ginger, but it wasn't Ginger Rogers. It was Ginger Alton, a young lady who is a double for Miss Rogers, and who once was her stand-in.

■ ■ ■

Joan Bennett's new home in Holmby Hills is really something. It is French Provincial, and all the interior decorations were planned by herself. It's completely feminine, as you might expect, except for one guest room and a den which are done up with bear skin rugs, Hudson Bay blankets which Joan brought back from Canada, and pictures of Joan all over the two rooms—pictures that are Walter Wanger's favorite studies of her.

Good Acting

If the Academy ever gives an award for overacting, it will probably go to Luise Rainer for the histrionics she exhibited at this year's Awards banquet. When she was announced as the winner of the 1937 "Oscar," Luise managed to look completely surprised, even though she had posed accepting it two hours before for the newsreels. Her performance when she reached the speakers' table and officially accepted the award was magnificent to watch. It was "The Good Earth" and "The Great Ziegfeld" telephone scene rolled into one.

■ ■ ■

Out on the set of "When Were You Born," conversation had turned to the mother-in-law problem and someone contended that bogey was pretty much passé—women today, having a better understanding of psychology, got along better. Anna May Wong's remark was, "The Chinese are psychological as a race. And don't forget their symbol for 'trouble.' It's one horizontal line with two shorter lines beneath, signifying two women under one roof."

Rudy Trucks

We spent an afternoon on the set of "Gold Diggers in Paris" the other day, watching Rudy Vallee truck—or rather, watching Mr. V. trying to truck. They were shooting the finale number of the picture, and forty gold diggers and all the principals of the cast were trucking away for dear life, the Warner Brothers and Busby Berkeley. It seems if you can't truck, you just can't truck—and that was Rudy's rather embarrassing spot. To make matters worse, his gal, Judy Stewart, was on the sidelines. They tried it again and again, and along about dinner time, Rudy finally came through and was pronounced a rug cutter. So when you see the picture and the cast looks just a little weary in that finale, you'll know why.

■ ■ ■

When a screen and radio comic's home was endangered by the recent flood, a gang of studio workmen came to his rescue with sandbags and shovels and managed to prevent considerable damage. When they finished, after working all day, the guy didn't offer them even a cup of coffee for their pains. Lately they've been finding it a little difficult to laugh at his jokes.

A Veteran

Twenty-five years in pictures in Hollywood is nice steady work if you can get it. Jean Hersholt just celebrated his first quarter century before the local cameras, and he likes it. When he first arrived in Hollywood, he put on his best clothes, a cutaway, striped trousers and top hat which he had purchased in Denmark, and walked three miles to what

our reporter catching up with movie stars—and a good time was had by all

was then the Ince Studios. "'Are those your own clothes?" asked the casting director. Hersholt told him they were, and the guy signed him up to start work immediately, at $15.00 per week. Today, out of all the congratulatory wires he received, his most prized is one from Denmark—from the tailor who made that cutaway!

■ ■ ■ ■

In those days, says Hersholt, almost every picture was a western, and almost every one of those showed the pioneers being attacked by the Indians. Hersholt really learned acting in that period, for often he spent the morning behind a covered wagon defending himself from the Indians, then put on warpaint and rode around all afternoon shooting hell out of the same covered wagon.

Much Gained

Mrs. Jack Oakie, known in the Brentwood Heights section as editor of the Illustrated Animal News, plans to return to the screen. She's been on a weight-increasing diet, and has added thirty pounds in places where thirty pounds do a girl the most good. Only trouble with the diet is that it has added some fifty pounds to the master of the house, who could do without it.

■ ■ ■

On the "Three Comrades" set, Gordon Cravath, a stunt man, was doubling for Henry Hull. He was made up exactly like him, and after a soap-box scene, was to be mobbed, and really mobbed, by a crowd of people. But some of his fellow stunt men decided that Gordon wasn't really getting the works, so, after the scene, they fell on him and dragged him around the set, giving him a thorough going-over. They were delighted with his agonized yells—until they finally heard a weak voice, "Lemme down—I'm Henry Hull."



Knockout

Arleen Whelan took a beating on the set of "Kidnapped" the other day. She was thrown against a table and knocked out for almost five minutes. However, she revived in time to lunch with that combination of Tyrone Power and Robert Taylor—Richard Greene.

■ ■ ■

There are Great Lovers galore on the Warner lot—Errol Flynn, George Brent, Wayne Morris and Dick Powell, to name a few—but only one individual out there has any practical claim to the mantle of Casanova. That one is Arno, a debonair Schnauzer with a breath-taking profile. Arno is the property of Errol Flynn, and has the run of the Warner lot when his master is working. A month ago a litter of puppies were born to a Cocker Spaniel on one of the sets. The offspring, it is whispered, bear a suspicious resemblance to Arno.

(*Continued on page 97*)

While in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bellamy "did" the Rainbow Room.

Margaret Sullavan, Frank Borzage and Robert Taylor caught off guard.

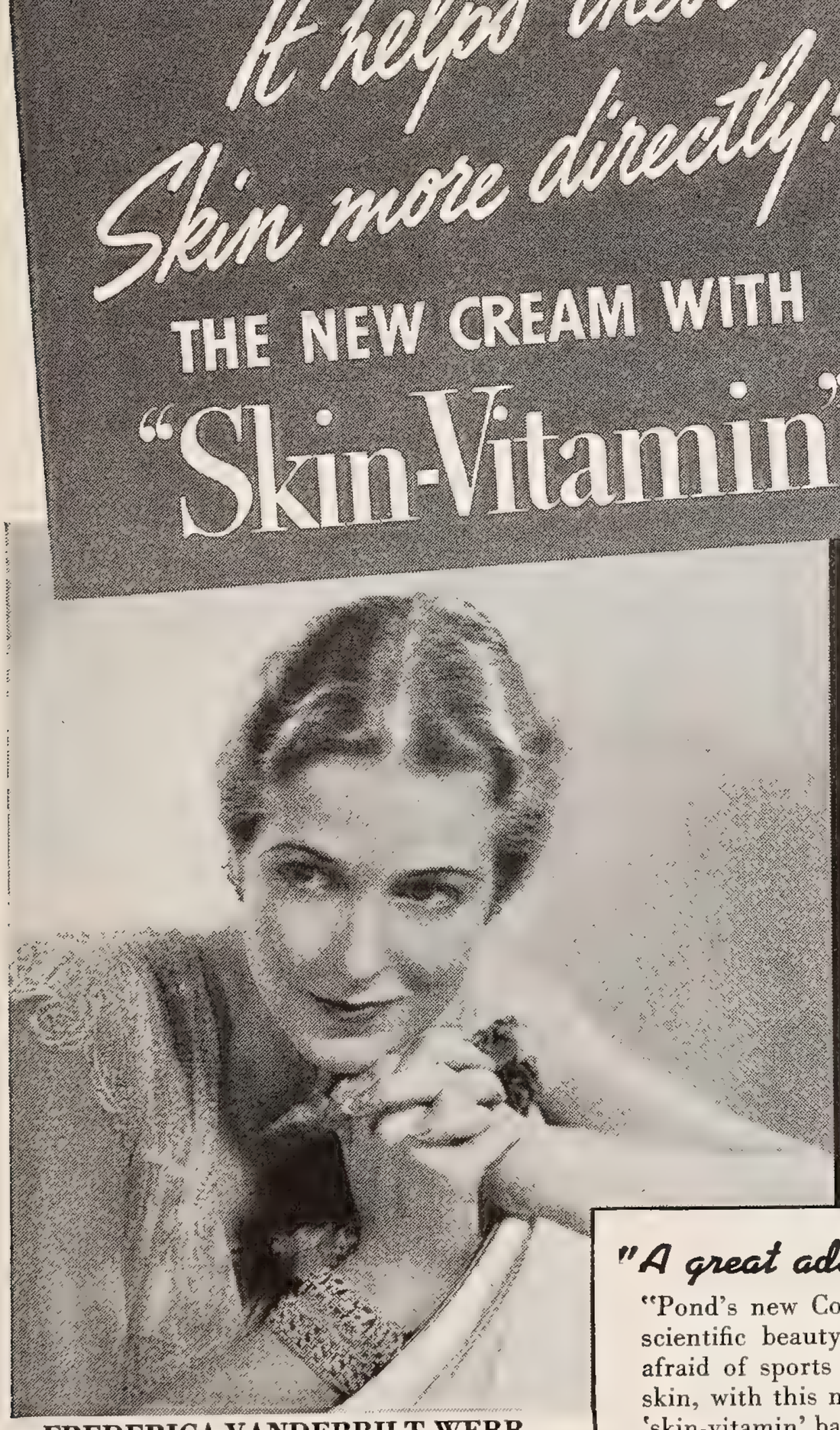
Mother and Dad took Shirley Temple to her own preview of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."





It helps their Skin more directly!

THE NEW CREAM WITH "Skin-Vitamin"



FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB
now MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, Jr.

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III





MRS. HENRY LATROBE ROOSEVELT, JR.

A NEW CREAM that puts the necessary "skin-vitamin" right into skin!—The vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue—which aids in keeping skin beautiful!

Since Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was announced, hundreds of women have tried it!

In this advertisement we are repeating the words of some of the first to try it—"A great advance"—"Keeps my skin better than ever"—"Gives better color"—"Keeps my skin finer and softer in spite of all my sports."

Exposure dries the "skin-vitamin" out of skin . . .

Exposure is constantly drying this "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become undernourished, rough and subject to infections.

"A great advance . . .

"Pond's new Cold Cream is a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the 'skin-vitamin' back into it."
MRS. HENRY LATROBE ROOSEVELT, JR.

"Helps skin more . . .

"I've always been devoted to Pond's. Now with the 'skin-vitamin,' it helps my skin more than ever. Keeps it bright and fresh looking all through the gayest season."
FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB
now MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR.

"Gets skin really clean . . .

"Pond's Cold Cream gets my skin really clean. Now it nourishes, too, and keeps my skin so much softer."
MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III

Suppose you see what putting the "skin-vitamin" directly into *your* skin will do for it? In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks.

Use the new Pond's Cold Cream in your regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Pat it in. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Do this faithfully for 2 or 3 weeks. Some women reported enthusiastically within that time!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N. Y. Time, N.B.C.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! **TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS**

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-CT, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

"STOP GROWLING!"



"QUICK—cheer up with a stick of Beeman's! There's nothing like that delicious Beeman's flavor to drive off a grouch—that fresh zip and tang is a tonic.

Do you know why it tastes so refreshing? That airtight package keeps the flavor fresh and delicious as the day it was made! Now don't be selfish—I'll have a stick of Beeman's too!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

DICK POWELL TAKES THE STAND

(*Continued from page 34*)

to do than to lie in wait for doorbells to ring, grabs the film from the camera, rushes to a handy dark-room, develops the film, and the caller is then admitted or not depending on how Joan likes what she sees on the negative. Now, what would anyone think of people reported to indulge in such naive tricks?

"I am tired, your honor and gentlemen of the jury, of the belief that when an actor is washed up as an actor he is also washed up as a man, as someone to be reckoned with. I would like to tell the court that if ever I have to make a living away from the screen, I can do it in any one of half a dozen different ways.

"And in just about two years I may have to prove that statement unless I make better pictures than I have been turning out. I can see that writing on the wall—and read it, too!" (Dick doesn't want to make big musicals any more. He doesn't want to "go Hamlet" on Hollywood, not that, but he would like a chance to play in pictures like "The Awful Truth," "Bringing Up Baby," and such. He knows, he says, that he can't be a juvenile crooner at forty!)

"But," continued the young attorney for the defense, "you are probably saying to yourself, 'Yes, then what would you do, Actor?' All right, you don't scare me. I might sell insurance. I might sell real estate. I'd try something where the ability to talk fast would stand me in good stead.

"Let me tell you a few things about actors which you may not have paused to consider. (1) The nature of our work makes most of us versatile. We have to get under the skin of so many different characters that we can't help learning something about the manner of men we play. (2) We've got to be 'quick studies,' learn our lines and remember them. Our memories must function smoothly and accurately. (3) We've got to be diplomats too, good mixers, because we must be on good terms with the prop boy, the producer, our fellow players, and also with perfect strangers. (4) We must at all times have poise, sometimes under very startling circumstances. And, gentlemen, if these aren't every one of them qualities which would be essentials to the success of a doctor, or merchant, then maybe I'm wrong.

ACTORS, my friends, do see themselves not as others see them but as themselves. Take fellows like Fred MacMurray, Gary Cooper, Jimmy Cagney, Warner Baxter, Frank McHugh, to mention a few. I defy anyone, in any walk of life, to name men of finer intelligence, clearer perspective, wider interests, or greater potential abilities.

"Think, gentlemen, what an insurance salesman Robert Taylor would make. If there is an insurance salesman among my readers, let him shudder. For I'll wager that Bob Taylor with his gift of speech, his looks, his honesty, his persuasiveness would make a tidy fortune in the insurance field. Think of what Herbert Marshal would add to the diplomatic service with his intelligence, his charm, his knowledge of the world on both sides of the water, his faultless diction. Think of the medico Jimmy Cagney would make, with his basis of scientific interest, his nerves of steel, his clear-thinking mind. Think of the scientist Paul Muni would be if he brought to that work his tremendous powers of concentration, his patience, his gift for research, his earnestness and self-control.

"We are not a special race of men, gentlemen, we who wear the motley. I very much doubt that there's any such thing as a 'born actor' any more than there is a born bond salesman or a born stock broker.

"We're actors, most of us, because we happened to get into the business of acting, found that it paid, and stayed with it—not because we couldn't have been anything but actors.

"Besides varied abilities, actors have, sirs, more varied interests than any group of people I have ever known. It's been said that we always 'talk shop.' We don't in *our* home for one. We talk about boats, and fishing, and golf, the state of the stock market, whether to buy land here or invest our money in foreign securities, about the races at Santa Anita, about books we've read, about the fun we'd like to have. We never talk shop. Can you imagine a subject that Robert Taylor or Clark Gable could be *more* tired of than Robert Taylor or Clark Gable?

"But about having fun," said Richard E., looking a dash wistful, "I'd like to tell the world that I'm beginning to have fun for the first time since I started to sing on the stage.

"When I was on the stage back in the Pittsburgh days, you see, I never had good times as the normal man understands them. For seven years without a single vacation I played five shows a day, the music halls at nights. I've been in Hollywood for six years and have had no vacation since I've been here. Even such slight sallies into the amusement world as I take turn into jobs. I rarely walk into a night club that I'm not asked to sing. You say why do I do it? So that I won't read in the morning papers that a certain Arkansas boy has gone awfully snarky, and is a stuck-up, disobliging so-and-so.

MY sailboat is my main diversion. Joan doesn't care for boats. She likes to knit. I don't like to knit. So Joan knits and I play about with the boat and everything is jake. I golf and ride and swim. And I think I know a good contract bridge hand when I see one—and I like to see one. That's fun. I hope to buy an aeroplane soon. I love to eat ham and eggs, too, and I also like to mess around in a garden.

"Let me tell you, when Joan and I are alone, in the privacy of our home, we seldom if ever talk shop. We talk about our home. We discuss the servant problem.

"We talk about the children, about Normy and about the baby who is to come. We discuss the possibility of Normy's future career as an actor. You would be surprised, gentlemen, at how rich and varied and important the off-screen lives of actors can be.

"So, I say, gents of the jury," summed up Dick, "first, that I have now to go to the dentist, and secondly, that just as it's not a trick personality which makes a man a tycoon in the lumber business, so it's not a trick personality that makes an actor great. I say, gentlemen, that you have to know your ABC's in any line of endeavor if you would be successful, and I repeat that our foremost actors do know their ABC's, know how to read and write, and could earn their daily bread and butter in innumerable other ways. A trick personality masking dim wits may get a fellow his first chance on the screen but it won't keep him there.

"The defense rests its case."

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HER STAND-IN MADE HER A STAND-OUT

(*Continued from page 33*)

best friend knows you better than you know yourself. Judi thinks I'm an actress. I don't. If it's proven that I am an actress, it will only prove that old saying.

"Judi and I hated each other at first sight, positively hated each other. Why, I was the only girl in our sorority who voted against her. I was a senior. She was one of the freshmen the House was 'rushing.' She came to the rushing party, a symphony in black. It was Fall, and black *was* perfectly proper. But all the other freshmen were in sweet little prints. And in came this one in a black dress that just clung to her, sheer stockings, black shoes, carrying a black pocketbook—very, very sophisticated. Much too sophisticated for a freshman. And she was wearing a big black pancake hat. I didn't like that hat. I hated it. I decided, the minute I saw it, that I couldn't like anybody who would wear such a hat."

Majorie laughed at her memory and at herself. "I have that hat now. And I'm crazy about it. I wouldn't part with it.

"I couldn't take my eyes off that girl. I decided I wouldn't like her even without the hat. For one thing, she didn't laugh like most people. She *whoo-ed*. And the way she got attention! Nobody was noticing any of the other freshmen. Nobody except me.

"As captain of the rushing, I had arranged some stunts and some skits. In the middle of the entertainment, I suddenly missed Judi. And where do you suppose I found her? Up in the smoker, smoking—chatting nonchalantly with the president of the House. Monopolizing her.

"That night, when we voted on the rushes, I held out against 'that Judi Parks.' My roommate kept me up until four A. M., arguing with me. 'Everybody else wants her,' she said. I finally said, all worn out, 'All right. You can have her.' We pledged her.

"And, immediately, Judi became the problem child of the freshman class. She had dates every night in the week. And she accepted a frat pin—another thing no freshman was supposed to do.

"I hated her so that they made me her 'house mother.' They made her my roommate, the second semester. On the theory that she could talk everybody else out of things, but not me. I'd sit on her.

"As a freshman, she was supposed to do certain things around the House. She usually managed to get out of doing them. I decided to fix her.

"One time I was ill. She was supposed to bring food up to me. She didn't appear till four P. M. I was so mad that I got out of bed to tell her what I thought of her. I told her that she was 'just a fair-weather friend,' that when I couldn't do things for her, she wouldn't do anything for me. That hurt her. She was sorry. She couldn't do enough for me after that. I couldn't do enough for her."

AT this moment, Judi arrived at our luncheon table. Her eyes had a gleam in them. She had found a house. Time had to be taken out while she described it—a little white Colonial in Westwood, with two bedrooms, and a fireplace, and a yard. Then Marjorie told her what we had been talking about.

Judi demanded, "Did you tell him about our 'penitence box?'" She turned to me and said, "Every time one of us forgets to do something, a nickel has to go into the box. Marjorie's always putting in."

Marjorie, pretending not to hear her, and went right on telling her story.

"One afternoon, I was sitting with a boy on the front steps of the sorority house when Judi came up the walk with a magazine in her hand. 'I've found a beauty contest for you to enter,' she said. I could have killed her. You know how boys are about girls who enter beauty contests.

"I managed to shoo her away"—a memory that evoked a *whoo* from Judi. "But when I went up to our room I found the magazine open at that page, on top of my dresser. I threw it in the wastebasket. Next morning there it was, on top of my dresser again. I must have thrown it away a dozen times; and every time it would come back, open at that page."

"She didn't think she stood a chance," said Judi. "I knew differently. She had placed second in a 'Miss Kentucky' contest one year. She had been 'Miss Kentucky State Fair.' She had been voted the prettiest girl at Indiana for three straight years. The prize in the contest was a course in a dancing school in New York. Marjorie had been the dancing lead in campus shows for three years. I had visions of a career for her. She didn't—until then."

What *was* she planning to do after college?

"I thought I'd probably be teaching," Marjorie said. "I never thought of asking my family for money to go away and try to get started on a career. In the first place, my family didn't have that kind of money. And I didn't have that kind of ambition."

Judi shook her head in mock wonder.

"No," said Marjorie, "I wasn't wondering how soon I'd be getting married. I was never serious with any boy. Except maybe one. His name?" She smiled teasingly. "Oh, but we were talking about a beauty contest.

"You had to send in a picture of yourself in a dancing costume. I had some from one of the campus shows, three years before. Judi picked out the one she liked best, and said that was the one I ought to send. I was beginning to be a little enthused by this time—thanks to Judi. But I still didn't have nerve enough to send off the picture. 'Don't you worry about the nerve to send it,' Judi said. 'You just write a little letter, telling who you are, and I'll send it off.'"

"It took me three days to get her to write the letter," put in Judi.

"Well, anyhow," said Marjorie, "when the news came that I had won I said, 'Judi, now I'm really going to work.' I went up to New York with my mother and fifty dollars, to start that dancing course. Mother stayed three weeks. Then Judi came. She didn't go back to college."

"How could I?" demanded Judi, "I had to keep my eye on you."

SO," explained Marjorie, "she came up to New York to go to dramatic school. We took a little apartment. I learned little things about acting from her. She learned little things about dancing from me. With Judi there, I didn't have a chance to get lonely. Or a chance to remember that I was scared stiff of New York.

"I had just fifty dollars, remember. I didn't want any more than that, didn't want my family to gamble any more than that on my becoming something. But fifty dollars didn't go very far in New York. I had to do something to earn a living till

(*Continued on page 109*)





"Look at those snapshots . . . then decide," says DOROTHY DIX, famous adviser on life and marriage

'I BELIEVE that practically every girl or man has a chance, sometime during romance days, to make a happy marriage. Unhappy marriages simply show how many let the right chance slip . . .

"Try this plan: When you meet someone you like, see that you get plenty of snapshots. This is a natural and easy thing to do—romance and snapshots go together like music and moonlight . . .

"And be sure to save your snapshots. Then, when you think your big moment has arrived, get out the snapshots of all the others. See what they say to you. See if the faces and scenes don't awaken memories that make you pause. Perhaps you'll recognize the *right* chance that has gone by temporarily, but can be regained."

* * *

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SUMMER STARTERS

BY ANN WILLS



In "Stolen Heaven," Glenda Farrell wears a shirtmaker, all-purpose frock for summer.



Also excellent to start the summer is her two-piece jacket suit in lightweight wool.

WELL, MY LOVELIES, spring and its constant attendant, the newest thing in fashion, are both well under way. For the new season, you selected the most becoming outfit you could find, and I've no doubt that when the boyfriend called to take you riding on Easter Sunday afternoon, the loveliness of you in your new ensemble drove the dear man absolutely ga-ga and even made him forget his favorite movie actress!

But the wise little gal won't stop here and rest on her laurels (or the posies of her new spring bonnet). She looks forward a little and sees summer coming up awfully fast. Now, summer means vacation. And vacation means new clothes, most of them to be useful only during those two or three glorious weeks of freedom, and week-ends afterwards. But how about the rest of the time, when you're just living your regular everyday existence?

After all, you can't wear sunback frocks or play suits all the time, especially if you live in the city. You must have cool, comfortable, yet smart clothes to further your career, even to do the family shopping, go to the movies, or to any of the places that require a certain formality in your dress.

Right now we're in a sort of in-between season, with no special events to buy clothes for, so I suggest that you look into the future a little and get a few things to start the summer right. Then, when it's time to begin thinking about vacation clothes, you'll be that much ahead. With the practical side of your summer wardrobe out of the way, you can devote all your energy and budget to the fascinating new play clothes! (*Continued on page 79*)

Designed to make you look as smart as a star and as fresh as a daisy

Healthful Double Mint *gum shows you this doubly lovely way to charm and popularity*

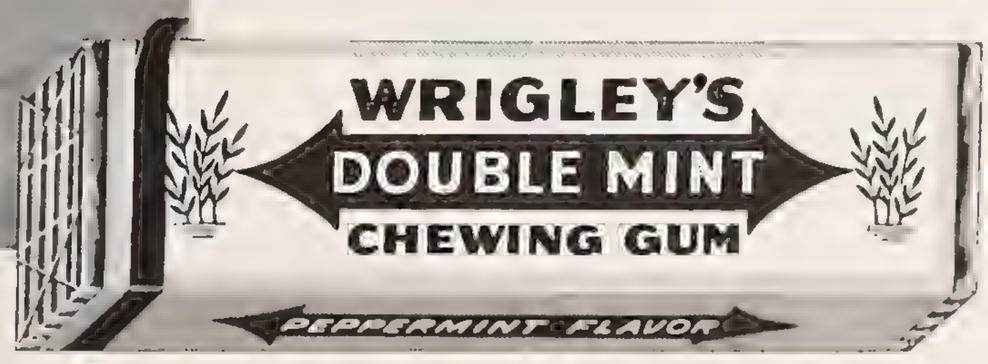


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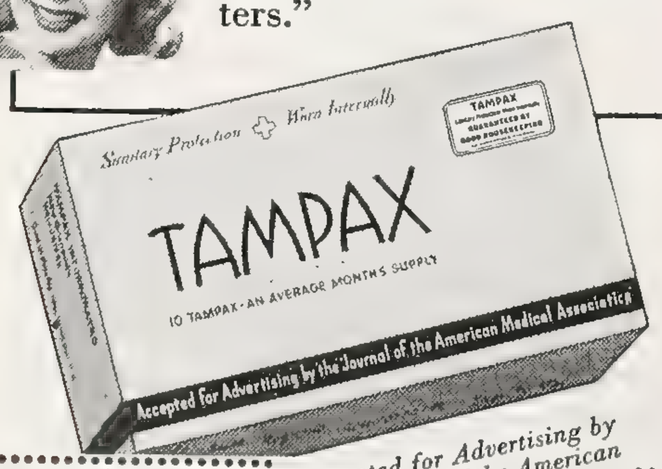


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WHY GABLE IS KING

(*Continued from page 27*)

Spencer said, "Yeah—and Gable's never forgotten that a hundred dollars is a helluva lot of dough, if you know what I mean. You don't have to pamper that guy, either, that's why he'll wear the crown until he takes it off with his own hands. He's an all-round human being and appreciates a joke on himself as much as he appreciates the horsing he gives others. He takes his work seriously, too, don't let him kid you about that. He won't say so because of his fear of ever seeming pompous or pretentious, the heavy actor stuff, but he couldn't have developed as he has, he couldn't be the swell actor he is unless he did take it seriously. He may crown *me* for this," laughed Spence.

"He can get along with absolutely anybody, too, from a punk kid to some grand dame giving him the works. He's escaped being the bohunk some other fellow in his spot might easily have become because he's a right guy. He's tops with me, on the set and off, I'm telling you."

"And he's terrifically interested in other people, too," Myrna said, "all kinds of people, what they're doing and want to do and why. That's very handy in a King, you know, being interested in the People. I heard him talking the other day to a young woman from the publicity department. She happened to mention that her little boy was going to military school and she hoped she was doing the right thing in sending him there. Clark talked to her for half an hour, discussing the advantages versus the disadvantages of military school for a small boy he'd never seen. Anyway, how long he's been tops tells the story—more than four years, isn't it? And in that time many have come and some have gone, but Clark's position remains supreme and undisputed."

"Sounds too perfect," I murmured.

"No," said Myrna, "I wouldn't say that of anybody. He's got his faults. He's got a good broad streak of Dutch stubbornness He makes up his mind about something and, right or wrong, it stays made up."

"I know I wouldn't put my frail shoulders to the job of trying to change it," laughed Spence—but so warmly and affectionately that it would warm the cockles of your heart to hear one man speak so of another man, one star of another star.

Gable and Director Victor Fleming appeared. Spence and Gable went into action, a big scene, magnificently done. When it was over Clark shouted to Director Fleming, "How was it, Vic?"

"Pretty good," countered Fleming, winking at me.

"Whaddyou mean, 'Pretty good'?" yelled Clark, "Power and Taylor couldn't give you any better!"

WHEN Clark is on the set, in action, he is the character he plays, assured, easy. The instant he steps off the set he looks like a small boy who, having just recited a piece triumphantly, squirms with embarrassment, gets red in the face, says, "Aw, heck!" to cover his shyness.

It was Vic Fleming who said to me, "It's pretty obvious, of course, why Gable was chosen King. He has a handsome robustness, a fine personality. But it's more than that. He has a strange form of intellect, something that photographs. His charm is not a physical thing, it's a mental thing. It comes creeping out through his eyes, a shine, a brilliance, a rich laughter. Not an educated, small mind; an uneducated *big* mind, that's Gable. By which I do not mean a lack of schooling but a lack of the necessity to exploit a pseudo intelligence, to cultivate mannerisms. He is absolutely without ego; there's a fine pride in the man, but no ego. He's a very reticent man, a very sensitive man. Perspires freely under the collar when he is embarrassed and he's embarrassed far more easily and far more often than you would ever suspect. He's so sensitive that he wears an armour of gruffness to protect himself. He's a very tender man, a very understanding man. He's never been changed by the terrific barrage of flattery and attention to which he is subjected because he knows that if he did succumb he would be a fool. He has the rare quality of humility which is worth all the false pride in the world. He still remembers that the word 'fan' derives from the word 'fanatic.' He'd be equally successful in anything he might choose to do or to be because he's a great guy in the place where a great guy begins—the heart."

IT was Walter Strohm, the assistant director, who told me more reasons to prove that your votes were right votes. Let me tell you, when an assistant director is 'for' a star, that star is just about as Four-Square as Aimee's gospel. Too often, the assistant director is the man upon whom the star, little of soul though big of rôle, vents his spleen. Too cautious, too cagey, perhaps too cowardly to hackle the director, he will badger the life out of the assistant director. These boys would make themselves pretty scarce if they knew they were to be asked to talk about some of the stars they have worked with. But when Strohm knew that I wanted some "inside stuff" on Gable, he was anxious to talk.

He told me that when Clark was out at the army flying field the other day, he took as much interest in meeting the army fliers as ever any fan took in meeting him. He wanted to do things *their* way. They took him up in a bomber, let him handle the controls, were amazed at his competence. But not until they came down and asked him did he let on that he had flown many times.

Clark's never too big to ask advice, according to Strohm. His "technical advisers" on "Test Pilot" have been all the licensed aviators on the studio lot—Wally Beery, Jimmy Stewart, Clarence Brown and others. His personal heroes—and the point is that he has heroes—are Lindbergh, the lost Amelia Earhart, Jimmy Mattern, Kingsford-Smith, and Bob Fogg who flew into the wilds of Alaska to deliver the serum that saved the lives of an entire Arctic community. These are the men and women, these are the deeds of valour that make the heart of Gable pound in the deep cavity of his chest, as your heart (or mine) may pound when *we* look at Gable!

He's never a Know-It-All. He's never a complainer. He never worries about whether his car is waiting for him at the entrance to the set; he never fusses about his dressing room, where it is placed on the set, whether it is hot or cold, what the equipment may be. He eats in the commissary, and he never sends anything back. He never holds up production by making unreasonable demands, by not knowing his lines, by being unnecessarily late on the set.

He doesn't give presents, as a lot of stars do, at the end of a picture. This seems to be a strange reason to give for a man's popularity. But with the gang he works with, it is a reason. "He doesn't give

(*Continued on page 76*)

Olivia de Havilland
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"THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD"
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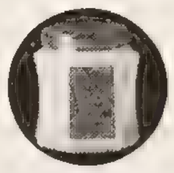
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Very Light . . . ☐	Blue . . . . . ☐	BLONDE
Fair . . . . . ☐	Gray . . . . . ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy . . . . . ☐	Green . . . . ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium . . . . . ☐	Hazel . . . . ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy . . . . . ☐	Brown . . . ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow . . . . . ☐	Black . . . ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled . . . . ☐	LASHES [Color]	REDHEAD
Olive . . . . . ☐	Light . . . . ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark . . . . ☐	*If Hair is Gray check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

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WHY GABLE IS KING

(*Continued from page 74*)

presents," they say, "because he's never the big star, condescending, bestowing favours upon the humble henchmen. It would just never occur to him to give presents, because he thinks of himself as one of us, doing his share of the job as we are doing our share. He doesn't expect anyone to give *him* a present when the job is done. Why should he do any different from the rest of us?"

"When we were at San Diego, at the flying field," Mr. Strohm assured me, "he ate his box lunch with the gang. There were some 7,000 fans gathered about and he signed all of the autograph books he had time to sign between takes. When someone comes up to him and says, 'Oh, Mr. Gable, I knew you in Dallas!' He doesn't, half the time, place the person. But he never lets on. He always says 'Oh, sure! How are you?'

"No one," said Mr. Strohm, the honest admiration of one man for another in his eyes "no one would ever ask Gable for bread and get a stone, that's sure."

He doesn't do any of the things a star does to "keep" his stardom. He isn't seen in the "right places," with the "right people." As he doesn't bite the hand that feeds him, neither does he butter it.

"What I say is, he's real," said Johnny Miller, the props man who has been with Gable, and how many others, through many pictures. "What I mean is, he takes as much interest in the props as I do. And he doesn't mind putting his own shoulder to the wheel when there's a job of work to be done.

"When he was making 'Saratoga' and he and Miss Harlow were having such good times together, he used to ride a bike around the lot and onto the set. One day he stumbled on the thing, it being too small, though full-sized, for such a big man. He laughed and said to me 'How old's your kid, Johnny?' I told him and he said, 'Take this thing home to him.'

"Just today he said to me, 'This is the scene where I wear my wrist-watch, Johnny.' Now you may be wondering what that's got to do with anything. Well, it's got this to do with things—some stars would a'gone into the scene without the watch, knowing jolly well they should be wearing it, and at the end of the scene they'd have hollered at me about not having it. Not that Gable. He takes care the other fellow's job is as "cushy" as his own. He's a right guy he is. I *know*."

And so the evidence that you have chosen a King who *is* a king kept piling up. From his stand-in, Lew Smith, I learned that people have a hard time doing anything for Gable. He never asks or expects anyone to do anything he won't do himself (a lesson to kings). The morning of the day I was on the set they had done the scene where the bomber bursts into flame. Lew Smith was supposed to pull a man out of the burning wreck. But no, Gable did it himself. "Nothing pantie-waist about him, if you know what I mean," said his stand-in.

AND small Martin, aged ten, the newsboy whom Clark got into the picture, young Martin pip-squeaked at me, "Say, he's okay, Mr. Gable is. He got me a chanct in this pitcher. Say, I nearly had a chanct in another pitcher but the star of that one wouldn't have me because he said I have a unique poisanality. But Mr. Gable don't hold that against me, not him, boy!"

I learned that Gable says of Tracy, "I owe a lot to that guy. If it wasn't for him, I'd probably be playing the one-night hops. He's the one who made a star out of me." And when he was asked, "How?" the answer was, "I imitated him." Clark was referring to the old days in the East when he was doing one show in New York, and in a theatre next door Tracy was playing *Killer Mears* in "The Last Mile." "When I was called to Los Angeles to do 'The Last Mile' out here I took a look at Tracy doing the part and hopped the first plane for Hollywood."

I learned that he says, "There is a proven army rule that it takes ten men behind the lines to keep one man in the trenches during war. A picture star needs a hundred times that many men to keep him in close-ups on the screen, from producer to props. We couldn't stay put without 'em."

I heard that he says, "You don't have to put up a front in Hollywood in order to get along. Look at the best of 'em, Tracy, Muni, Jimmy Stewart, Wally Beery. Nothing fancy about them."

And it remained for Fanny Brice to put the next-to-the-last touches on this portrait of a King. Said Fanny, "He's King as far as I'm concerned. I'd put a crown on his head any time. He's 100 per cent *man*. He looks like he can be awfully tender or awfully rough. I think the women is liking that. A man has got to be bigger than his job, and that's Gable. He's honest with himself; that's what makes him a swell actor. Nothing fakey comes through—and does *that* come through on the screen!" Thus Fanny (Snooks) Brice, with that gleam in her eye! Fanny who can add up her troupers like on an adding machine!

IT was then I got around to Gable, saying, "I'm going down for the third time, it's all *too beautiful*—tell me some of your faults!" And Gable came back, "Sure. I'm subborn as a mule. I'm impatient, especially at the end of a picture when I get a little tired. I have to watch myself, get irritated at things I wouldn't notice when the picture starts. I'm impatient, get mad at things in general, let off steam on one fellow, perhaps, tell him off. He doesn't know what it's all about, doesn't know that he's just the straw breaking the camel's back. Neither do I know at the time.

"I'm a little thoughtless—about sending flowers and that kind of stuff. I honestly don't think it's lack of generosity. I just don't think, especially when I'm working. It's worse then.

"I'm a dull dog, the dullest bohunk in Hollywood, no foolin'. Don't know a thing about music or art. I like 'em all right but I don't know a thing about 'em.

"I get a laugh out of this Best Dressed Man in Hollywood bologna. I've got about eight suits. When I'm not working I wear khaki slacks and an old polo shirt.

"What do I think when I look in the mirror? I've never thought what the heck I look like. The only exception being when a cameraman says to me 'Don't look so much into the camera, Gable,' and I say, 'Why not?' and he says, 'The ears, the EARS!' Vic and I doped out a swell ending for this picture. We were going to have me looking straight into the camera, the ears for wings and then just a take-off. Swell idea, but I guess we can't do it."

And then Director Fleming called the man whom you, the People, have elected King, and told him to get to work.

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KICKING OVER THE TRACES

(Continued from page 50)

Yet I can't recall anything about the five years I've been acting sensible and saving. So I say kick over the old traces once in a while. It's good for the ego, swell for the imagination, and beneficial generally."

For years, four to be exact, you've seen Claire Trevor illuminating program pictures, better known as "Bs" in the trade. These are quickies made on major lots with minor budgets, released without build-up or ballyhoo, save in rare cases like "The Informer." "B" pictures are designed to serve as the rear end of double bills. They are run of the mill, pleasantly missed. Claire Trevor is far too good for them, yet she has graced twenty-three!

"At first I accepted anything I was handed, as anyone crashing pictures should. When the scripts turned out to be crumby and inconsistent I just did the best I could, because I figured this was good training for a tyro. I was learning the angles. But the program didn't change after two years of mediocrity. They kept me in 'B' stuff.

"Don't misunderstand me, please. I know that 'B' pictures fill a definite want. Mass entertainment, easy to understand, made to formula, they're the backbone of studio production, making possible prestige pictures that invariably lose money. I know all about why they're necessary, but I don't want to be in them!"

BEFORE any of you go so far as to envy a lovely blonde like Claire Trevor, remember that her day starts at six-thirty A.M. in order to get her on the set, in make-up, by nine.

"Extra girls get up at five-thirty to be there at seven, to be made up by the crew. And the crew is temperamental. Artists, you know. Me, I slap the stuff on my face in ten minutes or less, and it looks as good as if I'd fussed over it an hour."

The Trevor features, by the way, are flawless. Her nose is a pert retroussé, her lips appealing and her eyes searchlights. But we were talking about her work-day.

"I'm home about seven, too tired to eat. Lines for the next day have to be studied. Then I pound the pillow. You must have lots of sleep if you want to wake up looking bee-ootiful."

Claire devotes only one night a week to frivolity. On Saturday she "dates." But none of your Trocadero or La Maze for this canny child of the cinema. No photographers in her freshly waved hair! So her private life is her own. No one knows where she is or with whom. But rumor links her name with that of a well known supervisor. Perhaps that is why Claire was so vehement in her defense of supervisors, when I casually belittled them.

"Picture executives have been heckled as pants pressers and lowbrows, but I know that's all wrong. The supervisors I've come in contact with are smart men, well informed and sensitive regarding current trends here and abroad. They know their box office figures, but they know what's behind a good picture, too. A much maligned set of men, the supervisors."

Actors are handed less by the outspoken Claire. "The interesting ones are too old. The young ones are stupid," she said.

"If I could fall in love permanently I'd marry. I'd drop Hollywood and pictures in two minutes for marriage and babies. I don't think you can raise a family and conduct a career at the same time."

Wouldn't she miss the glamor of the studios?

"Absolutely not," said Claire. "I owe pictures a lot. I've made an unbelievable amount of money in the last four years. But it's given me no artistic satisfaction to be in movies. I've done nothing I can point to with pride. I thought 'Dead End' was going to mean everything—with a beautiful script, good director (Willie Wyler), and topflight cast—but I was disappointed in my performance when I saw the picture. I hadn't given what I thought I had. Or else they didn't use the shot where I gave the most. That's the trouble with pictures. You go through a scene four or five times, then they throw away the take you liked and print one that you're ashamed to see. But, of course, besides being art the cinema is big business. Isn't it the fourth largest industry? It has to make money for the stockholders. Everything is box office."

Rumors had preceded Claire to New York, rumors that this Eastern trek was to culminate in orange blossoms. But, "No," said Claire, positively. There was nothing in that. She would marry when she found the right man, but as we rolled to press he was still to be encountered.

Ronald Colman she thinks is the most charming actor in Hollywood. But her husband will have to be twenty-eight or nine to complement her twenty-five years. Off the screen she looks younger than on.

Always trying to be helpful, I mentioned Cary Grant as a handsome and eligible mate. "He is fine," said Claire sweetly, "for Phyllis Brooks."

LIKE most of the boys and girls toiling before the cameras, she cherishes the idea of returning to the Broadway stage in a good comedy "with a lot of strong drama in it," but she has uncovered nothing that fits that description. Freddy March thought he had until he read the reviews.

"I think a home with children would be the most marvelous thing in the world," Claire confessed. "Of course, if I were married and didn't have children I'd probably go on doing an occasional picture. I'd hate complete inactivity. But if you have children it's a full time job. And I want a whole lot of 'em.

"Nothing makes me more envious than a visit with friends who have children. Hollywood is artificial and insincere in the main. Children would bring me reality."

If the "B" picture situation doesn't change for the better Claire proposes to freelance.

"It's a gamble, but I always have radio to fall back on. Radio is a swell meal ticket, too, you know."

On the air she teams with Edward G. Robinson in a newspaper serial, "Big Town," conceded to be one of the best dramatic programs.

"You see," said Claire frankly, "I don't want to be just another leading lady. And so I'm going to do something about it! For two years I took 'B' pictures without a murmur. Good training, I told my mother. Sound basis for a screen career. Yes, indeed! But they've kept me buzzing in the B-hive for four years and no relief in sight. So one of these days I'm going to surprise everybody and say, no, this part is not for me. This picture is not for me. I won't do another 'B'!"

Those are strong words from a fragile, glossy blonde with such a demurely lovely face. But the Trevor chin stuck out determinedly as she spoke and the Trevor eyes flashed danger signals. So it looks as if she's about to kick over the traces again!

SUMMER STARTERS

(*Continued from page 72*)

Keep this thought in mind when you see Glenda Farrell in "Stolen Heaven." Glenda's clothes in this picture are, as always, extremely smart and very wearable. You should get lots of ideas from Glenda. Two of her ensembles in particular I'd like you to note as being perfect "summer starters."

For general, all-around summer wear, nothing will ever take the place of the smart shirtmaker frock. The 1938 version of this summer favorite as worn by Glenda Farrell shows us that dots are back again for summer daytime frocks. Distinctive features that make a classic look "different" are the white pearl buttons all the way down the front, and rows of white stitching that finish the patch pocket and belt and form a border from its hem all the way around the tailored collar.

While the lines are classically simple, this year's newest mode is reflected in the full blouse gathered at the waist (Gibson Girl influence), and in the skirt gores which give a gentle fullness toward the hem.

An "all-purpose" frock, this. It's grand for office wear, for mornings in town, for bridge on warm afternoons, or for spectator sports. In fact, you'll feel a glow of thankfulness every time you wear it, it's that *right* for so many occasions.

As for color Glenda's dress is in bright blue, but I'd advise you to choose yours in navy or some other basic color, to give you a greater variety of accessory combinations. White, pink, bright yellow, pale blue or green are just a few of the possible colors to be worn with navy, black or brown. Red-and-white accessories also set off navy beautifully. Shoes, hats and gloves, of course, are accessories that can be changed about for color effects, and you can also do many clever tricks with gay colored scarves, hankies, or wacky ornaments. Just remember when choosing these accessories that the shirtmaker dress is essentially a sports frock, and that good taste demands accessories in harmony.

IT may cost a little more, but you'll be repaid many times over if your dress is of a pure dye silk, which will be fresh and cool, and wash so beautifully that it can be laundered every week all summer without fading or losing its shape.

Glenda's other costume, also excellent as a "summer starter," is entirely different, a two-piece jacket frock in two shades of lightweight green wool.

Now wait a minute, before you say, "What! wool for summer?" Let me explain. Believe you me, these worsted sheers are going to be awfully important this season. For, paradoxical as it may sound, they're about the coolest, most comfortable, most practical things you can wear. The worsted yarns are twisted tightly to allow "breathing space," and they're porous to keep you cool as a cucumber. Besides, these worsted sheers will not crush or wilt on hot days, so they make ideal town and sports costumes.

Glenda's frock in a warm "blotter" green, piped in a tender leaf green, has a straight wrap-around skirt and belted hip-length jacket buttoned up the front with matching green buttons. The leaf green lapels of the collarless jacket are matched by the edgings of the four slit pockets. A peaked hat of green antelope with a black quill matches the dress.

With two frocks like these, you will be well equipped to start the summer in your office, social life, or traveling.



MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 8*)

★★★ The Joy of Living

In the parade of screwball comedies emanating from Hollywood this month, "The Joy of Living" rates as one of the most entertaining. It is brightened by sprightly dialogue and played with zest by an excellent cast, headed by Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Miss Dunne is a glamorous movie star whose life is more than a bit on the dull side due to the fact that her family, greedy for her money, keeps her pretty much under its collective thumb. Along, however, comes Fairbanks, a romantic and whimsical young man who owns an island in the South Seas, and he proceeds to shake her out of the doldrums. He accomplishes it by introducing her, among other things, to the joys of drinking beer and the simple pleasures of a roller rink.

There is much in the film that is amusing, and there are several moments of hilarity which are reminiscent of "The Awful Truth." Although "The Joy of Living" doesn't measure up to that comedy masterpiece it is still better entertainment than most of its type. Irene Dunne, adding another to her list of rowdy performances, pleased a preview audience mightily, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in the playboy role, will win new fans with his breezy performance. A large supporting cast is capably headed by Alice Brady, Guy Kibbee, Lucille Ball, Jean Dixon, Eric Blore, Franklyn Pangborn and Warren Hymer. Directed by Tay Garnett.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★★ There's Always a Woman

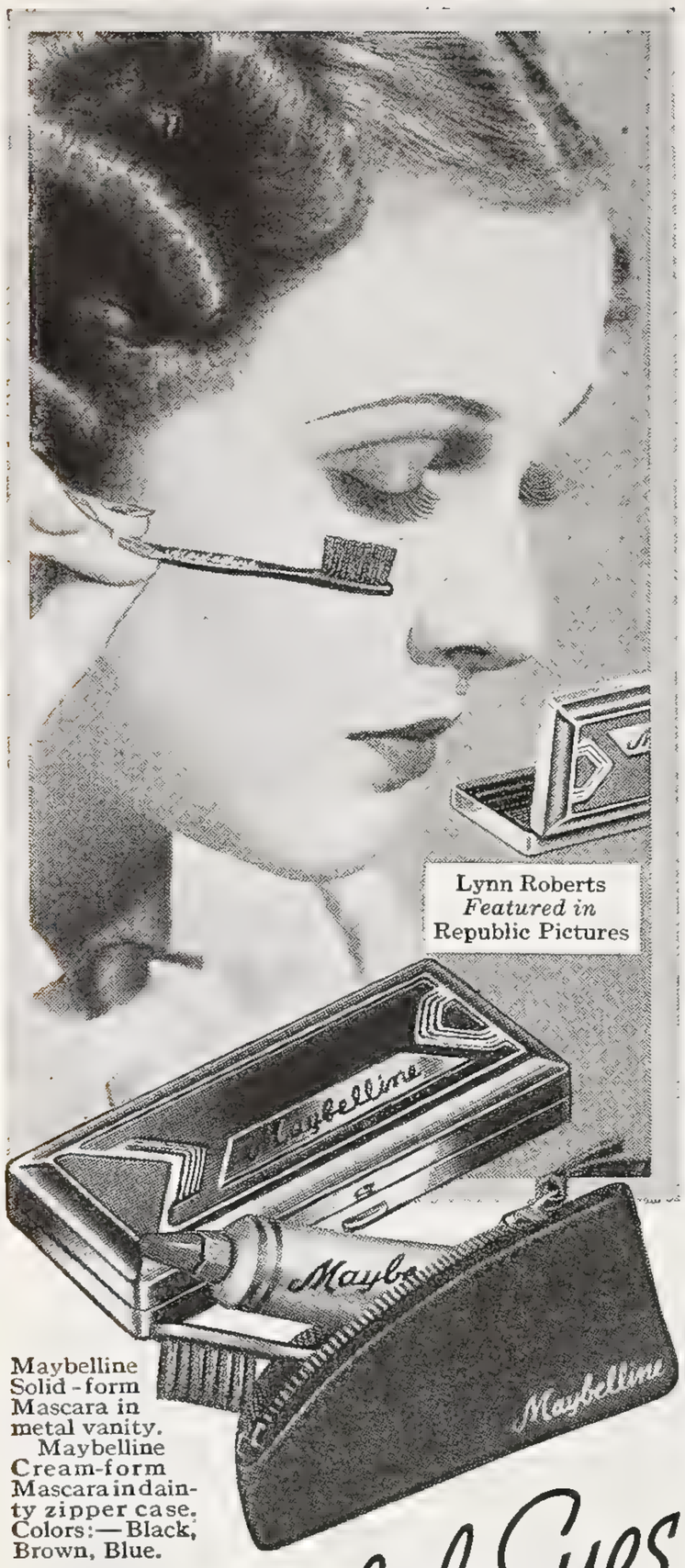
We have still more riotous whimsy in "There's Always a Woman."

The picture is a lightly-turned husband-and-wife story with a murder mystery background, and serves, happily, to introduce Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas as a team. Lunatic situations arise from the sleuthing of the ambitious husband (Melvyn Douglas), and the super-sleuthing of his wife (Joan Blondell). When the husband has to give up his private detecting and go back to the district attorney's office, his wife decides to pick up the business where he left it. She stumbles into a murder mystery, and her frenzied efforts to solve it keep her popping up in the path of her exasperated husband, who is working on the same case. The mystery is solved to nobody's particular credit—but everybody's had a lot of fun. It's strictly in the "Thin Man" tradition, but it manages to be highly amusing without treading on the toes of its inspiration.

Joan Blondell is lovely in a new hairdress and some attractive clothes, and Melvyn Douglas as a foil is perfect. Mary Astor, Jerome Cowan and Frances Drake are good in small parts. Directed by Al Hall.—*Columbia.*

★★ Her Jungle Love

Remember Ray Milland and Dorothy Lamour in "Jungle Princess" last year? Well, they've put Dorothy back in her



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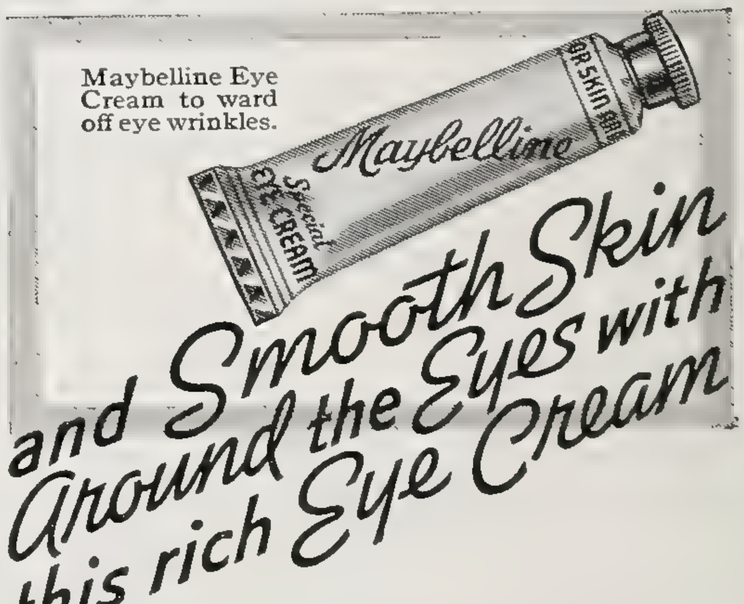
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Alice Brady gives Irene Dunne a few tips on "The Joy of Living," a sprightly new comedy.

sarong and her tropical island setting, and Ray discovers her all over again, only this time he does it in Technicolor. Everyone who liked last year's bit of make-believe will enjoy this year's installment, because it is compounded from the same formula.

Miss Lamour is Tura, the beautiful song-and-sarong girl, whose only companions are Gaga, a chimpanzee, and Meewah, a belligerent little lion cub. Into this more or less idyllic setting comes Milland, who has brought along Lynne Overman for laughs. They're a pair of stranded aviators—if landing on an island inhabited by Dorothy Lamour can be called stranded. Miss L. learns English quickly, for a few minutes after she sings something in her native tongue she's swinging out on an American tune with no apparent difficulty. In fact, the trio has a happy time of it until they get mixed up with a nasty bunch of nearby-island warriors who have a quaint conviction that all white people should be tossed to the crocodiles. They are about to follow through on their notion when a volcano fortunately wipes them out, and a rescue boat arrives to pick up the three principals.

Miss Lamour and Mr. Milland are on familiar ground in this sort of thing, and they play their roles effectively. Lynne Overman supplies welcome comedy, and J. Carroll Naish is a villainous heavy. Two of the best performances, however, are turned in by Jiggs, who plays Gaga, the chimpanzee, and the unnamed lion cub who portrays Meewah. Directed by George Archainbaud.—*Paramount.*

★★ Judge Hardy's Children

The Hardy family is still going strong, though we prefer them in their native habitat rather than Washington, D. C. The Judge is called to the capital on political business in this picture. Though he thinks it a fine idea for himself and his wife to have one trip to themselves, it ends up, of course, with the children tagging along and stirring up more trouble than is their custom. If you've seen former "Judge Hardy's Children" pictures, you can figure out for yourself that the children are terrific in this one. And very entertaining, it goes without saying.

The amusing Mickey Rooney is perfectly cast as the freckled adolescent son, and Cecilia Parker does an excellent job with the role of his big sister who "goes sophisticate" all of a sudden, much to Mickey's disgust and the family's amusement. Lewis Stone, as Judge Hardy, is an understanding and unbelievably patient father, bringing to his role all the incomparable Stone charm.

Another player we can't wax too enthusiastic about is Fay Holden as the wife and mother, but we'd like to throw in a word of praise for a new member of the cast, Jacqueline Laurent, who plays Mickey's French gal. She's pretty as a picture and shows every sign of being material for bigger and better roles. It's all good family film fare, though even the family could probably do with a little less moralizing. Directed by George Seitz.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

(*Continued on page 112*)



"There's Always a Woman" and Melvyn Douglas discovers she'll bear watching if it's Joan Blondell.





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NEARLY NATURAL

(*Continued from page 29*)

If the proverbial good fairy appeared offering three wishes there is nothing for which Deanna would ask.

"Absolutely nothing," she told me.

"She is satisfied with the simple things," her mother said. "A dollar gift makes her happy."

"The family handles my money," Deanna explained. "I don't even get an allowance. I just ask for what I want. It would be too much of a nuisance to keep track of an allowance. I haven't the time."

Indeed, if there is a rift in her horizon it is this matter of time. If President Roosevelt would somehow change our normal, old-fashioned twenty-four-hour day into thirty-six, life would be pleasanter for Miss Durbin. She has so much to do.

There is the tutor who travels with her. "I keep up my studies, you know."

There is the little matter of French lessons. "And I've got to learn even more languages if I'm ever to sing at the Met."

And there are the radio rehearsals plus the arduous learning of new picture roles.

"I don't know which part I liked best. It's like having several friends and liking each one for a totally different reason."

One of the major tragedies involved in having too little time and too much to do is that Deanna, try as she may, cannot keep up her former school friendships.

"The girls still telephone and come over to the house, but we are gradually drifting apart. I've had to substitute new friends—mostly the grown-ups around the studio. But I will say this, all the old people act young. I guess the nice ones are young inside.

"They're always sending me funny presents. All during one picture we pretended we were gangsters and kept using that phrase, 'Regards from the mob,' so Bruce Manning, one of our writers, sent me an enormous flashlight." She giggled.

EVEN at this age of fifteen, she has learned the meaning of nerves.

"I sleep like a top, even on a train, but I get tense before singing a new number. I guess that's natural. I lost four and a half inches around the waist while we made 'Mad About Music.'"

When she is being formal for the interviewer, Deanna speaks of Eddie Cantor as Mr. Cantor. But, as we became more friendly and "less for the press" she lapsed into "Uncle Eddie."

"I owe everything to him," she said, nodding towards the stage where Cantor was busy rehearsing his radio act.

Theirs is a unique friendship, Eddie's and Deanna's. Besides aiding her career, Eddie has helped Deanna over the hard spots. The spots another impresario, solely interested in the theatre, might never notice. Spots like that time in Boston when Deanna, not yet earning big money, was making a personal appearance.

"My bag was packed and in the car that waited outside the theatre. We planned to leave immediately after the show. But when the performance was over, we discovered the bag had been stolen, and in it was my new winter coat."

It was "Uncle Eddie" who immediately bought Deanna another coat, "Uncle Eddie," who, through his close association with his own five daughters, knows what a brand new winter coat, with fur collar, can mean to a young lady in her teens.

We were sitting in the darkened theatre; Deanna twisted a lock of hair. It is rich brown hair, straight at the top, curly at the ends, a soft and youthful coiffure.

"A permanent?" I asked.

"No," she smiled. "Nearly natural."

I immediately thought what a perfect simile this was, certainly a fitting description of Deanna Durbin and her life. Here she sat, surrounded by a mama, a tutor and a manager. The latter constantly interrupting us with, "Don't sit in a draft, Deanna," or "Here, put this coat over your shoulders, you mustn't catch cold." At the same time they may have privately been admonishing her to be natural.

This is no sob story. For all I know Deanna's youth is just as pleasant and far more interesting than the average young girl's yet, be natural, be natural. A kid who has lost the time to play with companions of her own age, to exchange secrets, found mysterious clubs and swap sandwiches at lunch hour. Be natural. A kid, who daren't sneeze. Be natural. A kid, who, but a few short years back must have worn rompers, and now, when she thought this interviewer wasn't looking, quickly blackened her eyebrows with the little brush she carries in her purse. Be natural. Why it's a miracle that the girl has turned out as natural as she is, for Deanna Durbin appears as *nearly natural* as any human could be under those circumstances.

Certainly, she is far more natural than young Master Freddie Bartholomew, who once at a Vallee broadcast, floored Rudy, to say nothing of myself, with his unaccountable manly poise.

And certainly, she is far more natural than Bobbie Breen, who, all during our interview, could be seen parading up and down the aisles, greeting various radio executives with the ease and suavity of an



Let's go to Mexico! Helaine Moler looks as tho' she could make a brief holiday there plenty exciting.

experienced, old-hand master of ceremonies.

No, Deanna, thank goodness, resembles none of her contemporaries. Instead, when she spied the radio executives, she quickly whispered, "I can never remember their names. I meet so many."

That whisper was interrupted by a call to the stage for a microphone rehearsal.

"I'm singing 'Smoke,'" she explained. "That's 'Smoke Gets In Your Eyes.' You have to abbreviate in this business."

And she was off, running down the aisle, a fifteen-year-old with a fifteen-year-old's run, only to change before my eyes as she stood upon that stage, and sang with an adult fire, "They asked me how I knew, if my true love was true."

I sat there marveling at this child of contradictions. One minute, unsophisticated, excitedly telling me that she collects match boxes and menus from the restaurants she visits. Another, almost world weary, as she admits that after she achieves that Metropolitan ambition, "I'll probably quit. I can't last forever."

All the while she is so thirsty for knowledge that although she has given up tennis and horse back riding and can find no time for dancing lessons, she reads continuously.

"I've just finished 'The Citadel.' I'm now on 'Northwest Passage.'"

And staring at her, standing up there on that stage, balancing herself in those little flat heeled sandals, I couldn't help remembering the words of a far better writer, Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who said it all so long ago and yet so well, words I keep recalling whenever I think of Deanna and her magic of being now child, now woman:

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet
Womanhood and childhood fleet!"
That's Deanna Durbin.



"Tropic Holiday" is full of the most alluring damsels you ever saw if Dolores Casey is any example.



ACTUALLY COOLING ON YOUR SKIN . . . GREASELESS

New Odorono ICE goes on like a Vanishing Cream . . . checks underarm perspiration 1 to 3 days

IMAGINE the convenience and comfort! An ICE deodorant that is absolutely greaseless—and that checks perspiration at once!

Made on a new principle, the new Odorono ICE vanishes as you put it on! Leaves your underarm feeling cool and refreshed! And, because this new preparation is made to check perspiration, it keeps your underarm always *dry*—relieves you of all fear of odor and dampness for as much as 3 days.

And Odorono ICE has only its own clean, fresh odor of pure alcohol, which evaporates immediately. Just one more reason why so many women who have tried it prefer Odorono ICE!

With Odorono ICE so delightfully easy to apply, so effective and so sure—you need never have another moment's worry over perspiration odor or unsightly stains. Only 35¢ for the new Odorono ICE at any Toilet-Goods Department. Get a jar today!

● "Safe and effective—cuts down clothing damage, when used according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.



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Dept. 6-E-8*, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 427, Montreal)
I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

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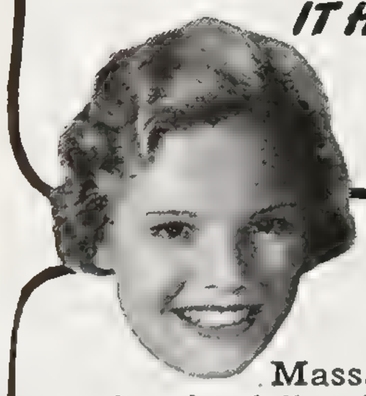


Even if you never dyed a dress before,—do it now and don't be timid . . . because Rit banishes uncertainty and is so simple to use it's really *fun.* Rit's new formula contains "neomerpin" which makes the fabric literally *soak up* the color . . . gives rich, luscious, flattering shades WITHOUT BOILING. Ask for Rit . . . and you'll "dye" laughing!



Never say "Dye"—say RIT!

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She knows that it is vital to cooperate with her dentist at home!

Massage gums and clean teeth twice daily with Forhan's. It makes teeth brilliant, helps keep gums firm and healthy. For a trial tube, send 10¢ to Forhan's, Dept. 619, New Brunswick, N. J.

Forhan's DOES BOTH JOBS
CLEANS TEETH · AIDS GUMS

WHAT'S ALL THE SHOUTING FOR?

(*Continued from page 31*)

In New York he met and fell in love with Lillian Lamont. There never has been any other girl. When the movies took him, she got herself a job and a small apartment in Hollywood, so the width of the continent wouldn't divide them. Even Fred's reticence thawed in his joy at presenting her with an engagement ring. It was a small diamond. He still was not in the money. But it was the symbol of their love and he was proud of it. When company came he'd hover at her shoulder and inquire in his best offhand manner, "Shown them your ring, Lillian?"

Sorrow came to them in Lillian's long illness following their marriage. Their house was being built. Having a natural taste for interior decorating, Lillian chafed at her inability to supervise the details. Fred would dash back and forth with samples for her approval, and the moment the place was at all habitable, he had her carried in so she could lie out on her own sunporch.

A recent personal appearance trip to San Francisco reveals him perhaps as clearly as anything could. The San Francisco theatre gave five performances daily. They wanted Fred to appear at all five. "One," he said, firmly, "and heaven be thanked if I live through that."

A publicity man went with him—the same publicity man who, day in and day out through "True Confession," had battered his head against MacMurray's reserve in an effort to get material from him. The moment they were on the train away from the Hollywood atmosphere, "Fred was a different guy. He blossomed out, started burbling about a duckhunting trip he'd been on, and talked so well that he fascinated even me, who don't know a pickerel from a wild goose."

By the time they reached San Francisco, the P. M. had learned more about Fred than in all the weeks he'd spent at the studio. He'd learned that Fred was rabid about hunting and fishing, but that sports and the pictures didn't comprise his entire world; that an alert intelligence kept him abreast of his times; that, as a topic of discussion, he preferred the latest bulletins from Europe to his own latest triumph; in short, that he was a man like other men, with a mind more stimulating, more eager to be stimulated than most.

Arrived at the hotel, he first phoned Lillian. Then he called a friend of his mother's, then a cousin who worked at the Alameda airport. Then the press came trooping. Fred passed the ordeal with flying colors.

As evening drew closer, however, he lost his sangfroid. "What'm I going to say?" he'd gasp at intervals. The P. M. offered a suggestion or two that didn't make Fred any better. Dinner was sent up. Fred eyed a chicken sandwich with distaste, picked it up, took a bite, laid it back on the plate and retired to his bedroom. At the theatre, he found himself a dark corner in the wings and sat there shaking. The P. M. stood silently by, waiting to push him out. Harry Owens, the orchestra leader, was making a polished little speech of introduction, an elegant gem that was bound to show Fred up worse than ever. The P. M. stole a glance at him. He was clammy-looking. Perspiration stood out on his brow.

"He'll never make it—he'll never get out to the middle of that stage," thought the P. M. wildly.

Harry Owens' eyes turned toward the wings. "Here's Fred MacMurray," he announced.

Fred walked out under his own steam. He spoke, and his voice was steady and his words made sense. The P. M. came out of his private bout with the tremors to discover that the words were not only making sense, but drawing laughter and applause. The audience liked Fred. Fred liked the audience. He talked to them for three or four minutes, as affably and naturally as if they were all his friends. Which they were by the time he got



John Barrymore, Gladys Swarthout and John Boles spend their rest time on the set playing 3-handed Casino. Is it that Mr. Barrymore needs watching or just that it is his turn to play? At any rate, he seems to be giving his hand a thorough studying.



Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris did so many retakes on this scene for "Men Are Such Fools" that they learned to like it, and now it's part of their daily routine.

through, for they rose to their feet and cheered him lustily.

"When did you make up that speech?" the P. M. inquired in the cab later.

"Part of it while I was wringing my hands in the corner. The rest when I saw there wouldn't be any tomatoes to dodge." He was so pleased that he blurted out, "Gee, that was fun. I wish Lillian could have been there."

San Francisco was ready to turn itself over to him. The authorities begged him to stay and let them show him the town. He'd like to have stayed. But he'd told Lillian he would be home next morning, and home was where he was going to be.

Home is a structure of gray stone and white wood in Belair, green-roofed and green-shuttered, with no more pretentiousness than its owners. The seven or eight pleasantly furnished rooms create an atmosphere of warmth and intimacy. Lillian planned it all herself.

He pretends to a certain masculine scorn of what he calls their "doodads."

"How's the house furnished, Fred?"

"I dunno. Early American on the hoof or something."

"What color's the dining-room rug?"

"Looks plain red to me. Ask Lillian. She'll tell it to you fancy." It turned out to be Dubonnet.

Yet it may be noted that, when Lillian is showing the house to visitors, Fred is at her heels, gloating innocently if he thinks himself unobserved, turning nonchalant when somebody catches him at it.

Their most frequent companions are Taylor and Stanwyck, Ray Milland and his lovely wife, Muriel. The boys play blackjack while the girls knit.

When, out of a clear sky, MacMurray, the unknown, was cast opposite Colbert in "The Gilded Lily," his thoughts ran something like this: "Here's a great star, and here am I, a punk, and she won't want to work with me, and I'll mess the whole thing up." The first scene required him to take her arm, and walk down the street. His arm shook so violently that Claudette's shook with it.

Essentially, he's the same MacMurray. While he no longer trembles at the call of "Camera!" he'll never forget the time when he did. You may groan at the thought of extracting information from him. Be it said, however, it's the only thought connected with him that you *do* groan about.

Paul Lukas lends a helping hand



PAUL LUKAS
Favorite actor of stage and screen.



"AFTER A MATINÉE of my latest Broadway show, a friend brought his sister to my dressing room to see me . . .



"SHE WANTED TO BE an actress—was understudying the star in another play. She had talent, but . . ."



"GIRLS MUST LOOK their best to win success. Although pretty, her lips were rough and dry. When she asked my advice about her career . . .



"I TOLD HER that I thought she would benefit by using a special lipstick praised by many stage and screen beauties. Later she phoned me . . ."



HELLO, MR. LUKAS! LAST NIGHT I MADE A BIG HIT IN THE STAR'S ROLE! AND I GIVE CREDIT FOR MY PERFORMANCE TO THE KISSPROOF LIPSTICK YOU TOLD ME ABOUT. ITS BEAUTY-CREAM BASE KEEPS MY LIPS SOFT AND SMOOTH..GAVE ME CONFIDENCE BY MAKING ME LOOK MY BEST!

Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at drug and dept. stores 50c
Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles—Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry).
Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades,
Generous trial sizes at all 10¢ stores.



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Indelible LIPSTICK and ROUGE

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Portrait of a Lovely Lady.....



Boston debutante, lovely Nicole Goodlett, uses Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to keep her hair blonde and lustrous.

.....Who Stays Blonde with Marchand's

60% OF ALL WOMEN WERE BORN BLONDE!

Don't Let Time Darken Your Hair

Hair like spun gold...highlights and sunny tints that mean youth and loveliness...as refreshing as Spring—all the result of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Try Marchand's today. Restore and brighten the natural radiant shade of your hair. A scientific preparation designed solely to lighten and beautify all shades of hair, Marchand's improves texture of the hair and will not interfere with permanents.

A HINT TO FASTIDIOUS WOMEN

Make dark hair on arms and legs unnoticeable with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Marchand's lightens the color of superfluous hair...blending it to your natural skin tones. Simple . . . safe . . . odorless . . . no regrowth problems.

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

RUNNING AWAY FROM IT ALL

(*Continued from page 39*)

re-presented in current accounts of Mr. Astaire's glamor and charm. Let Astaire see one of these to-be-printed accounts, however, and he insists upon deleting all references to his past.

But when Astaire really reveals his escapist tendencies is when he runs from his fans. His pet stunt, when traveling to a destination where his arrival has been heralded in advance, is to hide himself in the back of his station wagon. Then, before fans are aware of what a precious load the insignificant looking car is carrying, he jumps out agilely and runs.

Of course, antics such as these are not serious and do not affect, in the slightest, Mr. Astaire's ability as a performer. They merely make him seem silly.

Miriam Hopkins had a regular field day with the New York press recently. At first, she refused to see anybody.

Later, suddenly and agreeably, she informed her representative that she would be happy to devote her last day in town to meeting the press. Accordingly, the time was booked, and appointments staggered at half hour intervals through the day.

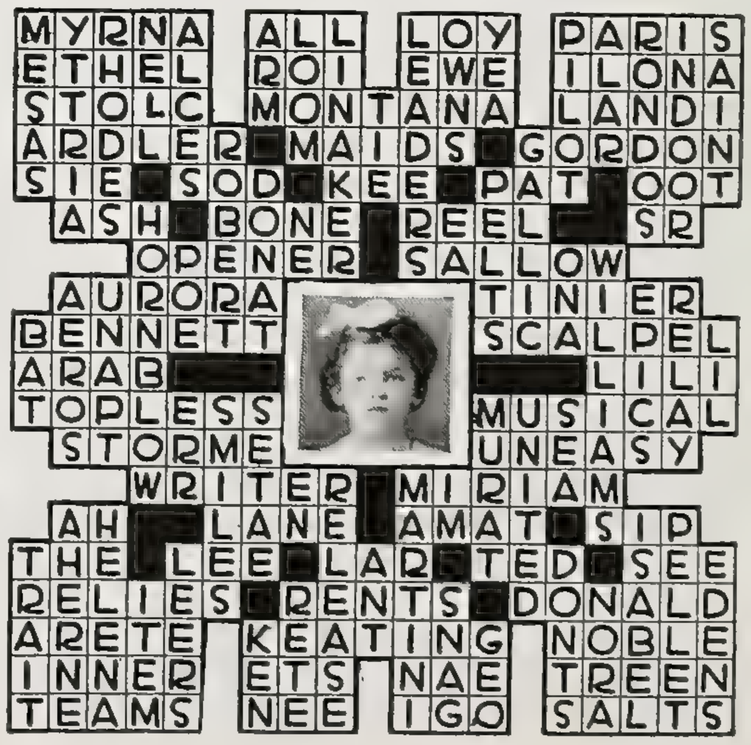
Came the morning and Miss Hopkins as suddenly decided she couldn't take it after all. But neither could she bring herself to break her decision to anybody. She kept it a secret and just ducked. All day long the Hopkins doorbell rang regularly each half hour as eager reporters mounted her doorsteps, and sadly trod down them again. Where Hopkins was, nobody knew.

SYLVIA SIDNEY shows fleet feet and runs away from it all whenever she wants to, which is often. She, of course, has no repressions about not taking it on the chin and as a result of some of her actions can safely be nominated as Hollywood's Tantrum Girl.

For example, when she refused to have her picture taken upon arrival in this country on the Berengaria, she told photographers flatly, "I don't feel like it and I won't." They got the pictures anyway which showed Sylvia pouting.

An amateur camera hound in California did the Gotham boys one better when he snapped her getting off the train in San Bernardino with an even more petulant look upon her dark face and sent the picture into a news service with the unkind caption: "Sylvia Sidney Arriving in San Bernardino Evidently Expecting to Meet Somebody Who Didn't Meet Her."

Solution to Puzzle on Page 12





Even California in the rain has its charms when Mary Carlisle comes along looking like this.

Aren't there any glamor girls who can take it? Aren't there some adults in the Hollywood lineup who have proved themselves under trying circumstances?

Certainly. There is Bette Davis, for one, who had to swallow about as bitter a pill as has been given to any star, when she was forced to return to work at her studio after suing the firm to get out of her contract.

Bette stuck out her chin and took the rap. She came back to Hollywood gracious and smiling. She said, "I've been beaten and I have to go back to work where I don't want to, but I am going to make myself like it."

The sequel to her display of sportsmanship was that her studio tried to show themselves equally big. They filled her dressing-room with flowers, gave her a much coveted picture and engaged Edmund Goulding to direct her.

Marlene Dietrich has a peculiar "off with their heads" manner of shifting responsibility. When she wants to run away from the consequences of an unfortunate action, she is apt to dump the responsibility in the lap of somebody less important than herself. For example, when —all on her own—she expressed herself indiscreetly to the press on conditions abroad, she blamed a poor press agent who certainly had had nothing to do with her speaking her piece. He couldn't stop her but he almost lost his job.

Where is this current epidemic of running away from it all, of not taking it on the chin, going to lead? Probably not anywhere! The bright stars will recover; the stupid won't, but meantime life will go on just the same.



FAY WRAY'S Beauty Method can bring you, too, a Glorious "Camera Skin"

The beauty cream of young Hollywood Stars is Germ-Free—helps keep skin clear of blemishes

LIKE many glamorous film stars, Fay Wray has a simple beauty program to thank for her radiant "Camera Skin". First, nourishing foods and plenty of rest. Second, daily use of Woodbury's Cold Cream.

Her beauty cream retains its germ-free purity as long as it lasts. On the skin, itself, Woodbury's inhibits germ-life, thus lessens the risk of blemishes and faults.

The soothing oils in Woodbury's Cold Cream help give the skin the softness of velvet. And skin-stimulating Vitamin D enlivens the skin, speeds up its breathing.

Why not put Fay Wray's beauty program to work for your complexion? Woodbury's Cold Cream only $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

Woodbury's Germ-Free Cold Cream



Helps guard from blemishes
Cleanses the pores thoroughly—Stimulates
—Contains skin-stimulating Vitamin D
Overcomes dry skin



FAY WRAY in the Universal picture "The Jury's Secret", with Kent Taylor. She says: "The clearer the skin, the brighter the star. Besides cleansing, one's skin deserves its own beauty diet. Woodbury's Cold Cream is part of my skin's daily diet."

Send for Trial Tubes of Woodbury's Creams

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6790 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
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Please send me trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams; 7 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

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• **More and more women are ending the nuisance of greasy suppositories, thanks to the exclusive new *greaseless* Zonitors, for *modern* feminine hygiene.**

There is nothing like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal. They contain no harmful drugs — no greasy base to melt or run. Zonitors make use of the world-famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored because of its antiseptic power combined with its freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. $1 for box of 12—at all U. S. and Canadian druggists. Free booklet in plain envelope on request. Write Zonitors, 3609, Chrysler Bldg., New York City.

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Curls
AND LOTS
OF THEM
Say
BEAUTY
EXPERTS!

Use DR. ELLIS' WAVE SET to give yourself a smart spring hair-dress! Dr. Ellis gives you a lovely, lasting wave. It leaves your hair soft and beautiful. Dries quickly . . . never flakes. Sold everywhere—get a bottle today!

• *Beauty Hint!* Use Dr. Ellis' Brilliantine to add lustre to your hair!

Dr. Ellis Sales Co., Inc., 1125 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. (Canadian Office: Toronto, Ontario).

Get a Beautiful Wave with—

ONLY 10¢ HIGHER IN CANADA

DR. ELLIS' WAVE SET

AT ALL 5 & 10's AND DRUG STORES

FANNY'S FOLLIES

(*Continued from page 37*)

well, she had the privilege of skinning her knees on the pavement of the next block, then.

Her natal day was October 29th. But what year? You can only guess. Fanny, woman-like, isn't telling. And your guess may be five years out of the way, even taking into account the number of years she has been a star and—a mother. She started young.

Tall, she has a non-matronly figure, the vitality of a six-day bicycle rider, and a face too mobile for the years ever to have a chance to imprint themselves there. She is practically as young as Baby Snooks.

Her parents were Charles and Rose Borach, whose closest approach to the stage, up to the advent of Fanny, had been two seats in the gallery. They suspected almost immediately that they had produced the world's most irresistible mimic, this being a common failing of parents, the world over. But *they* never had a chance to rid themselves of the suspicion. It grew as their offspring grew. Until, finally, Rose Borach agreed with her persistent problem-child that she "ought to be on the stage."

Not that Fanny was a problem-child after the manner of Baby Snooks. Not that she lacked imagination. She had too much of it.

"I hated school. And school hated me. Ask me to spell 'cat' today, and I couldn't tell you. I never was in any one school long enough to find out. Those I didn't run away from, I was thrown out of. You couldn't print some of the things I did to get thrown out. They'd give the younger generation ideas. And the younger generation has enough ideas already, without starting any more trouble."

One morning she was dodging a large flat-footed gent in a blue coat with brass buttons. She saw an open door with pitch-darkness beyond. Instinct told her that way lay escape. She scurried through the door into the darkness. It was a theatre, getting a morning airing before the day's performances. She hid under some seats until paying customers began to arrive. Then she took a seat herself. She discovered show business. And her eyes popped.

It was a ten-twent'-thirt' variety theatre, rowdy and lowbrow. But to Fanny, who had never seen any drama except the turbid drama of life in the slums, never heard any dialogue except the many-accented clamor of the Ghetto, this was a new and wondrous world. An exciting and challenging world, in which you stood a chance of getting applauded by somebody besides your family—who laughed at you, even when you were serious.

She went back. She discovered other theatres that aired out in the mornings. She relived every show in mimicry.

THEN I heard about Amateur Nights. They had 'em, even in those days. That's how I started. We were living in Newark, New Jersey, then. I was thirteen—tall and scrawny, a scarecrow in skirts. I had never seen a musical show, but somebody told me that scouts for musicals sometimes went to these Amateur Nights. I'd never had a voice lesson in my life, and I didn't know music was written in 'keys.' The only keys *I* had ever heard of were door keys. But I went out there singing—a little number entitled 'When You Know You're Not Forgotten by the Girl You Can't Forget.'"

She hummed a few measures. "I guess the audience thought I was starving to death or somebody in my family had died. They gave me first prize."

Fanny went looking for other Amateur Night worlds to conquer. She won more first prizes. And her luck held when her family moved to Brooklyn, then to New York. On occasion, she invaded the Bronx, famed even then for its own individual cheer. But the Bronx gave Fanny only more first prizes.

"I thought I was pretty good." Fanny raised her eyebrows, as a commentary on the self-deception of adolescence. "I kept pestering Mom to let me quit school and go on the stage. Then one day I saw an ad in the paper. A woman—we'd better skip the name, though she's probably using another one now—was offering stage careers to 'new beginners.' Not just beginners. *New* beginners. That was me. Mother and I went down to see her.

"This woman said she could make a great actress out of me for two hundred and fifty dollars. We talked a couple of hours. She finally said she could make a great actress out of me for thirty-five dollars." Fanny grimaced, sardonically. "So we signed up. For thirty-five dollars I was going to be a great actress. Not only that. I was going to have 'some wonderful clothes.' Who could doubt it? This genius promised.

"She tells me to report at her hotel for rehearsals the next Monday. I report, and I don't see anybody else there. This goes on for a week. Then I say something about the 'wonderful clothes.' Oh, she's so glad I reminded her. She'll measure me for them. So she measures me for another week.

"I don't know why all this is happening. I don't know she's drumming up more customers. All I know is: I'm not becoming a great actress. But the week after, when I go back, I find a room full of performers. We're going to put on a play called 'The Ballad Girl'—with rented costumes.

"We open in some little town in Pennsylvania. (I never thought I'd forget the name of that burg!) We make up by candlelight. And before we can use the dressing-rooms, we have to take an afternoon to clean them. I mean *I* have to take an afternoon to clean them.

"I know by this time that I'm not the leading lady. My big-hearted benefactress promises me my turn is coming, in the next play. Meanwhile, I have my doubts about my costume. It's a yellow cheesecloth dress—cheesecloth, so help me—that comes up to here." Fanny tapped her thigh. "I make my first entrance on the stage as a great dramatic actress like this." She rises to illustrate. Her eyes register coy terror. Both knees are bent in a semi-crouch, and both hands are frantically tugging downward at her skirt.

"We're living at a boarding house. That night, the landlady's daughter knocks on my door, and says, 'Oh, you were grand. But why did you walk around like that?'" Fanny illustrated again, with devastating effect. "'That dress,' I tell her. 'I felt like I was walking in the nude.'

"I have some little diamond rings and earrings. My great dramatic teacher gets those away from me—'as a loan.' But we can't afford the boarding-house, even after she hocks those. We have to move to a broken-down hotel. Nobody's coming to our show. So Mrs. So-and-So says we'll put on a new one, 'The Royal Slave.' And

I'm to be given 'a big important part.'

"She discovers I can sew. So she puts me to work on a fancy Spanish gown. I'm up all night, sewing. And what do *I* get to wear? A bandana around here"—she indicated her chest—"and here"—her hips—"and that same yellow cheesecloth dress. I wear the yellow cheesecloth in my Big Dramatic Scene.

"This is the scene in which my cruel stepmother forces me into a matrimony worse than death. We need a bridal veil. So Mrs. Great-Dramatic-Teacher helps herself to a little net curtain in the hotel. My big moment arrives. Here I am, standing outside the door in the scenery, waiting for my cue. I'm so excited, I forget the door has to open toward me. I hear my cue, and I push the door. It goes about this far"—she held her hands a foot apart. "What to do? I've had my cue. I've got to get out on that stage, somehow. I can't hold up the show. So I start squeezing through that opening. Me, in my yellow cheesecloth dress and fake wedding veil. This is a very intense scene, mind you. Well, I finally make it. But by that time the audience is screaming itself to death with hysterics.

"And that isn't all. After the show, I find the hotel manager waiting outside for me. He has recognized his curtain, and he *wants* his curtain.

"In 'The Royal Slave,' the villain meets a gruesome end. He is swallowed by an alligator. The next night, I'm the alligator. I wear the alligator's upper jaw over my right arm, and the lower jaw over my left arm, and when the villain takes his fall, I reach up the two jaws where the audience can see them, and clamp them together. I'm lying on my elbows behind a low piece of scenery. I lie there twenty minutes. I work up a big sore on each elbow. But does anybody care? Mrs. So-and-So tells me, 'You were wonderful! So realistic! Nobody else could possibly do it like you!'" Fanny chortled, grimly amused by the memory of that dismaying flattery.

I WAS tired of the deal I had been getting—sure. But I was only fourteen, and I wanted to be an actress. Maybe I'd get a chance yet. I stuck. Two weeks went by, and nobody saw any money. The show had closed. Mrs. Great-Dramatic-Teacher said she was waiting for money from New York. Then we'd go on to another town, and change our luck.

"The hotel had a writing desk in the lobby, with a mirror above it. One night I was sitting there, writing my mother what a great success I was. In the mirror, I saw Mrs. So-and-So and her boyfriend tiptoeing past the door, carrying their luggage. They were jumping the show. Another girl and her mother and I followed them—to the railroad station. There wasn't any use going back after our bags. There wasn't anything in them. Mrs. So-and-So had got it all. So we hid till the train came in. Then we boarded the back end of the car they boarded. When the conductor asked for our tickets, we pointed up front and said, 'They'll pay for us.' Were we happy!

"The girl and her mother didn't have anywhere to go in New York, so I took them to my house, and they lay around for weeks, until my mother finally put them out. The next time I went on the road my mother said, 'Good luck, and goodbye, and don't bring no more good-for-nothings home with you.'"

Fanny, ever since her encounter with that phoney woman dramatic teacher has been different from most other women. It cured her of bargain-hunting.

"Before I did the burlesque show, though, I worked in a motion picture

JUST A HOME GIRL *until she changed that Misfit Makeup*

"I'll stay with the children, Mrs. Brown. I never have any dates."

"Frankly, Mary, if I were you I'd correct that misfit makeup."

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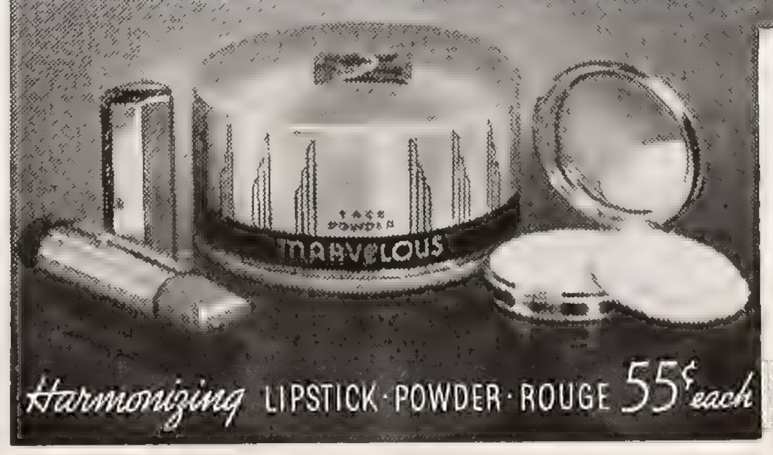
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house on Second Avenue. I didn't do much. Just sang illustrated songs, played the piano, painted ad signs, sold tickets while the ticket girl ate, collected them while the doorman ate. The ticket girl saw an ad in the paper for chorus girls for a new Cohan and Harris show. I walk in, and Sam Harris gives me a contract for twenty-three dollars a week.

"I still hadn't seen a musical show, but here I was in one without knowing my left foot from my right. And I was supposed to dance! I thought to myself, 'If he'd give me this much as a dancer—what would he give if he heard me sing?' The first thing we had to do was a song number. I started holding onto the last note when everybody else let go. He barked out: 'Whoever's holding those notes so long, stop it!'

"Now came the dancing. He got one look at me, and said, 'Back to the kitchen for you!' I was fired. I went downstairs to the dressing-room and cried and cried. But no one came, no one cared. I ran out of tears, and started wetting my eyes from the faucet—and still no one came. I went home and told my mother, 'They said I was too thin.' I said to myself, 'Maybe you're not good enough for Broadway.' So what? So I wasn't going to break *my* heart. I went into burlesque (Hurtig and Seaman's).

"The company was going on the road. I filled my bag with all the clothes I had. I'd offer one girl a shirtwaist if she'd teach me one routine, and another girl a chemise if she'd teach me another routine. I was down to one skirt and one shirtwaist—well, practically—by the time I found out how to order my feet around.

"I was in the last row of the chorus. That wasn't enough for me. I worked up to the second row, then to the first row. That wasn't enough, either. Every show had a chorus girl contest. I kept winning. They made me understudy to the soubrette.

"She was a big, strong Italian girl. 'She'll never get sick' I said to myself. That's what she thought, too. But what should happen—accidents again, you see—but she develops a big abscess behind her ear. It gets as big as a grapefruit, but she won't give up. She covers it with a big pink bow. The thing hurts, but she's afraid to let me play the part. Then, one night in Cincinnati, she's just coming in the stage door when the abscess breaks. The soubrette is on next. They push me on, all excited and wild-eyed. But the people applaud, they keep calling me back. When the soubrette gets well, she's in the chorus, and I'm up front.

"After that, I'm the headliner at the Columbia Burlesque House in New York. I'm very ambitious. I'm a ballad-singer. Then I try an imitation of Joe Welch, Jew comedy, with a derby pulled down over my ears—and I almost get the hook. I try other characters. I know all the dialects, after the Ghetto. The audience begins to go for them. But my first real hit in dialect is—you guessed it—an accident. I go to Irving Berlin's publishing house for a couple of new songs. Irving sings me 'Yiddle on the Fiddle' and 'Sadie Salome.' He sings with a Jewish accent. I sing them the same way, just to see what will happen. They bring down the house.

"That was where Ziegfeld discovered me. Just about the way the movie had it. Only there was a different reason why I didn't believe 'em when they said Ziegfeld was outside and wanted to see me. A few weeks before, a woman named Miss Ziegfeld had been down. She had 'a great song' she wanted me to sing. Afterward, I showed her card around, with my thumb over the first part of her name. 'See? Ziegfeld's after me!' So when they said Ziegfeld was outside, sure, I thought they were kidding me.



Gary Cooper referees while Sheila Darcy and Edward Everett Horton have a spirited game of "Tit-Tat-Toe" on the set of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

"He told that he found me on a street corner in the Ghetto, selling papers. He knew I had once—and he thought it was a good publicity angle. 'From newsgirl to Follies.' I didn't care what they thought. I was in the Follies!

"I made my first Broadway hit—this was probably another accident—with a coon song, 'Lovey Joe.' I don't know what made me sing it. Nerve, I guess. But coon ballads and I sort of got along.

"I was with Ziegfeld fourteen or fifteen years, and never had a written contract after the first one. It was all verbal. He was a wonderful man. I would say I'd like to try a number. 'All right,' he'd say, 'we'll try it.' I can't rehearse. I can't get up in a room and act. I have to have an audience. But I could go into Ziegfeld's office and play as if I were on the stage. He was as good as a standing-room-only house."

Fanny wasn't any too popular with some of the other Glorified Girls. But she didn't let that worry her. She had more important things to think about.

"They hated me. They called me 'the curbstone comic.' I wanted to be everything, do everything. That was all right, as I look back now. I was learning things. Dancing, for example. That came in handy when I wanted to burlesque 'The Dying Swan' and 'Spring Song.' You can't burlesque something until you know how to do it straight.

THE smartest thing I ever did was to notice that all the big-timers were natural. That was why they were big-timers, sure of what they were doing. You don't have to be conceited to be sure of yourself. Just honest with yourself. And that goes in any life, not only theatrical life.

"Your audience does what you do. If you're comfortable, they're comfortable. If you work hard, they sweat, too.

"Do you want to know the most uncomfortable performance I ever gave? In 'The Great Ziegfeld.' I can be comfortable every time, if you give me a character to play. I've always played characters, except that once. They told me, 'You're not going to play a character. You're going to play Fanny Brice.' I didn't know where to start. 'What am I like?' I wanted to know. If I played Fanny Brice the way Fanny Brice is away from audiences I'd be playing straight. And I couldn't be comical unless I was acting, playing a char-

acter. That's the hardest work I ever did in my life. In 'Everybody Sing,' that was different. I was a character. I had a better time, and audiences had a better time watching me.

"Funny thing. I don't remember anything tough about getting started. Nothing's ever tough when you're a beginner. Trying to get somewhere is too much fun. The tough part comes when you arrive—trying to stay there."

Despite her individual brand of clowning, she doesn't write her own material. The only thing she has written is the skit, "Mrs. Cohen at the Beach," which has grown to a whole catalogue of Mrs. Cohen skits. Another surprising Brice admission: she isn't amazed at the success of her Baby Snooks, or Snooks' rivalry with Charlie McCarthy as the rage of the day, or the demand for a Baby Snooks comic strip, Baby Snooks dolls, Baby Snooks this, and Baby Snooks that.

"I'm amazed that it has taken this long. I put her on the air five years ago for the first time. I've always had her up my sleeve. And speaking of Snooks"—she pronounced it Schnooks—"that was something else that just happened. When I was a kid, I always wanted to play Topsy in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Now I'm getting it out of my system. Snooks is just a white Topsy. Anything that Snooks does or says, Topsy might do or say."

CONSIDERING that she is a comedienne, America's top comedienne today, her biggest hit on the stage could almost be considered an accident. She made that hit with the song, "My Man."

"I always wanted to do a 'sad' song—just to prove I could do something serious. Ziegfeld had this song. A semi-operatic star was going to sing it. Then, one day he said to me, 'You know, Fanny, I think you could do that song.' I don't know what made him say it; he probably didn't, either. I said, 'You *think* I could? Just give me the chance!' The first night I sang it I died a thousand times. I was afraid they'd laugh when I got up to be sad. When they didn't that was the biggest thrill of my life."

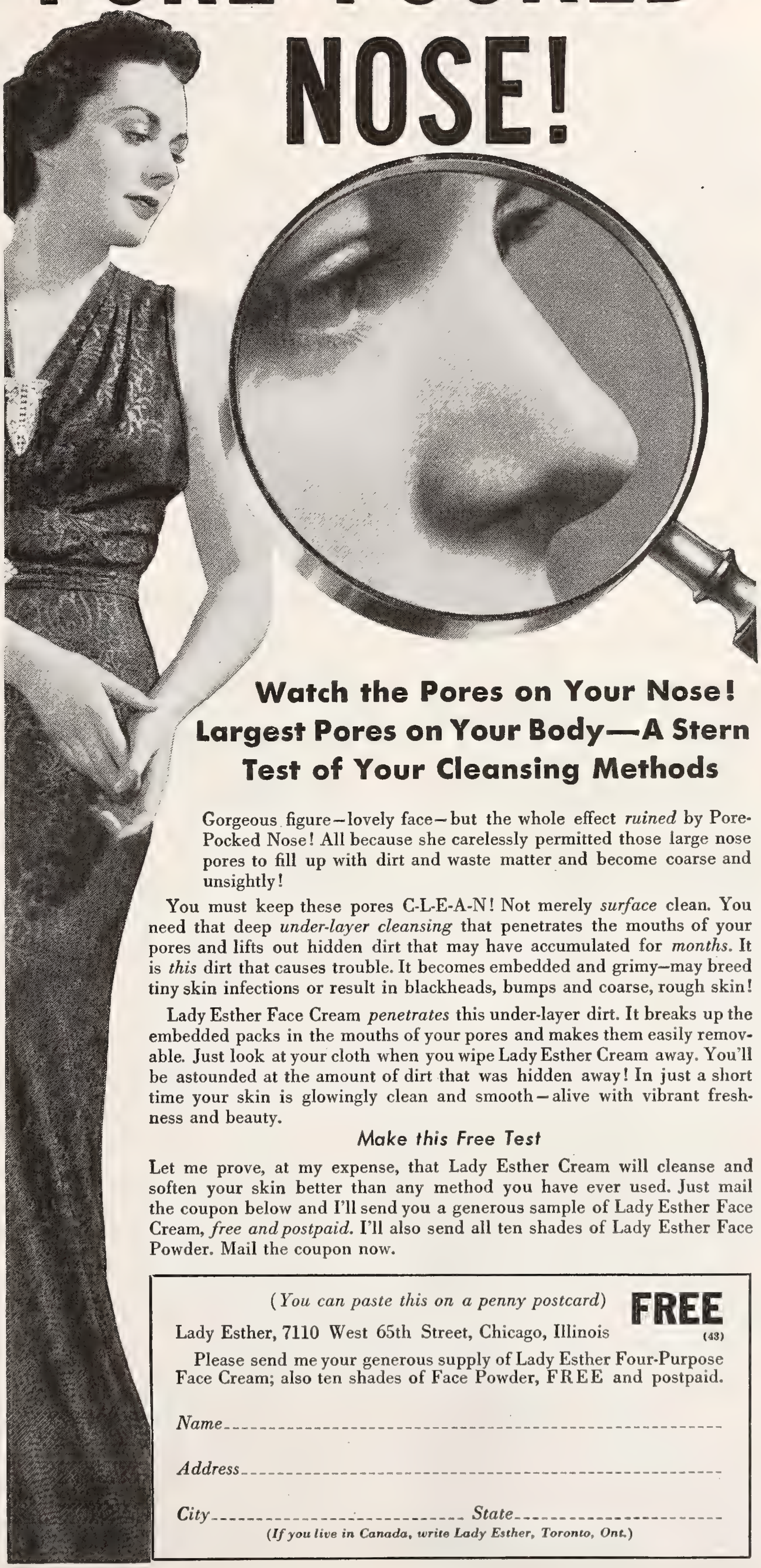
Fanny's poignant singing of "My Man" touched the heart-strings of America. For behind the scenes, Fanny at that time was suffering poignantly. Her man, Nicky Arnstein, the father of her two children, was in serious trouble—trouble that finally wrecked their marriage, despite her loyalty. All that is a faraway memory now, something Fanny does not mention. Proudly, she does talk of her two children, both with her in Hollywood, where, by the way, she hopes to stay. ("They'd better keep me. I've bought a house.")

"My boy Bill is sixteen. He paints, and I think he's really going places. I've always painted, still do. Time was when I didn't know whether I wanted to be a dressmaker, an artist or an actress. I thought the stage would probably be the most fun, and I could still paint and sew. My girl Frances—she's eighteen—hasn't made up her mind about her future. I don't think she'll be a singer. She can't carry a tune!"

Many things have happened to Fanny Brice. But happy marriage is not one of them. She has been married three times, divorced twice, and her third marriage, to Billy Rose, the theatrical producer, has recently been the subject of on-the-rocks headlines.

She told me, with a half-wistful, let's-make-the-best-of-it smile, "It takes courage to be a comedienne. You can't have success as a comedienne and have romance, too. No man ever fell in love with a woman for her sense of humor."

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BETWEEN YOU



An Ohio fan gives a spirited cheer for Danielle, the newest gal from across the way.

$5.00 Prize Letter
Don't Blame Hollywood!

When our movies relent and muster all their potent forces towards a picturization of the realistic tragedies inherent in the innumerable "Dead End" sections of our country; when they succeed in capturing the economic causes of crime; when they delineate for us graphically all the eloquent grimness of the lives of the poverty-stricken, stifled and enmeshed in an almost macabre environment; when Hollywood halts its musical extravaganzas, its grade B mediocrities to present a slice of life, our hats should be doffed!

But—and the pity of it—when our audiences manifest so pathetic a lack of understanding and appreciation of the tragedies of the lives unreeled before them; when they indulge in loud, abandoned guffaws at the "antics" of the embryonic gangsters in "Dead End"; when they fail to sense the tragic undertones that run through the youngsters' "capers;" when their only comments consist of "The kids were swell"; one senses the futility of any serious effort on Hollywood's part.

Is Hollywood, then, entirely to blame for the plethora of inconsequential movies that flicker across our movie screen?

—Fred Rosenberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Del Rio Can Take It

Oh you Candid Cam, are you mean to them there Hollywood gals! You sneak around and catch them shaking sand out of their eyes in the morning—truly not the best time to snap any gal, let alone a glamor gal. You invade their baths, their exercise routines, even their shampoos. You strip them of every shred of loveliness, every vestige of the beauty that thrills us poor everyday mortals on the screen. It's getting so a gal can't squirt grapefruit juice in her eye without the nation knowing about it!

Ah, but there is one, Cam, who resists all your efforts to distort. One whose beauty is so real that even you cannot find a flaw. She is Dolores Del Rio. We have yet to come upon a picture of her that looks like a cross between a scarecrow and a sideshow freak. Snoop and spy as you like, you cannot catch Del Rio in an ungainly pose, for the simple reason that she isn't ungainly.

You have met your Nemesis, Candid Cam. May we appoint you, Dolores Del Rio, Queen of the Candid Camera subjects!

—Mrs. John Allman, Buffalo, N. Y.

$2.00 Prize Poem
A Yell for Danielle

Ric-a-racquer! Fire cracquer! S'il vous plaît!
Let's raise a yell for the latest gal from across the way.
She can look dumb with more aplomb
Than simple simple Simone Simon.
Whieux? Yieux! Whieux? Yieux!
Whieux, Darrieux! Darrieux! Darrieux!

Tar-blood! Whack-thud! Cinema est égal!
They'll make you a queen of the silver screen if you can't act at all!
They'll harrieux and carrieux,
And after a while they'll burieux.
Whieux? Yieux! Whieux? Yieux!
Whieux? Darrieux! Darrieux! Darrieux!

Black! Red! Nuff sed! Vive le W. C.!
Another stooge from the Moulin Rouge to stimulate industry!
They've discovered your frame will add to your fame
But half you make the Feds will take.
If your husband hadn't accompaniedieux,
I think I'd like to marrieux!
Yes yieux, Darrieux, just yieux, yieux, yieux!

—Ray Williams, East Cleveland, Ohio.

$1.00 Prize Letter
A True Actor

One who earns his laurels should certainly be given opportunity to wear them, and to add to his collection of honors. I am referring to a fine and versatile actor—Spencer Tracy.

He used to play rather unsympathetic "tough guy" roles in pictures, and yet, he managed to steal a majority of the most dramatic scenes from the more well-known players whom he supported.

Soaring to starry heights as the fighting priest of "San Francisco", holding firm in "Big City" with Luise Rainer, and topping it all with his immortal performance as Manuel in "Captains Courageous," he must be given parts that are worthy of his superlative ability as a fine actor—and by "actor" I mean one who depends not on his handsome face but on his talent to put him across.

—Floy Wooten, Memphis, Tenn.

$1.00 Prize Letter
The Flynn Feud

Anne Park's "Slap in the Face for Errol Flynn" in the March issue of MODERN SCREEN made me furious, to say the least. Since you state your opinions so bluntly, Miss Park, here are mine!

Errol Flynn is undoubtedly the most natural star on the screen, a grand actor, and

'N' ME

Have you voiced your pet peeve or joy concerning moviedom? Nine cash prizes given every month!



The Errol Flynn feud continues as an irate young lady from Philadelphia speaks her piece.

one of the handsomest men I have ever seen. A little more of what you term "ego" would improve many actors—it is really just the self-assurance which makes all his movements easy and graceful. He impresses me as a most delightful person to know, and I envy anyone who has the privilege of being his friend.

As for his being domesticated, that's impossible! He is as much the rover as ever as he proved in his trip to Spain. He is all the more refreshing for it; his travels have given him more color and glamor than Taylor and Power could ever have.

As for his fights with Mrs. Flynn, whose business is it but their own? Because of his being in the limelight every scrap they have gets into the tabloids. His so-called slurs at womanhood? Ridiculous! He is noted above everything else for his gallantry.

Errol Flynn isn't half appreciated for what he is—he has brought to the screen color and verve that have been missing since Valentino. He has everything he wants in life plus the admiration of millions. You pity him? I envy him—Mary Slaughter, Philadelphia, Penna.

$1.00 Prize Poem

Char-Actors

When stars magnificently emote
  According to their separate codes,
No lump arises in my throat,
I'm busy watching Erik Rhodes.

The heart-throb lies upon a mat
  And passes out with gesture sportin',
While I am laughing with and at
  The grimaces of E. E. Horton.

WRITE A LETTER—

WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, $5; two second prizes of $2 each; six prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

COURSE I'M YOUNG BUT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN ALMOST GOT ME!

READ THIS GIRL'S STORY!



WHERE'S BILL THESE DAYS? HAVE YOU TWO HAD A SPAT?

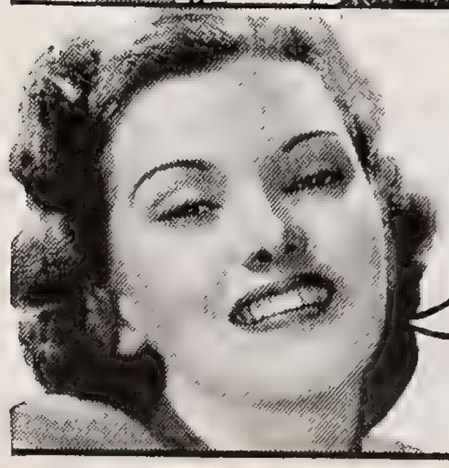
NO, BUT HE HASN'T TELEPHONED. AND THE LAST TIME WE WERE OUT TOGETHER, HE DID NOTHING BUT RAVE ABOUT JANE, AND HER "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"!

WELL, MEN ADORE LOVELY COMPLEXIONS—AND YOURS IS SO DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING LATELY! REGULAR "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! MAYBE IT'S THAT SOAP YOU'RE USING... WHY NOT CHANGE TO **PALMOLIVE**?

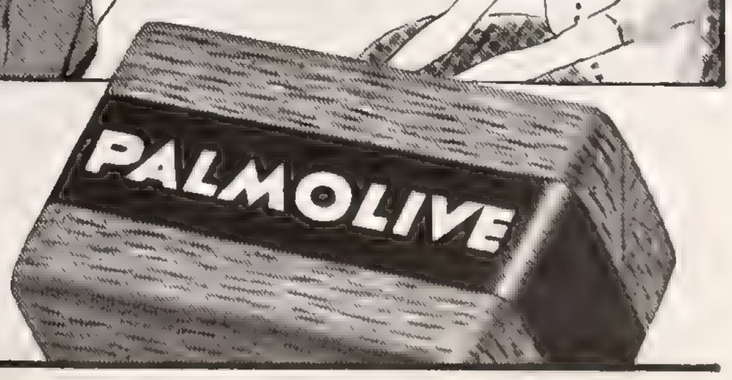
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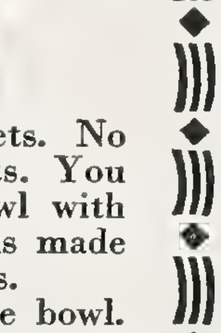


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How To Shampoo Blonde Hair to Keep It Golden and Lustrous

Blonde hair requires special care if you would preserve its lovely golden beauty. Even the most attractive light hair will fade or darken with age. To keep your hair charming and alluring, wash it with New Blondex, the amazing blonde hair Shampoo and Special Rinse. Costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Used regularly, it keeps hair lighter, lovelier, gleaming with fascinating lustre, glorious highlights. Get New Blondex today. New combination package—shampoo with separate rinse—sold at all stores

When heroes battling hungry sharks
Require a practicing physician,
I'd have them buried by Ned Sparks,
That mirth-provoking, mad mortician.

You see, I'm not a Big League Fan,
Who totes an album seeking signers
And raves about some Greek God's "pan,"
I sing my praisies to the Minors.
—Catherine Delaney, New York City.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Barbara's Sincerity

Barbara Stanwyck is the most talented actress on the screen. She is so honest in portraying characters. No matter what part she is playing, she plays it with a sincerity that makes the audience feel with her. In "Stella Dallas" she played the title role so well that I lived through all her emotions with her.

I wonder how many of Hollywood's "glamor" girls would be willing to act as Barbara did in "Stella Dallas." Wouldn't they have left out the vulgar parts for fear they would cheapen themselves? Barbara didn't, and that is why, in my opinion, she is the only true actress that Hollywood has. —Clarence Buenger, Louise, Texas.

$1.00 Prize Letter
More Awards

Now that everyone else has done it, I take my turn to give the yearly awards:

To Franciska Gaal—For having the oddest-sounding last name in pictures.

To Loretta Young—Those clothes she wears would be reason enough for an award, but for her beauty which outshines theirs.

To Cesar Romero—For the surprise performance in "Happy Landing."

To Robert Taylor—For being such a good scout during all the fuss over him in New York and England.

To Don Ameche—For the most engaging smile and the most expressive voice.

To Claire Trevor—For becoming one of our favorites, in spite of what seems the concerted effort of the producers to keep her in "B" pictures.

To Tyrone Power—For having real talent and for not trying to hide it behind a load of boyish charm.

To Connie Bennett—For trying so hard to beat the temperament bugaboo by changing to a warm, likeable person.

To Clark Gable—For wearing old clothes and driving an old car when he wants to.

To Sonja Henie—For that cute nose.
—Janet Hope, West Los Angeles, Calif.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Type-casting

My little piece is about type-casting. I think that when a star becomes famous for his success in portraying a villain or a hero or a comedian, that he should always play that role. The audience becomes accustomed to seeing the player in that part and knows what to expect. However, lately the fashion seems to be to switch players. In one picture you find the actor playing a dyed-in-the-wool gangster and in the next, the reformer out to clean up the town.

For example, we are all accustomed to seeing Jack La Rue play the sinister menace. In "Captains Courageous" he was cast as the benign priest. And what happened? I saw the picture twice and, each time the scene where he comes on was flashed, the audience howled. The scene was a solemn one, but the audience just couldn't see Jack as a priest!

I think that Robert Montgomery wasn't the type for "Night Must Fall." He was good—yes. But in several scenes where he smiled, he had the same whimsical, good natured smile that made him famous—it was hardly the smirk of a killer.—G. Garnin, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Here are the players you voted tops in the Between You 'n' Me Questionnaire printed in February

Favorite actor, Nelson Eddy; actress, Jeannette MacDonald; Scarlett O'Hara, Miriam Hopkins; favorite screen star on the radio, Don Ameche; handsomest man, Robert Taylor; most beautiful girl, Loretta Young; favorite cowboy, Gene Autry; most promising newcomer, Marjorie Weaver; favorite child actor, Freddie Bartholomew; child actress, Shirley Temple. You would like to meet Nelson Eddy, like the double feature program, and want a Modern Screen life story of Irene Dunne. The best picture in 1937, "Stella Dallas;" and the worst, "The Bride Wore Red."



Little Jane Withers, Sixth Lady of the Box Office, shows you how much alike a star and her stand-in sometimes look. Kay Connors is on the right.

HOW TO WIN MEN AND INFLUENCE BACHELORS

(*Continued from page 47*)

sitting at home for several evenings with the good book. As an example: There are a heap of young men in this world similar to the worthless young husband portrayed in "Mannequin." Eddie—out for himself, figuring that any way he got what he wanted was okey doke. Fine—Eddie had a perfect right to figure that way, but his type is a dangerous playmate for little girls. What he needed was a nice selfish siren to take him over the hurdle. On the other hand, there's the type of young man Wayne Morris plays on the screen. Jimmy Stewart, too. Nice, honest, never glib and not very smooth, but never dumb, either.

If there is a William-Powellish sort of guy on your date list, you've probably been warned plenty by friend and family that he's "dangerous"—meaning that he has low designs on your virtue. I'm inclined to say pooh. What you haven't been warned against is that it is dangerous to try tricks on a man like this. He knows them all. He has had women throwing themselves at his head for so long that he may be pardoned for holding virtue in low esteem.

If he'll fall for anything, he'll fall for a brand new sort of attack, which really isn't an attack at all. By that I mean an attitude of honesty and sincerity, with just a pinch of live-and-let-live thrown in. Don't be coy. Don't pretend to be ignorant of matters which are perfectly understandable to you, and oppositely, don't pretend to be ineffably wise about matters which are Greek to you, just for the sake of impressing him. Beat him at his own game. He may make the statement, more likely imply it, that "you're a nice girl and I like you, but I'm not serious about this thing, you understand."

Answer him with "Sure—I'm so glad you feel that way." Imply that you, too, want to have some fun and enjoy some laughs, and maybe play-act at a little romancing, and when you're ready to call quits, you're going to call quits. Keep up this attitude, even if you suddenly find your heart doing flip-flops at the sound of his voice. It will keep him dialing your number for a while, and perhaps eventually he'll begin to figure, "There's a nice, comfortable girl to know. Wish I hadn't been quite so hard-boiled in my attitude toward her." Perhaps, when that time comes, he'll begin to change his attitude.

STOP hoping against hope where men are concerned. I think young girls are inclined to do this. Miss A. is intrigued with Mr. B. Mr. B. shows no inclination to return the compliment and no inclination to take up Miss A.'s time. So what does Miss A. do? Instead of common-sensibly gathering that he just is not interested, she tries to work out some involved muddle-headed idea in her mind that he's acting that way to make her jealous, or to play hard to get. Cross Mr. B. off your list, Miss A., and concentrate upon Mr. C.

Then there is the problem of the girl who is pretty, slim, well-groomed and guilty of none of the sins we're warned against in the more frank advertisements—and still the gents stay away in droves, or else they quaff a run-out potion after one date. Many's the letter I've received from young kids in this pickle, and the most common plaint is "Miss M., I never can think of anything to say. My face freezes into a sickly grin, I get tongue-tied—why, my hands actually get red from nervousness."

Now, now, what in the world is there about the male of the species which can scare a nice, intelligent girl into such a state? But I should talk! The first time a boy ever "took me home" from a party, I was so painfully embarrassed, I don't think I said two words. Yet I saw this chap every day of my life. We were in the same classes in high school. I could have asked, "Do you think we have any chance of beating Mt. Grange at football this year?" I could have said anything that I'd say naturally and comfortably to any body else. Men are just people. But there is sometimes the feeling that a gal must talk about different subjects with a man.

There are just a few, a very few, topics that are taboo in talking to a guy. Diet, your simply ducky doings with other fellers, catty remarks, chit-chat about clothes—such conversations are apt to be boring. But ask questions, start an argument, flatter a little, laugh a lot, say whatever pops into your head, without considering too much whether he'll approve.

But dear me, sirs, this is supposed to be a beauty article of a sort, isn't it? And that brings me to the big beauty and style news for Spring 1938. We're going ter-



ALWAYS GRAND FOR Flaky SKIN

Now—with the active "Skin-Vitamin" it NOURISHES Skin, too



Miss Camilla Morgan

"Pond's 'skin-vitamin' Vanishing Cream is good news. A powder base that actually nourishes skin is almost too good to be true."

GLORIOUS days in the out-of-doors!—Are you wondering what you can do for that *flaky skin?*

This year you are doubly fortunate! Pond's Vanishing Cream, always so grand for flaky skin, is now a nourishing cream, too. It contains the active "skin-vitamin" which aids in keeping skin beautiful.

This new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream is never drying! . . . It simply does not come out on your skin in a "goo"! It's a triumph of modern science—a true nourishing cream—yet nothing greasy or heavy about it. Pond's Vanishing Cream is light and delicate in texture!

Put it on always before you powder. Again after coming in from outdoors. And of course for overnight after cleansing.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N. Y. Time, N.B.C.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-VT, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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SLIDE FASTENERS

One, two, three...they're in! Any one can do it by following the *simplified* instructions that come with every Talon Slide Fastener you buy in a chain store. Foolproof, flexible, they launder perfectly and make the smartest, smoothest closings for your own and your children's new spring clothes. Wonderful for modernizing last year's dresses, too!

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As little as 15c—at

F. W. Woolworth Co — The W. T. Grant Co.
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McCrory Stores Corp. — G. C. Murphy Co.
S. H. Kress & Co. — Scott Burr Co.
and other variety chain stores.

Also—Sears, Roebuck & Company
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Sensational FREE Offer

SEND COUPON FOR 3 LIPSTICKS AND 2 FLAME-GLO ROUGE COMPACTS



It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the famous FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipsticks FREE ... each in a different fascinating shade, so you can discover the color most becoming to you. To introduce our newest achievement, we will also send you two new shades of Flame-Glo Dry Rouge Compacts, each complete with its own puff. You'll like the creamy smooth texture that gives a natural, youthful glow to your cheeks... that stays on because it clings! Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs. For beauty's sake, send Coupon TODAY!

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REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS.
DEPT. JM 116 W. 14th ST., N. Y. C.
Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks and 2 FLAME-GLO Rouge Compacts; enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing costs. (15c in Canada.)

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10c, 20c and 25c AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

ribly, terribly feminine. And femininity is the strongest man-magnet there is. It rolls into one all you've ever heard about soft colors, soft curves hinted at but not brazenly revealed, fragrant hair, eyes which speak more than lips, quiet voices and a body that seems to become thistledown when the dancing partner grabs a-holt of you.

Unless a tan is the most becoming thing you've ever worn, don't get sunburned this summer. White skins are back in vogue. Protect your skin with large hats and beach coats and creams that filter the sun. I've always maintained that a creamy or pink and white pelt is a girl's loveliest attribute, but for about ten years I've been completely out of style. Throw away your dark powder and get a box of one of the creamy new tints. New rouges and lipsticks have a bluish or mauve cast—deadly with a suntan, heavenly with a white skin.

Virginia Bruce, whose epidermis is pink and white and tender, and the redheads like Jeanette MacDonald and Janet Gaynor, who fry to a crisp in the sun, are in high glee over the fashionable new pallor. And, by the way, for extra allure some romantic evening, try one of Virginia's eye make-up tricks. Rub a little cream eyeshadow on your eyelids, exactly in the center, of the same color as your eyes. It sort of gives the effect of the color showing thru when you lower your lids.

And—girls with smallish mouths—try Miss Gaynor's trick for enlarging your lips the least bit. Make up your mouth in its exact natural shape first with a very light lipstick, then go over it and enlarge it a little bit at the bow of the upper lip and the curve of the lower lip with a deeper shade. If, like Jeanette MacDonald, you have trouble in keeping lipstick on (and how men do hate to see a gal re-apply it in public!), try making up your mouth first with a very light, very indelible stick, then put on another coat of whatever shade is your pet at the moment, and blot the whole paint job lightly with tissue.

There are two sorts of facial allure. The first, the allure of a nice skin, sparkling eyes, red lips, all enhanced with clever make-up and framed in shining hair. Most girls do pretty well in developing this sort of sex appeal. But a more potent appeal lies in the face which has interesting planes and highlights. And everywhere I see faces which completely neglect these possibilities—in fact, the make-up on these faces does everything possible to hide the beauty which lies in the bone structure.

Study your face in a good strong light. See if you have some interesting planes and hollows in that pan of yours. A slight hollow below the cheekbones is chockful of allure. Large and beautifully shaped eye sockets can do things for your eyes, which may not, in themselves, be remarkable for color or size. Then study the portraits in this magazine, see if you find one of the Hollywood belles with a facial structure similar in any way to your own, and try to copy her make-up tricks. Highlight interesting points in your face, not with a crude dab of rouge, but with a subtle blending of a darker or lighter shade of powder. Perhaps the merest touch of cream or oil will do the trick, leaving other make-up off that particular spot. Some girls use soap for this stunt, since it leaves an interesting shine and doesn't smear.

If your eye sockets are large and nicely shaped, work on your eyebrows to play up this interesting facial point. Don't send them on a detour from their natural shape, but rather darken them or thicken them or lengthen them with all the skill you have. If your brows are too heavy and therefore blur this interesting line, do not pluck them too industriously—merely trim out the stray hairs—and otherwise make them be-



Jackie Cooper "plants one" on her forehead, and Bonita Granville likes it in "Young Romance."

have with vaseline, eyelash grower, lanoline or our friend the cake of soap again.

It occurs to me, offhand, that stars like Carole Lombard, the great Garbo, Luise Rainer and Claudette Colbert all have, in addition to their other charming attributes, this allure of interesting facial structure. On the other hand, stars like Barbara Stanwyck, our afore-mentioned friends Jeanette MacD. and Janet G., Eleanor Powell and Ginger Rogers stake their claims to loveliness on the allure of pretty skin, sparkling eyes, and so on. Which type are you?

Well, I started out by telling you not to be in too hot a rush to marry yourself off, and meandered along through every new stunt I could think of which might induce an ardent gent to pop the question, along with a little help from the moon and some soft music. But I also said somewhere along the line that I wished every girl could be as smart as every guy in this romance battle of the sexes. I don't mean I want you to start collecting lovers as some folks collect stamps. However, I think it's only fair that a girl should have the time and peace of mind to develop her good looks, her personality and herself to the utmost, and to do that one needs the excitement and fillip which popularity, plenty of dates and admiration give to life.

Not a word about diet or exercise in all this! How did that happen? Well, next month I'll devote the whole session to some perfectly elegant new figure-improves—I will, so help me!

Uh—oh! Forgot the present. This time, it's six sample shades of an excellent face powder—six delicious shades, ladeez. Namely: a fine natural and light rachel, a rose rachel, a brunette, a suntan and a perfectly spiffy flattering dark shade called hi-brown. Fill in the coupon below and—note this carefully—please send a three-cent stamp to cover cost of mailing. Print name and address plainly to avoid wear and tear on the eyes of our mailing department—they want to keep beautiful, too.

Mary Marshall
Modern Screen
149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free samples of the six shades of powder recommended by you. I am enclosing a 3c stamp for postage.

Name.....

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City.....State.....

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 66*)

Kay's Next

On his first day's work on "The Secrets of an Actress," Kay Francis' new picture, director Bill Keighly received a mysterious funeral wreath and a card saying, "Deepest Sympathy." Fortunately, the wreath proved highly unnecessary, for Miss F., all during the production, was as nice a young lady as any director could hope for. Word is that her new mood is inspired by her forthcoming marriage to Baron Raven Erik Angus Barnekow, the German nobleman who is to be Kay's fifth mate. The Baron, incidentally, prefers to be known as Mister. He's an American citizen, and plans to build an airplane factory here.

■ ■ ■

The fact that Marie Wilson receives more fan mail than any star at her studio so impressed a friend of hers that she sent the item to Ripley. Her letter was returned, with a note from Ripley: "I don't believe it."

Wise Connie

When Connie Bennett started her "Constance Bennett Cosmetics" people around town wondered whether she was smart to sink a lot of money in a business she knew nothing about. But Connie turned out to be smarter than those who were doing the worrying. For she invested nothing but her name. The dough comes from the Countess di Frasso.

There's a tiny desert island built on one of Universal's sound stages for use in "Sinners in Paradise," a story of six people who are stranded on the island after a plane crash. Said one of the principals, John Boles, when he first saw it: "It doesn't look much like Paradise to me. And there isn't even enough room to sin."

Bologna

Funny, and sometimes just slightly tragic, how a few good rôles can go to an actor's alleged head. A case in particular is that of a guy who was just another handsome leading man up to a year or so ago. Then a series of swell rôles and a lot of good publicity boosted him to the top. The other day a writer tried to arrange an interview appointment with him. "I don't need interviews," said the guy. "All I need is to continue my good work on the screen." You can buy the same sort of stuff at the corner meat market. Just ask the man for bologna.

■ ■ ■

Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, who wanted privacy, invested puh-lenty in a brand new home in Coldwater Canyon. It's a showplace, and very lovely—a big, rambling house and a large area in back equipped with swimming pool, tennis court and playhouse. The only hitch is that the pool can be seen from any of three highways above the canyon, and tourists have already begun parking along the road waiting for Myrna to indulge in a bit of privacy.

Lucky Lady

Perhaps you've read something about the thirteen-year-old girl being sponsored by Bette Davis and her husband, Harmon Nelson. The young lady is Pamela Bascom, an orphan from Pomona, California. Nelson, who is an agent, heard her sing, and he and Bette are so convinced she has a fine future that they've taken her into their home, where they're giving her all possible advantages in the hope that one day she'll be a screen star. Briefly, little Miss Bascom is a very lucky young lady.

■ ■ ■

Some of the boys at Paramount are still chuckling—well, they were when this was written, anyway—over Franciska Gaal. Franciska, who starred in "The Buccaneer," signed her contract with her real name—Fanny Zilverstitch.

Why, Arthur!

Here's a California flood item which Arthur Treacher swears is true. We won't vouch for it, but here it is: A friend of Treacher's, who owned a small ranch, was worried because his crops didn't have enough moisture, so he prayed for the Lord to send down a little rain. Next day the deluge started, and when the friend saw part of his barn float away, he looked heavenward and said solemnly, "Now God, don't be silly!"

(*Continued on page 111*)

Lucky the Bride

WHO KNOWS THIS CHARM SECRET

Lovely women are like flowers — and flower perfumes are the very essence of feminine appeal. The girl who wins her man — and keeps him! — knows the lure of these odeurs. Park & Tilford presents "Lilac," the breath of fragrant spring; and "Cherish," a new floral odeur as spicy as a coquette's glance. Let blossom-time surround you — always!





Delightful, delicate, lingering — sweet "Lilac" and spicy "Cherish" are now at all ten-cent stores in smart tuckaway sizes 10c



Lilac AND *Cherish* PERFUMES

PARK & TILFORD

FINE PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY



THERE'S MAGIC *in your eyes!*

● Bring out the enchantment of your eyes—reveal their depth and brilliance with a frame of sweeping lashes! KURLASH works this magic in 30 seconds, curls lashes so they look long, dark and alluring. No heat, cosmetics or practice needed—$1 at any good store.

Learn—absolutely *free*—what shades of eye make-up are becoming to *you*—learn how to apply them skilfully! Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Kurlash beauty consultant, Dept. E-6; she will send you a personal color-chart and complete instructions in eye make-up!

THE KURLASH COMPANY, Inc.
Rochester, N.Y. Canada, Toronto 3

Kurlash

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SLAVES TO HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 41)

I was scared to talk for fear of saying the wrong thing. Of course, if there was dancing I was all right. Nobody could make me feel shy on the dance floor. But the moment the music stopped, the fun went out of everything.

There was one night I especially remember. The occasion was a huge, elaborate banquet given by an executive of my studio. I was invited because I'd just made my first real hit in a featured role.

I had an exquisite dress designed for the occasion. Oh, I *looked* like a princess going to the ball. I thought, maybe this time I can act like one, too.

You know that grand feeling a girl gets when she walks into a room and everyone turns to look at her. That's what happened to me that night, and for a moment I felt exactly as I'd felt going to parties back home, knowing every minute of the evening would be fun.

And then the banquet started. I was seated between a distinguished foreign director and a famous musician. Across the horse-shoe table was the star whose film I had stolen. She said to the musician with deadly sweetness, "Oh, Maestro, Miss Chalmers is passionate about symphony music. Do have her tell you about it." She had, you see, followed my publicity build-up, and being Hollywood herself, knew exactly what there was to it.

But the Maestro didn't. His eyes lighted up with interest. "Indeed? Have you been following the Toscanini broadcasts? What did you think of his interpretation of Sibelius' first symphony last week?" I don't remember what I answered. He tried a few more conversational openings, then gave up. The woman across the table went on smiling. I fared no better with the director on my left.

A clock struck somewhere in the huge hall, and I swear I looked at my dress expecting to see it turn to cheesecloth. And then I thought, it isn't midnight yet. Long before midnight I left that party.

There's no use telling you about more parties, because they were all pretty much alike. I suppose if my box-office success hadn't been so rapid, I'd have managed to find a set of youngsters who could have become my friends. But success did come, and it was a hard taskmaster until that day I met Joe.

It was open mutiny for me to make a date with him. Joe himself was the first to point that out. "I can't take you to the places where you're used to going. And even if I did, you wouldn't thank me for it. You know and I know what Hollywood is like. You're a headliner. I'm not. That's the answer. We just don't mix."

I said, "I won't let it be like that! I want to see you!" That was at the end of that crazy, harrowing day of rehearsal. "Please let's see each other tonight!" Then, as suddenly I realized I was actually begging a boy for a date. "See how you make me act! You wouldn't be ungallant and turn me down now!"

He grinned. "Gee, you *are* a crazy kid!" He came for me that evening and we went out. His car was a rattle-trap. He turned it in the direction opposite all the night-spots and correct places, and drove fast.

Instinctively, I'd known I mustn't dress for this date. I wore slacks and a sweater. Joe said, "Gee, you're sweet, with no trimmings." I smiled up at him, my throat too tight to speak.

We drove towards the ocean, and high up on a cliff Joe parked. The warm, fragrant California night was magic about us. There was a moon, and I think in our hearts there was moon-madness.

I said, "Let's forget, just for tonight, we're Hollywood. Let's pretend I'm still back home, and I've just met you at a dance, and . . ."

"And we've fallen in love," Joe whispered. Only we couldn't pretend. We knew it had happened to us. And it was terribly important.

I whispered, "You make me feel real again. I'm so happy." And then I was crying. He let me cry a long time against the rough tweed of his shoulder. Then he let me talk. About myself, about my family, about the travesty of success I had achieved.

Joe said, "You poor little sacrificial lamb." Then his arms were around me. "I thought we were supposed to be happy tonight! Let's forget trouble. Let's laugh. Let's be crazy."

THAT was the first of a dozen wonderful evenings. We went to the kind of places I hadn't been near since leaving home. Midnight snacks at hot-dog wagons. Lunch, on Sunday, on a tray in the car, somewhere on the highway at places where a second cameraman would take his girl and where no one recognized me simply because it was so absurd for a movie queen to be there.

Oh, we had such fun! Then one night Joe was oddly silent. He didn't say, when he left me, "I'll see you tomorrow at the same time." He just kissed me with a queer intensity that frightened me. And next evening he didn't show up.

I spent frantic hours waiting. At last I called his house, and his landlady said that Mr. Turner was in his laboratory. He had given orders not to be disturbed.

I couldn't believe it. I knew, of course, that before our meeting Joe had spent all his free time experimenting with color photography, that he meant to get somewhere in his own profession. But to think



Margaret Sullavan has adopted this Great Dane pup—feet and all. Don't you love him?

that would make him forget about me. Why, it didn't make sense.

But when I saw him on the lot next morning, it did make sense. There was no smile for me in his face. Only formal politeness. "Joe," I tried to speak lightly, "are you in the habit of standing up dates? I waited last night."

"We didn't have a date. Besides, I was busy. Didn't my landlady tell you?" He said this without looking at me, but the line of his jaw was set. "There's some stuff I had to get done."

Something was terribly wrong, but I couldn't guess what. "I'm not trying to scold you, darling," I said gently. "We'll make up for lost time tonight."

"I'm not coming tonight, either." It was like a stranger speaking.

So that night I went to the Trocadero with Tom Lane, wearing slinky black satin and half a dozen orchids. And we danced beautifully together for the benefit of newsmongers, smiling up into each other's eyes.

The next night I went to a select gambling palace with Hugh Lewis, Hollywood's most eligible bachelor. I lost a thousand dollars playing the numbers of Joe's car license.

At the end of a week I swallowed my pride and went to see Joe at his shabby, comfortable home. "What happened to you, to us? Joe, have I done anything to make you angry? I'm so miserable."

At first he wouldn't talk. Then, slowly, he admitted the trouble. My manager had got wind of our friendship, and had come to him in a rage. Shouted that I was cutting my own throat, and that Joe was helping me do it.

"He told me," Joe said, his eyes dark with pain, "that if I was any kind of friend to you I'd fade out of the picture. That he and the studio had slaved to build you up, and now you . . ." He was silent, then went on, "Heaven knows I'm—your friend. I—darling, he told me you broke dates with people to go out with me. I can't let you do things like that. Don't you see? I can't let you deliberately scotch your own chances."

I cried, "I don't give a hoot in heaven about my chances! Joe, you and I love each other, you know we do! We can't let my career and Hollywood stand in our way! Joe, I don't want to be famous if I can't have happiness, and you."

IF Joe is stubborn, so am I. I fought for my future. I said I'd behave any way I wanted to behave, and if the studio didn't like it, they could break my contract. I said I'd learn to cook and we could live on an assistant cameraman's salary. I said all the things any girl in love would say.

In the end, Joe gave in. He drove me home and it was like our first date all over again. Joe kissed me, holding me as if he'd never let me go. "Goodnight, beloved." For the first time in ages, that night I slept deeply.

But you can't live your life exactly the way you plan it. You can't cheat fate. The next day, something happened that changed the whole course of our lives. A telegram came for me from home. My father had died suddenly of heart failure.

I couldn't leave the lot and go home to be with mother. I couldn't even give way to my own grief, because "Rhythm in Your Blood" was in its final, feverish stages and it costs thousands of dollars to stop production, even for a day.

So my feet had to go on dancing and there was a smile glued rigidly on my face all during working hours. Afterwards, I talked to mother and my sister on the long distance phone. I heard myself saying, "We'll pull through, somehow. I'll—take care of you."

And then all at once the meaning of what I said hit me, hard. With father gone, the family was my responsibility. And so I wasn't free to snap my fingers at Hollywood after all.

I talked it over with Joe, weeks later, when I had the courage to do it without going all to pieces. "We've got to figure out some way, dearest. I've got to play ball and go on being a career girl. But gosh, there must be something we can do, some compromise."

Joe said, smiling his wry smile, "The grand duchess and the butler, on the butler's night off?"

I wouldn't let him be bitter. I said, "No. Cinderella sneaking out of the palace to be herself."

We tried it. For a month, grimly, I stuck to the social calendar of my manager's making six days a week, and played hooky with Joe on the seventh. And it was like a travesty of our former, joyous dates. We were self-conscious. We were tense and nervous, and little things loomed suddenly like huge obstacles to happiness. If you've ever tried to be casual about life-and-death matters, you will know what I mean.

What precipitated the explosion was my manager's decision that I must give a party. A Hollywood party. Caviar by the ton and champagne by the barrel. Hundreds of orchids to decorate the tables. Two swing bands.

He handed me the list of prospective guests and it read like a Who's Who in the Movies. Then he said with belated courtesy, "And, of course, anyone else you may care to invite."

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I don't think he expected a single suggestion from me. I said, very angrily and very quietly, "I'm going to ask only one personal friend. Joe Turner."

To Joe I said, "Please, darling, please come. It means such a lot to me! I'm sick of running off with you, of sneaking as if we were doing something wrong to be together! I'm not that kind of person!"

"I know," he said, "I feel the same way."

Afterwards, we were both to wish he had turned the invitation down. Because that was the most ghastly evening I've ever spent. For hours, in my own house, at my own party, Joe and I were thoroughly and mercilessly snubbed.

When it was over Joe faced me. "This can't go on, Linda," he said. "It's suicide for you. And it's no fun for me. We might as well face reality. There's no future for us. We'll just have to—forget one another."

I was crying. "Joe," I said, "we've been all over this. Joe, you and I can't forget."

"And can we go on like this, do you think?" His hands were on my shoulders now, he was looking into my face. "Be honest, Linda. Would you like me to make a habit of taking what I had to take tonight? Would you have much respect for me if I did?"

I hadn't thought of it that way. He went on. "And what of you? Tonight didn't do you any good. Now that you can't just snap your fingers at your career."

I cried, "Let's get married, then! They'll have to accept you. After a while people will find out what a grand person you are."

He laughed, and it was the most tragic sound I ever heard. "You innocent baby! Do you really still think that, after the way you've been treated? Why darling, no one will bother to find out a thing about me until I make them, not until I make a name for myself, with color photography, or with some other trick. In this town, people only stop to look at you if you're ten times as big as life."

AFTER a while he went on, "And suppose I did marry you now. Do you know what would happen? You'd have to go right on with your schedule of a public-personal life. You'd go out with other men six nights a week. You'd pay the house bills out of your star's salary.

"And in the end I'd become Mr. Linda Chalmers. If I ever got anywhere, people would say, 'Oh, yes, he's so-and-so's husband. I suppose she did everything to pull the strings for him. No thanks, Linda. I've seen too many Hollywood marriages on precisely that pattern. Seen every one of them go on the rocks."

And against all that cold barrage of reason I had only one argument left. "But I love you. I love you, Joe." It was stronger than all the others, after all. Hours later, when Joe drove away, I had his promise that he wouldn't try to do anything crazy, that we would let things ride and hope for a way out.

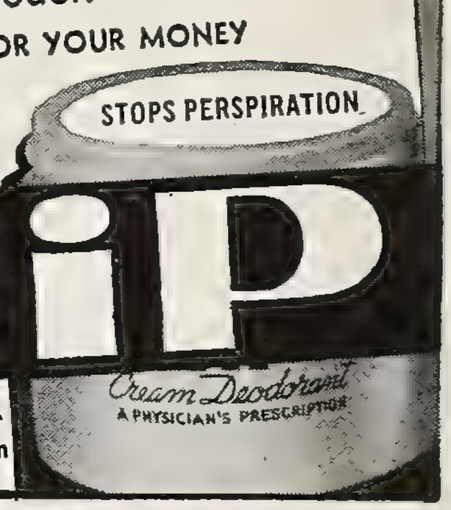
And this is where we are now. Joe and I are engaged, secretly. I still see him once a week, secretly. I no longer try to fight, to buck opinion, to force Joe on people, or even to be seen with him publicly as I tried for a while. We live on crumbs of fun and happiness, and wait. We're both so young. Maybe something will happen that will make everything right.

Five years, we've given ourselves. But five years is an eternity of waiting. Will he still love me then? Will his love survive the snubs, the barbs that still occasionally appear in gossip columns, the whole nerve-racking mess? Or will he turn to some less famous girl? Every day, every hour, I live with that fear. And there is no answer. Only time can tell.

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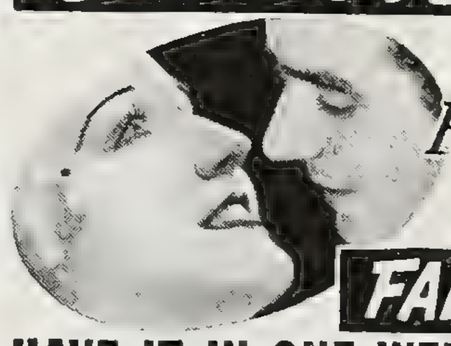
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FOREIGN FLAVOR

(*Continued from page 45*)

late of the French theatre and films. Mme. Darrieux was induced to come to our shores for $125,000 per picture.

Arriving with her director-husband, Danielle immediately requested a house, a car and a contract for hubby. All of which she got! However, unlike Dietrich, she can really act, which even makes demanding permissible. Not only is Danielle a sensation in France, but the New York Critics' Award for the best picture of 1937 went to her "Mayerling."

Paramount's Franciska Gaal is a gal who believes in plenty of action and not much talk. She quietly slipped into Hollywood from her native Budapest and went to work on "The Buccaneer." Since its premiere, she has been taken into the hearts of millions of fans.

Franciska is a veteran of the theatre, having been a child actress of note abroad. The youngest of thirteen, she naturally felt left out of family conferences, so decided to be very important so that everyone would have to notice her. However, no one thought her histrionics worthy of even a dramatic class. In fact, the most she managed was to be allowed to sit in at rehearsals. However, the gods were with her, for at the last rehearsal, the child actress in the play was stricken ill. After much arguing, little Gaal was given the part. The result was stranger than fiction and she rocketed to fame.

However, making the movie grade was a horse of a different color. Franciska says:

"When we see the first day's picture shots, I am sick. From the looks of the director, he is also sick. So, I go home and spend all the nights figuring how to do this camera acting. Next morning, after I work for long time, I am sure they are good. For they say, 'Babee, you are okay.' Now I like it better than stage acting."

ANNABELLA, who won her spurs in "Wings of the Morning," is now seriously taking up the business of American films. Already famous in England, as in her native France, she plans to scale the heights here or know the reason why.

As a little girl, Annabella's burning ambition was to become as famous as the stars whose photographs adorned her walls.

Arriving in this country with little ballyhoo, Annabella went directly to the coast. Traveling with her was her husband, Jean Murat, who keeps well in the background. To date, he has asked nothing of Hollywood except fair treatment for his wife.

Although no hair styles nor cold creams have been named for Annabella, we predict a great future for her here. Fortunate enough to be co-starred with William Powell in her first picture, we can only wish her the same luck Luise Rainer had under the same circumstances.

All of which brings me back to the main issue at hand—the importance of foreign flavor. What would we do if Alan Mowbray, Arthur Treacher or Eric Blore were suddenly to say, "We're going home." There would certainly be many a disappointed movie-goer in the land. These popular players often receive as much money for two or three days' work as the star they support gets in a whole week.

There's no denying that our foreign actors add that certain important something to a picture program. They do things to our entertainment appetite—and mighty nice things, too!



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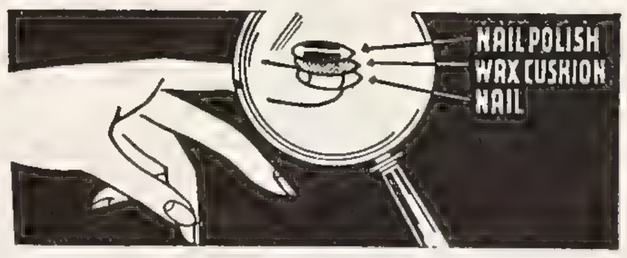
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One of filmdom's most famous stars makes this startling statement in the July Modern Screen

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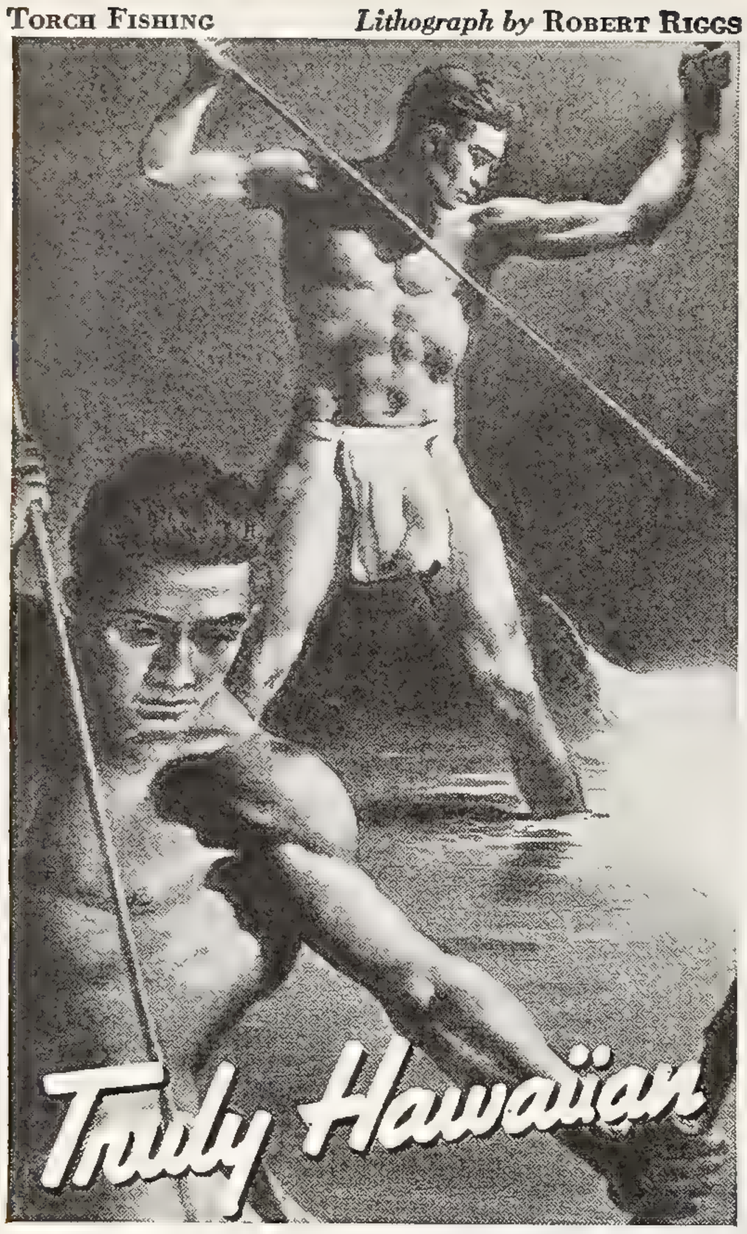
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BAD MAN OF BURBANK

(Continued from page 42)

actors who are 'so thoughtful.' I'm not. Ask my best girl," (Mayo Methot is the 'best girl', soon to be the third Mrs. Humphrey Bogart) "she'll tell you. She told me, plenty. Because I forgot to send her a valentine on last Valentine's Day. Never thought of it, that's all. No one ever sent me a valentine.

"I was brought up very unsentimentally but very straightforwardly," continued Mr. Bogart who, in person, looks ten years younger than he looks on the screen. "A kiss, in our family, was an event. Our mother and father didn't glug over us, my two sisters and me. They had too many other things to do, and so did we. My mother, Maude Humphrey, an artist of repute, always had swell jobs, was always interested and busy. My father was a doctor, pretty much of a he-man. Christmas, which happens to be my birthday, was not exactly overlooked, but there was no to-do about it. Everyone was busy with matters of more interest and importance.

"I respect my mother more than I respect anyone in the world. But ours is not the kind of affection that spills over or makes pretty pictures. If I sent my mother one of those Mother's Day telegrams or said it with flowers, she would return the wire and flowers to me, collect.

"I was born in New York City and thereafter went to various schools, eventually to Andover. My career there was abruptly terminated by the headmaster who caught me and some other students ducking a junior professor whom we did not revere. I can't show reverence where I feel none. I joined the Navy, served through the war, got out from under as fast as I could. The adventure was too strenuous for me, as adventure usually is. I have no desire to be a Don Quixote, Don Juan, crusader, explorer or anything that requires any effort. I'm lazy, and when people ask me what I would do if I didn't act, I say, 'nothing,' and mean it.

"After the War I got a job on Wall Street and was so bored my ears flattened out. Too lazy to rescue myself by looking for work elsewhere, I was rescued by William A. Brady (father of Alice) who took an interest in me and gave me a job backstage in one of his theatres. I became an assistant stage manager, I don't know how, and then slipped into the greasepaint and that was that.

BUT to continue the shearing-of-sentiment process—actors are always publicized as having a 'beautiful courtesy.' I haven't. I'm the most impolite person in the world. It's thoughtlessness again. If I start to be polite you can hear it for forty miles. I never think to light a lady's cigarette. Sometimes I rise when a lady leaves the room, more often not. Now and then I find myself rising when a man leaves the room. If I open a door for a lady, my arm always gets in the way so that she either has to duck under or get hit in the nose. It's an effort for me to do things people believe should 'be done.' I don't see why I should conform to Mrs. Emily Post, not because I'm an actor and believe that being an actor gives me special dispensations to be 'different,' but because I'm a human being with a pattern of my own and the right to work out my pattern in my own way.

"If I feel like going to the Troc wearing this coat (a brown and tan checked garment, with 'gussets' of suede at the elbows, not very new) and a pair of moccasins, that is the way I go to the Troc,



X-Ray of baby foot in new inexpensive Wee Walker shoe contrasted with foot in a still good, but outgrown shoe.

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Rosemary Lane's nifty ballet work isn't the least reason why you'll enjoy "Gold Diggers in Paris."

if at all. If I go to the Troc and want to make a jack-ass of myself in front of every producer in town, that's my business.

"But what I really can't understand," Mr. Bogart said, seriously now, "is why actors can't have human frailties like other people; why they can't make the same mistakes, guess wrong now and then; why they must be presented to the world as of a uniform and unassailable virtue. You take a composite cut-out of everything you read about actors and actresses and you'll get one female star, one male star, one villain. The hundreds of actors and actresses, with their highly individual faults and failings and sins and repentances, are melted together into three lay figures.

"The actor is a 'popular guy' is another well-worn slogan. Well, I'm not popular in the hail-fellow-well-met sense in which the phrase is meant. I'm not like Frank McHugh who has to shake his pals off his coat lapels. I have a few good close friends, that's all. Everybody doesn't like me. And I don't like everybody.

"The actor is always a 'man's man.' It's doubtful whether I'd qualify or not. I don't hunt big game or mice, because I don't like to kill things. The 'Killer' throwing away his B.B. gun rather lets you down, huh? Still, there'd be no fun in human nature without a few inconsistencies. I don't fish because I fished for ten years and never caught anything. So that lets me out of the 'man's man' class, no doubt. I've never read about a man's man who didn't hunt or wasn't a 'compleat angler.' I'm not a big, hearty eater, either, downing two dozen oysters and a haunch of venison as a lesser man would eat a tray of canapes.

"I hate to handle money. I like to talk when I have stimulating people around me, but not for the sake of hearing my own jaws break. I'm a Liberal-Democrat, and think Roosevelt's a grand guy.

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When emotions are stirred *you perspire!*

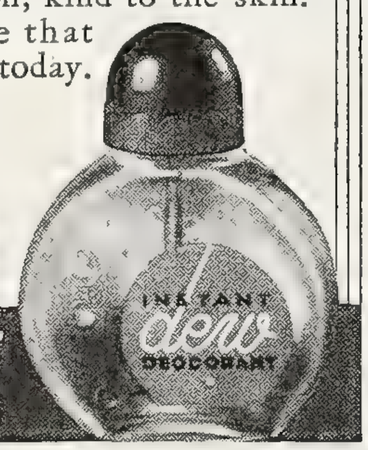
Work and play, and summer weather aren't the only things that make you perspire. When you cry or get angry or excited, especially in those intimate moments that mean so much, perspiration becomes more active.

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Ask for HENCO Tweezers and Nail Files (10c) . . . Manicure Scissors (20c) . . . at drug and 5 & 10c stores.

I have a pet aversion, though. This kind of types me—all the Best Actors have their 'pet aversions.' Mine is book jackets. I always rip em off and get down to the raw when I read. I read in bed and smoke before rising. I like to smoke a pipe but they're too much trouble so I go for cigarettes. I like rough, tweedy clothes, and would go in for nudism if I could get away with it. I couldn't. The composite cut-out certainly doesn't include any such thing as a nudist. I seldom go to the movies because to go to the movies means that I have to go—and to go anywhere entails too much expenditure of energy.

"An actor is always, at one time or another, shown 'in his garden', with a knowing-about-flowers-look in his eye. Flowers? I don't know a damn thing about them. Call a rose by any other name and you couldn't prove it by me.

"I will not say that 'money is not important,' appealing to the higher ideals though such a story always is. Money is darned important to me. I have a lot of things to do with it, a lot of people to make comfortable and secure. I want to be comfortable myself, not in any superfashion. I don't need a yacht, a swimming pool, a private projection room, a de luxe car. I only want the things I need for my comfort, a pleasant home (I just bought Hugh Herbert's house in the Valley, and that's where Mayo and I will live when we're married), a good car, some kind of a boat to bat around in—because I like water and everything in it, on it and with it.

"I'm not a respecter of Tradition, of the kind that makes people kow-tow to some young pipsqueak because he is the descendant of a long line, born to the name of Gouldfellow or something. Not until the young p.s. has done something himself can I respect him. Leaning on a name is the perfect equivalent of leaning on the other fellow all your life.

I TAKE my work seriously—but none of this 'art for art's sake,' if you don't mind. Any 'art' or any job of work that's any good at all sells. If it's worth selling, it's worth buying. I have no sentimentality about such matters. If someone offers me five dollars a year more than I'm getting, I take it. And would kiss an 'old stand' goodbye without a single teardrop.

"I believe in the institution of marriage. The institution of marriage is right. It's human beings who are wrong. There's nothing the matter with marriage, per se. The matter is with the persons who make mock of it—and with it.

"I believe in love. Not 'the one love of a lifetime,' pretty tale as that can always make, too. There couldn't be just one love—among fifty million people it would be pretty hard to find it.

"Love is very warming, heartening, enjoyable, a necessary exercise for the heart and soul and intelligence. If you're not in love, you dry up. I'm in love now. After all, the best proof a man can give of his belief in love and marriage is—to marry more than once. If you're not married or in love you're on the loose and that's not comfortable. Love is comforting, too. It is the one emotion which can relieve, as much as is ever possible, the awful essential aloneness of us all.

"So you have me," said Mr. Bogart as, luncheon finished, we walked to his car, started the short drive back to the Warner Bros. Studio at Burbank.

"So you have me," said Mr. Bogart, "heart of stone and all."

Humphrey Bogart has broken the mould!

The Villain does not always have a heart of gold; the Movie Actor, composite of all the virtues, can have a cloven hoof concealed among the flowers. Hallelujah!



Easy to Beautify Skin with

MERCOLIZED *Wax* CREAM

Make your skin young looking. Flake off the stale, surface skin. Reveal the clear, beautiful underskin by using Mercolized Wax Cream regularly. Give your skin the combined benefits of cleansing, clearing, softening, smoothing and beautifying in every application of this single cream. Mercolized Wax Cream brings out the hidden beauty of the skin.

Use Saxolite Astringent Daily

THIS tingling, antiseptic astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

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RET *Clean!*

RET works like magic - soaks teeth pure and clean - no brushing. Get RET today! At all drug and ten cent stores - or send 10c for liberal sample.



RET PRODUCTS CO., Cleveland, Ohio

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LOOK AND FEEL YOUNGER



ALL over America men and women who want to cleanse kidneys of waste matter and irritating acids and poisons and lead a longer, healthier, happier life are turning to GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules.

So now you know the way to help bring about more healthy kidney activity and stop getting up often at night. Other symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or smarting passage—puffiness under eyes—nervousness and shifting pains.

This harmless yet effective medicine brings results—you'll feel better in a few days. So why not get a 35¢ box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Haarlem in Holland—Don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.

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Say goodbye to clumsy corn-pads and dangerous razors. A new liquid, NOXACORN, relieves pain fast and dries up the pestiest corns, callus and warts. Contains six ingredients including pure castor oil, iodine, and the substance from which aspirin is made. Absolutely safe. Easy directions in package. 35c bottle saves untold misery. Druggist returns money if it fails to remove corn.

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● At home—quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee





ONE VILLAIN COMIN' UP!

(Continued from page 44)

at some well chosen future occasion.

Cesar Romero's theatrical career was all a happy accident. At one time he worked in an office, even as you and I. He met a girl who liked to dance and, after hours, they'd invent and practice tricky ballroom steps. A friend said he could land them an evening job tripping the light fantastic. Would they take it? Would they! It wasn't long before the popular pair had so many dancing jobs that it took them hours to figure out new routines. So Cesar left the office—never to return.

"The dancing didn't go on forever, though," reminisced Romero. "After a while it was over. But it had a lasting effect. I never wanted to be a clerk again. I made the rounds of theatrical offices and soon became very broke. I was hungry and locked out of my hotel room and had all the other harrowing experiences beginners fall heir to. Then I landed a job on the road. With practically no professional experience, I became the male lead in 'Strictly Dishonorable.' Things began to look up."

It was while playing this semi-villainous role that the proverbial movie talent scout found Romero and drafted him into cinema service. Cesar had been "discovered" as a baddie and, since his sleek looks contributed toward the illusion, a baddie he has remained through dozens of pictures. What's more, he will probably continue in the role until he becomes resigned to it.

Anyway, playing villain has netted him the things he likes—money, California and the friendship of pretty girls—so perhaps, even before he ever becomes a reel hero, he will be a real philosopher.



Smokey kisses Allan Jones good night in his best Hollywood manner.

LIGHT-PROOF
FACE POWDER!

The greatest make-up improvement in years



THIS is what happens when your make-up reflects every ray of light.

SEE the difference with light-proof powder that modifies the light rays.

Luxor powder is *light-proof.* If you use it, your face will not *shine.* Trial box sent postpaid for a dime!

● At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that you can just feel are playing havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glisten in every strong light.

Many women think they have a shiny skin, when the shine is due entirely to their powder!

With a finishing touch of light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have to worry over *shine.*

Seeing is believing

You have doubtless bought expensive boxes of powder on claims and promises, only to find that you wasted the money. You don't run much risk with Luxor, because your first box will cost you only ten cents!

Test it in all lights, day and night—under all conditions. See for yourself the lovely softness and absence of shine when you use light-proof powder. See how it subdues those highlights of cheek-bones and chin, and nose.

MM-6-38

LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago
Send me a trial box of Luxor light-proof powder, postpaid. I enclose 10c (silver dime).

☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Rose Rachel
☐ Rachel No. 2 ☐ Brunette

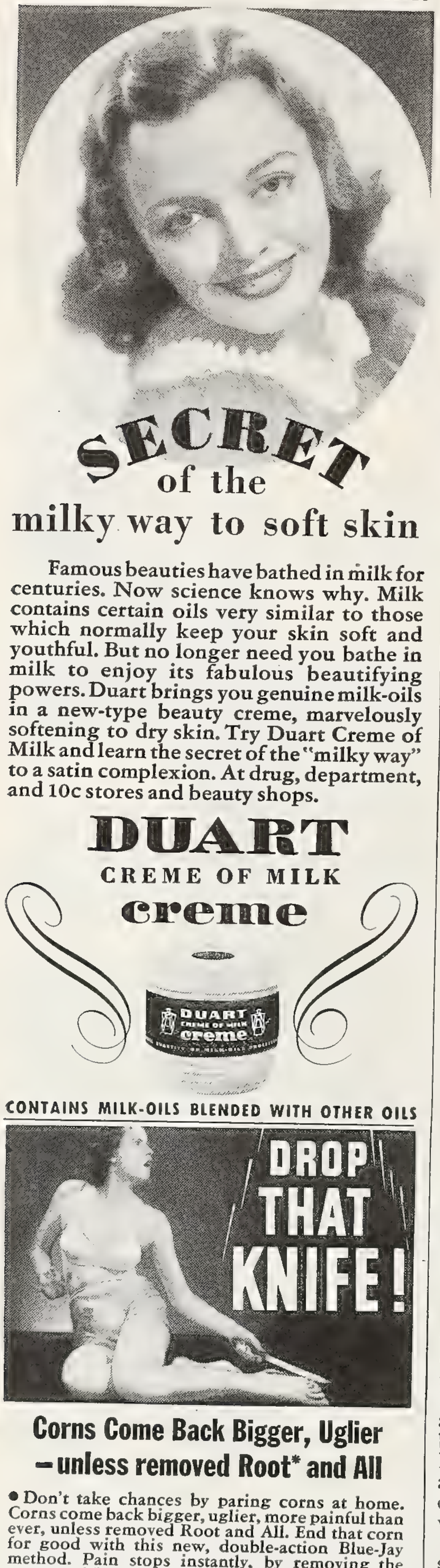
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(This offer not good in Canada)

ANDREA LEEDS in the GOLDWYN FOLLIES



SECRET of the milky way to soft skin

Famous beauties have bathed in milk for centuries. Now science knows why. Milk contains certain oils very similar to those which normally keep your skin soft and youthful. But no longer need you bathe in milk to enjoy its fabulous beautifying powers. Duart brings you genuine milk-oils in a new-type beauty creme, marvelously softening to dry skin. Try Duart Creme of Milk and learn the secret of the "milky way" to a satin complexion. At drug, department, and 10c stores and beauty shops.

DUART
CREME OF MILK
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CONTAINS MILK-OILS BLENDED WITH OTHER OILS

Corns Come Back Bigger, Uglier —unless removed Root* and All

● Don't take chances by paring corns at home. Corns come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever, unless removed Root and All. End that corn for good with this new, double-action Blue-Jay method. Pain stops instantly, by removing the pressure. Then the corn lifts out, Root and All in 3 short days. (Exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application.) Blue-Jay is a tiny, modern, scientific corn plaster, held snugly in place by Wet-Pruf adhesive. Try Blue-Jay now. 25¢ for a package of 6. Same price in Canada.

FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn, to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address to Bauer & Black, Division of The Kendall Co., Dept. J-90, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

HAND IT TO HALEY

(*Continued from page 49*)

bachelor who is missing so much, and that while a gay café date makes you feel superficially jolly for a couple of hours, a bank account's a thrill that's more permanent.

It was at the emphatically tender age of five, at a Christmas festival at church, that Jack decided he would be an actor. He hasn't been pulled this way and that by the usual diverse tendencies, as a direct consequence. His parents attempted to overlook his idiosyncrasy and the people in their circle in Boston laughed at his crazy ambition. But Jack noticed that they also chuckled at his droll antics.

Instead of falling for Santa Claus on that holiday before he entered school, Jack had one of those inspired hunches of his. He sensed that he didn't want to be president as his mother suggested, nor a navigator like his father. He didn't even want to be a fireman anymore. A certain lad was leading a group of children through a manual of arms in the pageant. The supposed soldiers tried to obey their chief, but the amateur officer was wearing one of those tall, furred Buckingham Palace hats and it slid over his face so often that the audience rudely howled with delight. Jack wanted to be in that spot. The following Christmas he saw to it that he was one of the singers in a little number entitled "Leapfrog, Jump!"

WHEN he graduated from grammar school he made the class address, and nearly dropped to the platform from nervousness. He kept thinking how well the other entertainers were doing, and the horror of not coming up to snuff gripped him.

After school hours he worked at sundry humble jobs. When he graduated from high school his family wished him to be a competent electrician, so he got on the payroll at the Charleston Navy Yard.

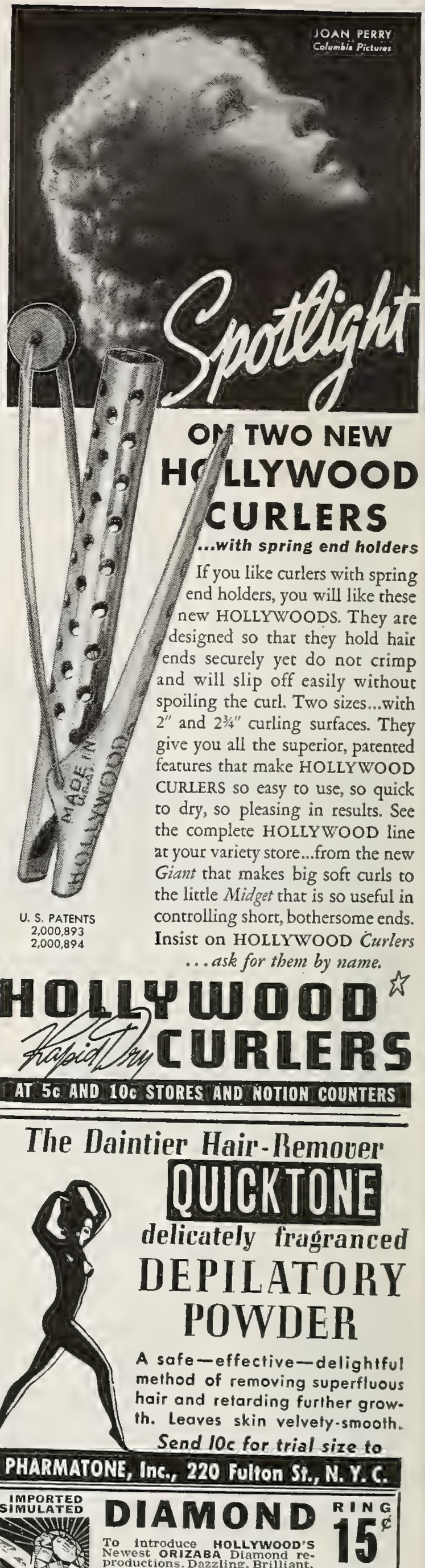
"That was when I nearly made my running start on the wrong track," he confesses now. "I turned over most of what I earned to mother, but with what was left I stepped out. It never occurred to me to save money until one day a kid who was working with me showed up in an automobile. To my astonishment I found he'd bought it by putting aside something each Saturday.

"After that I hoarded what I could to run away and get on the stage. There was no entrée there in Boston. One weekend, when I had forty dollars altogether, I told mother that I'd been transferred to the Philadelphia Navy Yard and that it was a chance for advancement. Really, I had been writing to a pal of mine there and I figured that if I got to Philadelphia I'd be able to dash up to New York for weekends and get acquainted with some actors who'd give me a break.

"When I arrived in Philadelphia I felt guilty, so I mailed mom ten dollars. She sent back twenty. So you can guess what kind she is!

"My pal couldn't get me on at the navy yard. But after a week or so of looking around, I landed a job as a song-plugger for one of the music houses. I sang in movie theatres and I was almost an actor.

"One day when I was at the music store a genuine actor walked in to inquire whether anyone knew of an idle comedian who'd join his vaudeville act. I'd had to wait three months for that opportunity, so I immediately went into my well-rehearsed sales chatter."



ON TWO NEW HOLLYWOOD CURLERS

...with spring end holders

If you like curlers with spring end holders, you will like these new HOLLYWOODS. They are designed so that they hold hair ends securely yet do not crimp and will slip off easily without spoiling the curl. Two sizes...with 2" and 2¾" curling surfaces. They give you all the superior, patented features that make HOLLYWOOD CURLERS so easy to use, so quick to dry, so pleasing in results. See the complete HOLLYWOOD line at your variety store...from the new *Giant* that makes big soft curls to the little *Midget* that is so useful in controlling short, bothersome ends. Insist on HOLLYWOOD *Curlers* ...*ask for them by name.*

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DEPILATORY POWDER

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Send 10c for trial size to

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DIAMOND RING 15¢

To introduce HOLLYWOOD'S Newest ORIZABA Diamond reproductions. Dazzling, Brilliant, Full of Blazing Fire (worn by Movie Stars) we will send ½ Kt. simulated Brazilian DIAMOND MOUNTED IN SOLID GOLD effect ring as illustrated (looks like $150. gem) for 15c sent postpaid. Money back if not delighted. AGENTS WANTED.

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From face or body without harm to skin, by following easy directions. Our electrolysis device is used by physicians and is guaranteed to kill hair forever or money refunded. Your electric current not used. Only $1.95 complete. Prepaid or C.O.D. plus postage.



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Not a fly-a-way hair in sight . . . yet she shampooed that hair only a few hours ago.

● Does your present shampoo leave your hair bodiless? Make you think you've got a dried-out mop? Then try the new oil shampoo used by beauty specialists. It's an oil shampoo that FOAMS! Water can be hot, cold, hard or soft. Wonderful for dry, coarse or heavy hair. Oily hair benefits too. Science says you should combat excessive oiliness with oil. For lustrous, clean hair that stays set, ask for Admiracion FOAMY Oil Shampoo. Three 3¢ stamps bring a sample. Admiracion, Harrison, N. J.

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MEN—WOMEN. Common education usually sufficient. 42,766 appointments 1937 Gov't year. Short hours. Write today sure for free 32-page book, with list of positions and full particulars telling how to qualify for them.
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
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Happy Relief From Painful Backache
Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Jack got the vacancy, and for six months he played the small-time circuit. He became familiar with split weeks, with cold trains and all the unglamorous drudgery of that branch of the theatrical game. But he couldn't be dismayed. He saved enough to tour the New York booking offices and land with Winnie Lightner on the Keith Circuit. Winnie had some singing and dancing girls for background, and one of them was Florence McFadden, a blue-eyed blonde who was terribly in earnest. Jack didn't pay any special attention to her then.

But a half-year later, which was just one year after he'd begun his career, he formed his own act. Within a few months he was appearing at the Palace Theatre in New York City, the mecca of all vaudeville artists.

"I'd stopped practicing putting on make-up!" he grins, remembering. "When I won that first job I nearly bought out the drugstore and I had to try the grease-paint on in front of all the customers. Then my landlady objected so forcefully to my ruining her towels that I began taking my trimmings easier!"

He admits that he was scared stiff when he went on at the Palace for the first time. "Sophie Tucker and a lot of big folks were on that bill. Once I got into my routine I was all right, but how I suffered each day while I was waiting to go on. It's been worse than dreaming you were caught short on Park Avenue without a stitch on, that fear of not making good which has pursued me."

Jack splurged for the last time then. He bought a car. You really don't need a car in New York City, as he subsequently discovered. But if he hadn't bought that car he might never have found the one girl. He checked over his address book and rode out to the McFadden's. The elder sister wasn't in, but Florence was. So he asked her to go driving with him anyway. After that he discerned a growing yearning for her company.

"I liked Jack," Florence Haley remarks, "because he didn't look like an actor. He didn't talk about himself unless you probed. Then, too, I liked the way he treated his mother and went to church with her. He was self-respecting and serious."

WHENEVER he was in the city from his out-of-town engagements Jack and Florence used to invite half-a-dozen friends over to cook a community dinner. Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa, Jack Benny and Mary Livingston, and George Burns and Gracie Allen were particular pals. That was before radio had skyrocketed them to fame.

He could have made the jump into Broadway musical revues three years sooner if he hadn't been deviled by his peculiar handicap.

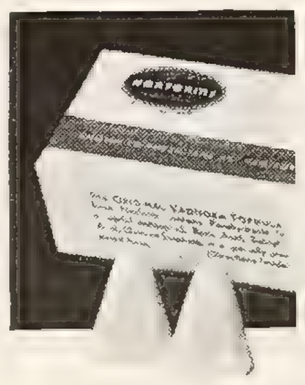
"I was a hit at the Palace and a producer sent for me to come over to his office to discuss a lead. He gave me the script and told me he was quite sure I'd do. Next day, when I was to read it along with several others, I only got as far as the theatre. I just couldn't make myself go in. I never even tried for the part!"

But after his three years of big-time vaudeville he mustered up sufficient confidence to tackle the revue producers again. Two seasons of headlining and he came to another turning-point. He had gradually reorganized his ideas about women. He saw that love wasn't a casual matter at all. He saw romance in its true colors, as a beautiful, essential experience. As a lasting reinforcement he wanted it. He awoke to the fact that Florence was far more than pretty. He appreciated her sterling qualities. They were married between a matinée and evening show.

But because Jack went up so fast, and

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THE MODERN METHOD
Norforms are ready for use. There's nothing to mix, nothing to measure. You don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn." No apparatus is needed to apply Norforms. They are the modern way to feminine hygiene.

NORFORMS have revolutionized feminine hygiene—made it simple, convenient and *easy*. These antiseptic suppositories are very easy to use... much more convenient and satisfactory than the old methods of achieving inner cleanliness. *They leave no embarrassing antiseptic odor around the room or about your person.*

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing a concentrated yet non-irritating antiseptic film that remains in prolonged and effective contact. This antiseptic—*anhydro-para-hydroxy-mercuri-meta-cresol*—called *Parahydrecin* for short—is available in no other product for feminine hygiene. Norforms are positively antiseptic and non-irritating.

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Send for the new Norforms booklet, *"Feminine Hygiene Made Easy."* Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York; Toronto, Canada; *makers of Unguentine.*

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Superset is the superior wave-set lotion that smart women prefer. It moulds the hair in smooth waves and curls; dries in record time; leaves the hair soft and clean. There is no greasy or flaky deposit. Superset waves last longer, too -- your hair is always at its best.

Choose either kind of Superset -- the regular (green) or the new No. 2 (transparent and extra fast-drying). Get the large bottle with the comb-dip neck at all 10-cent stores . . 10c

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IODENT

No. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN — **TOOTH PASTE** *also* **POWDER** — No. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

was a Broadway favorite in his early twenties, don't think that he was able to stop there. An audience doesn't clap at every production, you know, even though those who are in it have the best of intentions. He was so blue over the revue role he was doing when they married that he went back into vaudeville. Florence teamed with him.

After a season they had their introduction to Hollywood. A studio signed them for a two-reel reproduction of their act. After that Jack signed as master of ceremonies in a Los Angeles movie house.

"I had a chance to stay on indefinitely, but I also had one of my inspirations. A Chicago company of 'Good News' was being organized and I was offered the lead."

He did so splendidly in it that a pair of prominent writers wrote "Follow Thru" for him and starred him on Broadway in it. Remember "Button Up Your Overcoat?" That was Jack's song. Two years afterwards he introduced the equally popular tune, "You're an Old Smoothie."

But even when he was imported by Hollywood the following year he never became a smoothie in reality. He is proud of the Haley name. First he and Florence had a daughter, and then a son. The children are the apples of his eye.

A year ago Jack bought a house in Beverly Hills for his family. It's in a fashionable neighborhood and there is a swimming pool in the garden. But he candidly says that he bought it at a great bargain and wouldn't have put in the pool if he hadn't known it would enhance the re-sale value. He is among the well-to-to because he has remained conservative in spite of his increasing salary, because he has carefully, habitually invested a major share of his income. He has the blood of Erin coursing through his veins, but he's a smart Irishman. He wants a roof for his family in the future, as well as now when the spotlight's shining.

He hopes he can go on and on with his acting, and he finds Hollywood an ideal place to live. The Allens, the Bennys, and the Burnses and Benny Rubin remain the Haleys' best friends. "Yet we don't have any more fun than we did when the girls fixed up a spread in someone's tiny apartment, back in our New York vaudeville days!" Pictures aren't as difficult as vaudeville, incidentally. "There one had to absolutely depend upon himself. You either clicked or you didn't. Nobody advised you how to get on, or gave you a retake."

Still, he is remarkably honest when he concludes, "If I had to begin today I doubt if I could get over at all on the screen. I don't see how beginners can secure any training. Comedy after all is developed by audience reaction; fundamentally, it's a matter of timing. If you haven't an audience to practice on, if you can't alter and polish, how can you improve?"

The big shot among forgotten magnetic men—if there is such a tribe—is the success who has finally made good with Hollywood itself. It's a grand and faintly ironic feeling that bubbles over in Jack today. And if he isn't upsetting himself or the one he loves, nevertheless he is excited beneath his calm at this late recognition.

"Imagine!" he exclaims with a modest whistle. His blue eyes are more sky-blue than ever as his cherubic face lights up. He gives an embarrassed shrug, then a puzzled look possesses him. "I never quite understood why nobody ever wanted to interview me before. You know I've really been getting paid very well all along. I guess I shouldn't admit it, but I always wondered—secretly—why no one ever got any assignments to talk to me. And now I'm, well, I'm afraid I won't come up to your expectations!"

Hand your applause to Haley. He deserves it.



YOU simply *can't* wear a *hard-base* powder and escape criticism in this day of beautiful women. A *hard-base* powder is bound to show up chalky in one light—dusky in another . . . because *hard-base* powders are made that way.

Lovely Lady Face Powder is winning new friends by thousands, because it contains BALMITE, an exquisite new SOFT-BASE—blends out to harmonize with all these daily variations in light—never looks chalky or muddy in any light.

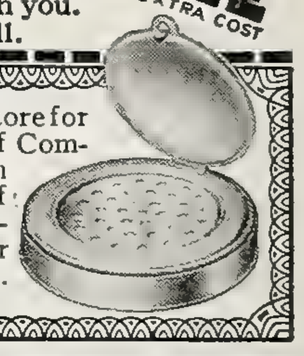
The one powder for important occasions—when you must *know* that you're just gloriously beautiful!

Try it!—today. Choose your favorite shade. See how evenly and smoothly Lovely Lady goes on—how silky-soft it feels to your skin—and really, how much *longer* it banishes troublesome shine. You'll adore it! At any 10c store—take this coupon with you.

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GARBO FINDS LOVE

(*Continued from page 24*)

deprived of. To thoroughly enjoy the complete companionship of the man she loves satisfies her at the moment. Dwelling near him in a flower-decked villa by the sea, with time to revel in his company, is more bliss than she has believed ever could be hers. And yet, she is timid about announcing her new-found happiness to the world. She continues to hide her love behind words like friendship and companionship. Is it because she feels that to confide her feeling would be to lose her chance of its continuance? Perhaps.

And, as we go to press, word comes to us that Garbo and Stokowski have silently stolen away from their retreat in Ravello and have moved on to Taormina, a seaside village in Sicily. Rumor is rife that here, under the shadow of the ever-smoking volcano, Mount Etna, they will be married.

Whether they will or not, only time will tell, but the fact remains that Greta Garbo has found love, which she always feared was not in store for her. And, knowing values as she does, it is our guess that she will keep it, and our wish that she will find continued happiness in the companionship of the man she loves—Leopold Stokowski.

HER STAND-IN MADE HER A STAND-OUT

(*Continued from page 70*)

I finished out my nine-week course. So I went to work as a model.

"I learned a little more about acting. Not much, but a little, and every little bit helped, believe me. Especially when a studio offered me a screen test. I took the test from 8:30 to 12:30, and at 3:30 that afternoon was on the train to 'Looahvul.' Four days later Judi finished her course, and came down to visit me. She was there when word came for me to get started for Hollywood. So mother and I set out. And Judi cried all over the place, she was so happy for me."

In Hollywood, the newly-arrived and ambitious Marjorie felt that she was getting nowhere. She was discouraged, unhappy.

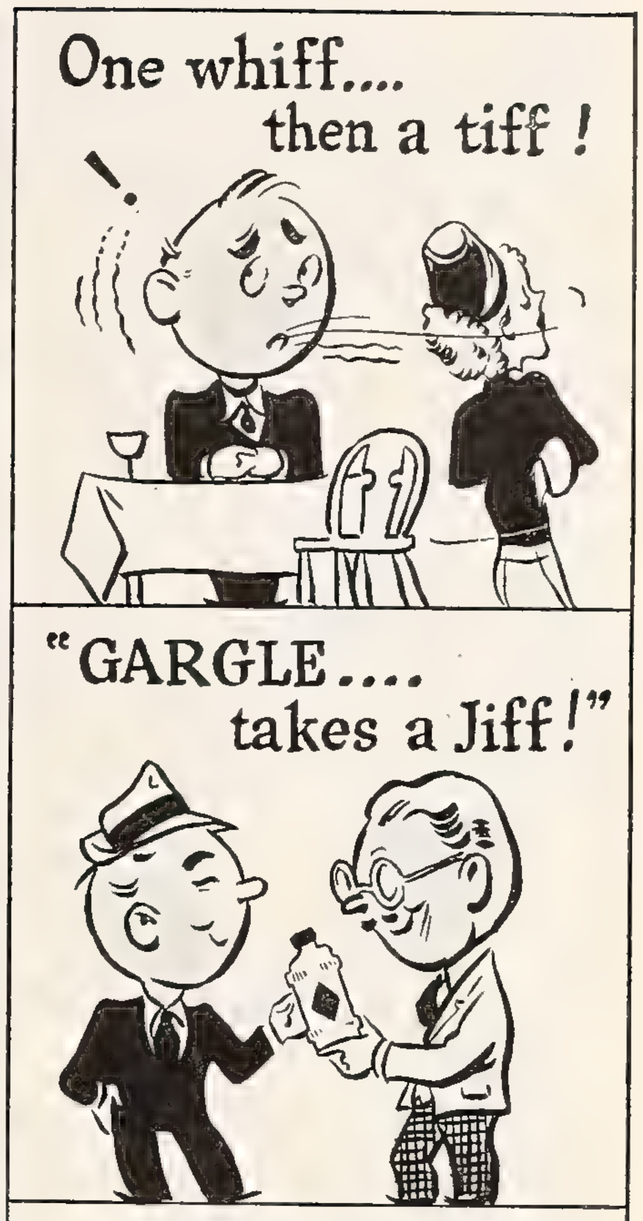
"I kept writing Judi about it. And Judi didn't come right back at me with a bunch of pep talks—which wouldn't have done any good. She wrote: 'I got you into it, and if you don't like it, honey, I'm all for your getting out of it. Come on home and get married and forget Hollywood.'"

"I wasn't disappointed in Marjorie," interrupted Judi. "I was disappointed in Hollywood. I wrote her that, too."

"It helped, too," said Marjorie, "but Mother was the one who made me stick it out. Mothers are that way. 'No, you've got to stay. You've got to show them.' I'd pack my bag and she'd unpack it. When my contract was almost up, and I knew it wasn't going to be renewed, we had quite some scenes. I said I couldn't see spending *her* money to stay in Hollywood, just to hope.

"But, almost immediately, another studio signed me. That was a year ago. I saw I was going to learn things, have a chance. I wired Judi: 'Come on out—we're on our way.'"

She did extra work at first. "I wasn't deserving of a stand-in till 'Second Honeymoon.' They told me about the second day

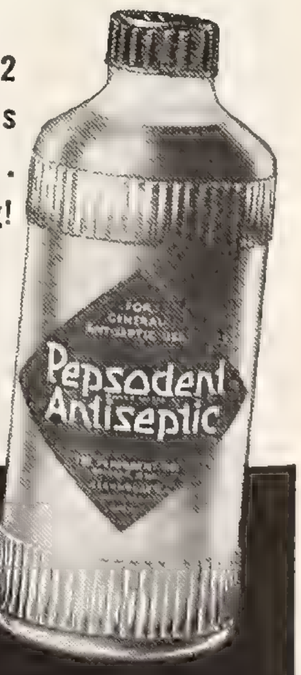


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that I could have one. I spoke up for Judi. They found out that we didn't look very much alike, and kept saying 'No.' Finally, I said, 'Look—she's my best friend. She's got to have the job.' I needed her now, more than ever. I needed her advice and encouragement. I needed her help to make the most of the chance I had.

"She was the one who had the belief that I had talent. I wasn't. I just had the desire to have talent. Judi thought I *could* act, but didn't quite know how. She'd rehearse me for hours on end. She had the patience to do that. She cried at the preview, boohooed like a baby. She said, 'You've done it!'

"I dreaded that preview. I didn't see how I could live through the agony, or how I'd be able to live afterward. I could just hear people saying, 'That terrible girl, so silly, so gapey. She can't act.' I still can't understand why they didn't say all that. I can't see why they said I was 'new and different.' I may be new, but I can't see how I'm any different.

"I don't know what kind of rôles Mr. Zanuck has in mind for me, but I have a hunch. 'Natural' rôles. If he ever called on me to be a dramatic actress, I know I'd be all hands and feet. At least for a couple of years yet. And if they ever wanted me to play a beauty—that would be just as bad. I don't have so much as one dimple."

AFTER "Second Honeymoon," Louisville wanted her to make a personal appearance there. And she was all set to go, when her phone rang. The man calling said he was Gene Markey, the producer.

"The idea of Gene Markey calling me was preposterous. I suspected it was the publicity man on the picture. He was always kidding. I said, 'Not Gene Markey, the big shot?' 'Yes, Gene Markey—the, er, big shot.' He had a rôle for me in 'Sally, Irene and Mary.' I joked right back. Finally, he said, 'If you don't listen to me, young lady, I'll tell Mr. Zunck on you.' Then he gave up.

"The next morning, Mr. Markey's secretary called me and said, 'If you don't come right over, he'll drag you here.' If I ever wanted to sink straight through to China, that was the time. I worried for two days about losing my job.

"And I," said Judi, "helped her worry. I did some of the talking over the telephone that night."

Marjorie fastened those shining brown eyes on me. "Do you want to know what gives me the most marvelous feeling in the world? To be in the picture at the end of ten days. By that time I feel as if they're going to leave me in it. I live in mortal dread of being in a picture only two days and then being yanked. When that happens, it will take more than encouragement to get me to stay in Hollywood. I don't know if I could take it."

Is she afraid that success will do things to her friendship with Judi?

Their instant, whole-hearted smiles were reassuring answers to such a question. Marjorie said, "We live the same as we did in college, except that Mother's with us. We sleep in the same room. We both wear the famous black hat. We're two girl-friends, having a grand time together.

"I'd still be myself if I were in Judi's shoes and she were in mine. If I ever started acting any differently toward her, that would be the first touch of 'going Hollywood.'"

Judi leaned toward me and said, confidentially, "Don't worry about Judi. She'll never be mistreated. Not by Marjorie Weaver.' Judi added, "And with her looks and her talent, and my ambition for her—well, what's going to happen to Garbo and Dietrich?"

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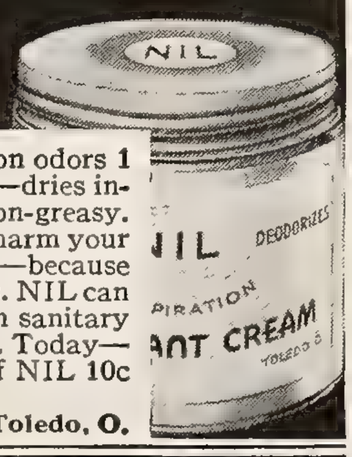
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GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 97*)

Madeleine Carroll put in a strenuous day on the "The Adventuress" set a while back. The scene was a shell-torn Spanish town, and the action called for Henry Fonda to drag Miss C. over a pile of rocks. The thing was shot over and over again, until Madeleine called a halt and took time out to bolster her posterior with a pillow. War is one thing, but a girl's anatomy is certainly another.

Ingenuity Plus

It took a prop man to solve a momentous problem on the set of "White Banners" the other day. The scene they were shooting showed Jackie Cooper, in tweed knickers, leaving the home of Bonita Granville to go skating. Everything was set when the cameraman announced that the tweed trousers would photograph white, which would never do. The director, the assistant director and everyone else sat down to confer, when the prop man produced a spray gun, sprayed the Cooper pants with brown lacquer, and the show went on.

■ ■ ■

Rosalind Russell stopped in at a prominent Hollywood beauty parlor recently and was talked into a "personality" hair-do. After being sculptured to perfection, she was led out to the dryers. Rosalind took a look at the other gals in the room and discovered they all had "personality" treatments. Miss R., after a few censored remarks, ripped heck out of her new personality and walked out of the "jernt."

Technician Loy

Press Agent Item: "Myrna Loy is so interested in 'process' shots that she spent an entire day at the studio, when her own work was finished, watching Clark Gable doing 'process' scenes for 'Test Pilot.'" Miss Loy's interest in the technical end of pictures is Hollywood legend. She often amuses, but never surprises, her co-workers by insisting on building her own sets. Between scenes she can always be found rearranging the heavy arc lights, or "grips," as she calls them.

■ ■ ■

Mae West, who has long been rumored the owner of the Ravenswood Apartments in Hollywood, where she lives, denies everything. Mae says she hasn't an apartment house to her name. As a matter of fact, the Ravenswood is owned by the George Pepperdine Foundation, a philanthropic organization, and Mae's rent helps support a Home for underprivileged girls, a classification in which Mae herself has never been included.

Sam's Fraud

Samuel Goldwyn is beamingly happy over the fact that his highly publicized Norwegian star, Sigrid Gurie, turned out to be a fraud. Sam, who imported her from Norway, spent a year teaching her English, and not until a mysterious husband sued her for divorce did he learn that Miss G. was born and raised in good old Brooklyn, where a number of elementary schools include English on their regular curricula. But it's all good publicity, and Mr. Goldwyn has yet to shudder at a press clipping.



FOOT ITCH
ATHLETE'S FOOT

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According to the Government Health Bulletin No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments, seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

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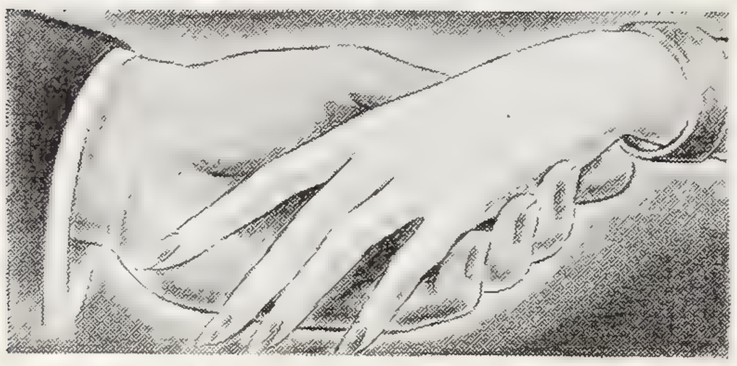
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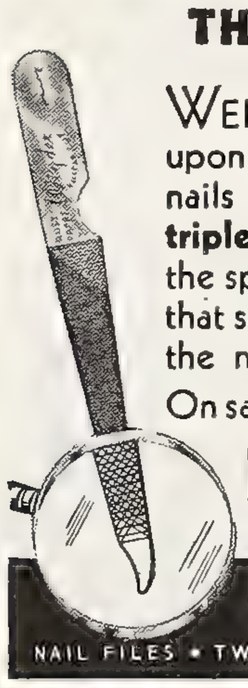
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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 81*)

★★ Sally, Irene and Mary

"Sally, Irene and Mary" is an average screen musical, worth seeing because it is full of gags (some good and some you-know-what), because there are several good musical numbers, and mainly because it has Fred Allen. The persimmon-panned Mr. A. walks away with the show.

Sally, Irene and Mary are the names Mr. Zanuck has given Alice Faye, Joan Davis and Marjorie Weaver, three stage-struck manicurists who have placed themselves under the management of Allen, a shoestring theatrical producer. Their plans for a musical blow up when Alice Faye falls in love with singer Tony Martin, who is the sweetheart of the show's potential backer, Louise Hovick. Later Marjorie Weaver inherits a worn-out river barge, and with the help of Gregory Ratoff and a little tinsel the thing is converted into a showboat—and the show goes on.

Alice Faye and Tony Martin handle the romantic tunes effectively, and Joan Davis and Gregory Ratoff furnish a riotous moment with their parody on a Russian number. Jimmy Durante, as a street cleaner who becomes a producer, furnishes his own robust type of comedy and draws his share of the laughs. Marjorie Weaver, who has little to do, is disappointing. Directed by William Seiter.—(*20th Century-Fox*).

★★ Fools for Scandal

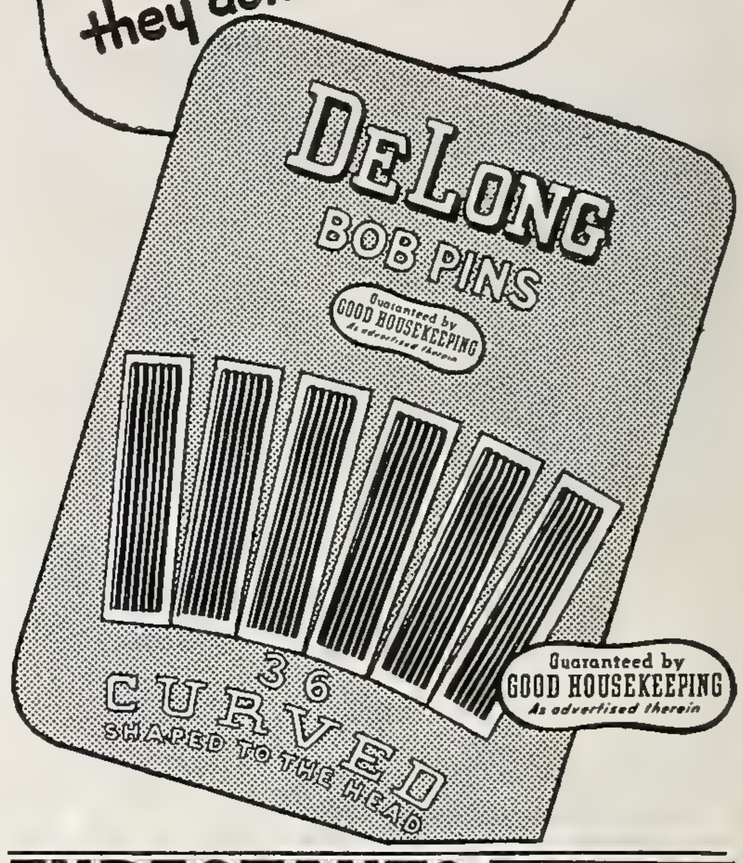
Mark this down as one of the season's major disappointments. With Mervyn LeRoy at the helm and a cast headed by Carole Lombard and Fernand Gravet, the picture should have been a howling success, and audiences have a right to expect just that. What they get is a confused mixture of slapstick and supposedly continental comedy, and the result can hardly be recommended to discriminating patrons—unless an extra special set of dishes goes with it.

The story deals with the romance between an American movie star incognito in Paris and an impoverished marquis who charms her with crepes suzette and a Gallic manner. The personable nobleman joins her household staff as a cook, breaks up her engagement to a stuffy insurance salesman (Ralph Bellamy) and wins her for



Carole Lombard and Fernand Gravet are "Fools for Scandal" but it's all in good fun.

what a blessing they don't show in your hair



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Consult your doctor regularly before and after baby comes. Ask him about easily cleaned Hygeia Nipples and Bottles. New patented ridge prevents nipple collapse. Tab keeps nipple germ-free. Don't take chances. Insist on Hygeia, the *safe* nursing bottle and nipple.



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Here is how to help keep skin-irritating poisons from your blood

Don't let repulsive-looking hickies rob you of charm . . . ruin your chances for friendship and affection . . . spoil your good times. Find out what the trouble may be, and take steps to correct it.

During the years of adolescence, from 13 to 25, important glands are developing. These gland changes upset your system.

At the same time intestinal waste poisons are often deposited in the blood stream, and may irritate the sensitive skin of your face and shoulders. Pimples break out.

Fortunately, there is a way to help keep these skin-irritating poisons out of your blood. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast, 3 cakes a day. The millions of tiny, *living* plants in each cake of this fresh food help to remove the wastes the natural way and clear the skin of pimples. Thousands of young people get results in 30 days or less. Act now. Get Fleischmann's Yeast and eat it faithfully. See how your skin clears up.

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himself. Handled with more skill, this plot might have formed the groundwork for swell comedy. As it is, it will confuse some audiences and bore others.

Fernand Gravet suffers by comparison with his American screen debut in "The King and the Chorus Girl," although he manages to lend his role more charm and appeal than a less capable actor would have given it. Carole Lombard's fans are in for a letdown, for her work doesn't measure up to the hilarious portrayals she has recently given the screen. Ralph Bellamy is excellent as the insurance salesman, and Marie Wilson gets laughs as Miss Lombard's maid. Isabel Jeans, Allen Jenkins and Marcia Ralston head the supporting cast.

Directed by Mervyn Le Roy.—(*First National*).

★★ Romance in the Dark

If the advertisements for this one mention "a new Gladys Swarthout" you can pretty well believe them, for "Romance in the Dark" offers Miss Swarthout the best opportunity she has had in pictures. Paramount has contrived a neat comedy with music which should win her many new friends.

Best thing about the picture is that its music fits inobtrusively into the story. There are nine musical numbers in the film, some sung by Miss Swarthout alone and some in duet with John Boles, and they are all pleasant to listen to.

Comedy is supplied in abundance by John Barrymore, who has recently been busy brightening up the screen with his own special brand of high comedy. As a romantic impressario with a keen eye both for business and beautiful women, he is a constant delight, and walks away with all of his scenes. John Boles appears a bit more relaxed than has been his custom of late, and there are fine supporting rôles by Fritz Feld, Claire Dodd and Curt Bois. There is but one criticism for Miss Swarthout. Despite her beauty, she still appears cold and aloof on the screen, although her work in this picture shows evidence of considerable defrosting. Directed by H. C. Potter.—(*Paramount*).

★ The First Hundred Years

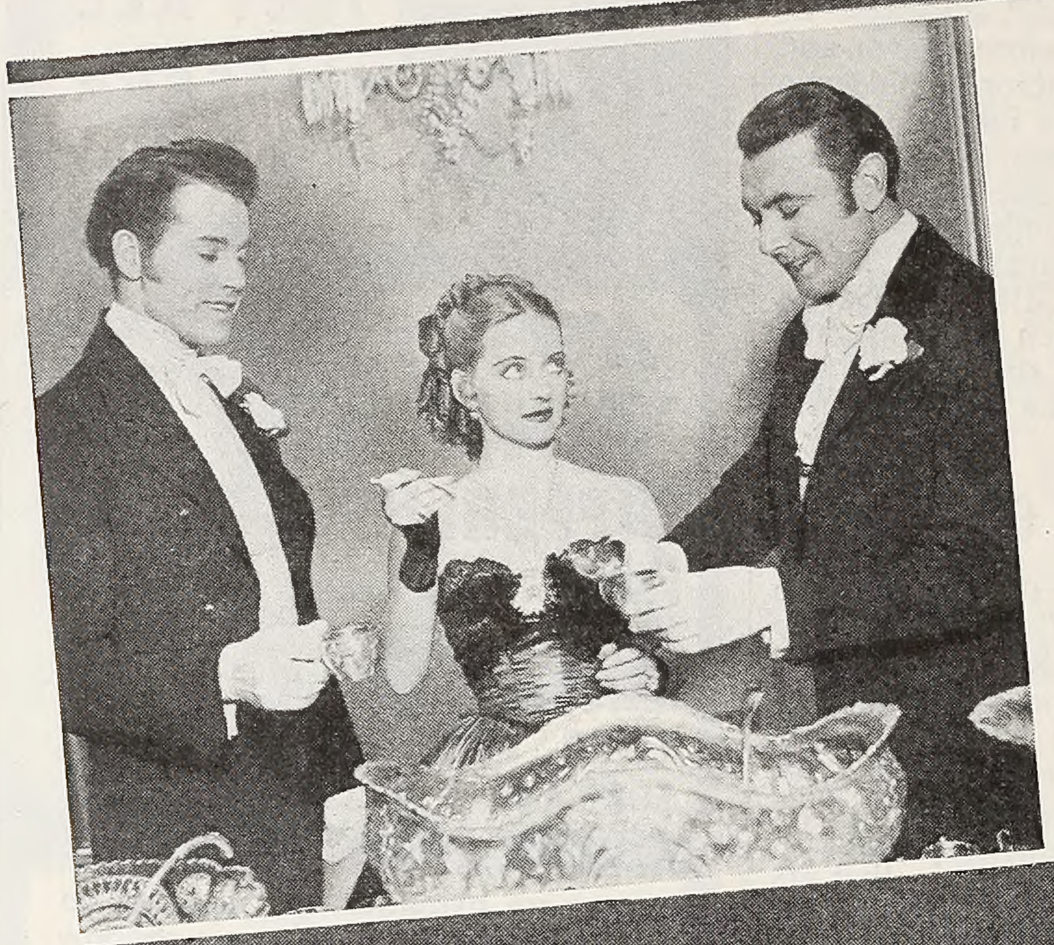
You've seen this one before. It concerns the modern, sophisticated young couple whose careers conflict. Robert Montgomery wants to go to New Bedford and build ships, and Virginia Bruce prefers to stay in New York with her profitable theatrical agency. They can't agree, so the usual separation ensues. Then there is the alluring Other Woman, admirably played by Binnie Barnes, and the understanding, good-humored Other Man, nicely portrayed by Lee Bowman. Things look helpless until the advent of—surprise!—the elderly relative, who, despite advancing years, turns out to be more modern than either of the young battlers. There are moments of light-hearted banter which are pleasing, and there are several good performances. Main trouble is that it has all been done before, even up to the ending, when the modern young couple is reunited by the old-fashioned stork.

Robert Montgomery, who is used to this sort of thing, plays it well, but he has served his time and should get what he deserves, better rôles in better pictures. Virginia Bruce, unattractively gowned, tried her best to make the young wife a believable person. Allan Dinehart is good as a blustering lawyer, but Warren William seems out of place as a sophisticated New Yorker due to the fact that he wears Spanish sideburns and those shirts with the long, pointed collars. Richard Thorpe directed.—(*M-G-M*).





TODAY'S TALKIES



★★★ Jezebel

If you enjoy a direct and violent assault on your emotions, "Jezebel" will please you. Otherwise it may not.

Background of the story is New Orleans shortly before the Civil War. The yellow fever epidemic of 1853 furnishes its climax and its most exciting moments, even though the film is devoted mainly to a character study of Julie Marsden, its central character. Played by Bette Davis, Julie Marsden is a self-centered and imperious Southern belle in love with a young banker (Henry Fonda). Her own spiteful passion breaks their engagement, but when he returns from the north with a bride (Margaret Lindsay) she will not accept her defeat. Her connivery causes a duel and the death of the hot-headed young man (George Brent) whom she had tricked into defending her honor. The picture's end finds the young banker stricken with yellow fever and sentenced to a leper colony, with Julie Marsden a tragic figure trying to undo some of her wrongs by accompanying the man she loves to the colony and certain death.

Bette Davis does a fine job, and Henry Fonda is capable. Best male performance, however, is George Brent's portrayal of the high-strung Southerner. Others are Fay Bainter, Spring Byington, Donald Crisp, Margaret Lindsay, Richard Cromwell and John Litel. Directed by William Wyler.—*Warner Brothers.*



★★ Merrily We Live

Depicting the antics of a zany family, this film is distinctly of the "My Man Godfrey" school of screen comedies. It has plenty of laughs, manages to be completely cockeyed most of the time, and probably is much funnier than it seems to a reviewer who has seen more than his share of lunatic families on the screen.

This one concerns the Kilbourne family. They are wealthy, of course, because it takes a certain amount of financial security to run a screwy menage. Mrs. Kilbourne (Billie Burke) is a goldfish fancier and a reformer of hoboes, much to the disgust of her husband (Clarence Kolb) and Grosvenor, the butler (Alan Mowbray). Daughter Jerry (Constance Bennett) seems given to mental voids, and her young brother and sister, (Tom Brown and Bonita Granville) spend most of their time bickering with the rest of the family. When an unkempt gent (Brian Aherne) wanders into this set-up he is immediately pounced upon by Mrs. Kilbourne, who wants to reform him, and Grosvenor, who wants to throw him out. Of course, he's really not a hobo at all. He's an author, but no one knows it until the last reel.

"Merrily We Live" is full of robust comedy, and if you aren't jaded with this sort of entertainment, you'll enjoy it a lot. The entire cast is first-rate, each member doing his share to add to the general confusion. Directed by Norman McCleod.—*Hal Roach.*



★★The Girl of the Golden West

This story of hearts entwined and the old, old west has been done before, but the present version is notable, among other things, for the most spectacular miscasting of the season. It's difficult to imagine Jeanette MacDonald as a saloon keeper, ruling over a bar patronized only by the bearded gentry of a tough Western town. It's no easier to picture Nelson Eddy as a bold, bad bandit with a price on his head.

Jeanette, or Butch, as they must have called her at the Polka Dot saloon, is betrothed to the local sheriff (Walter Pidgeon), who is ambitious to wipe out Ramirez, the much-feared bandit for whom a reward of ten thousand dollars has been offered. When the two finally meet there is much talk of "This Town ain't big enough for the two of us" and other standard Western threats, but the pure love of the beautiful barkeeper for the handsome bandit softens the sheriff's murderous intentions. Nice gesture, too, for it turns out later that Ramirez had been giving all his plunder to charity.

Miss MacDonald affects an exaggerated swagger for her he-woman role, while Nelson Eddy's Ramirez could pass for a choir singer on an outing. However, they're not wholly at fault in such flagrant miscasting, and they make up for it with several pleasing songs. Walter Pidgeon and Leo Carrillo stand out in the supporting cast. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.—*M-G-M.*

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